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January, 1958 • 35¢

SPECIAL ISSUE:

The American Wife

Mary Jane Russell:
A Husband, Three
Sons and a Career

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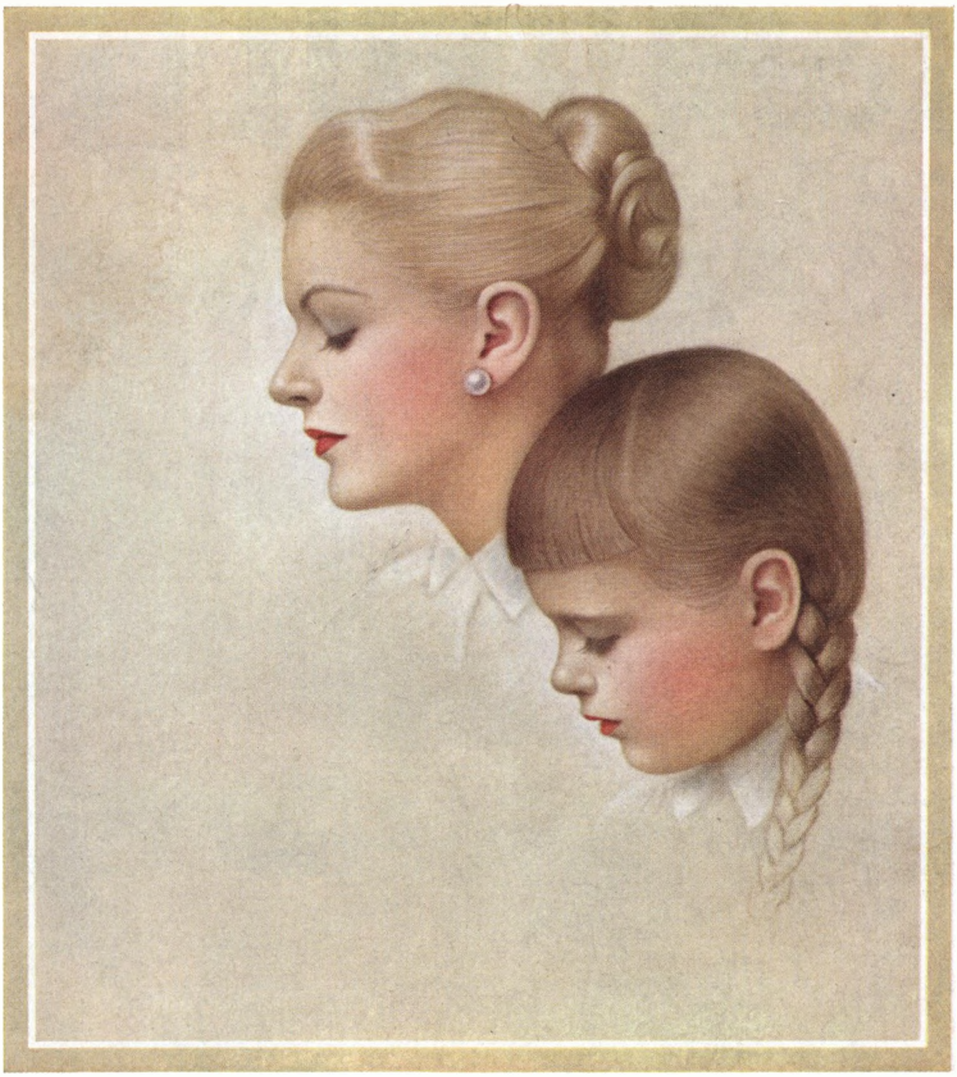

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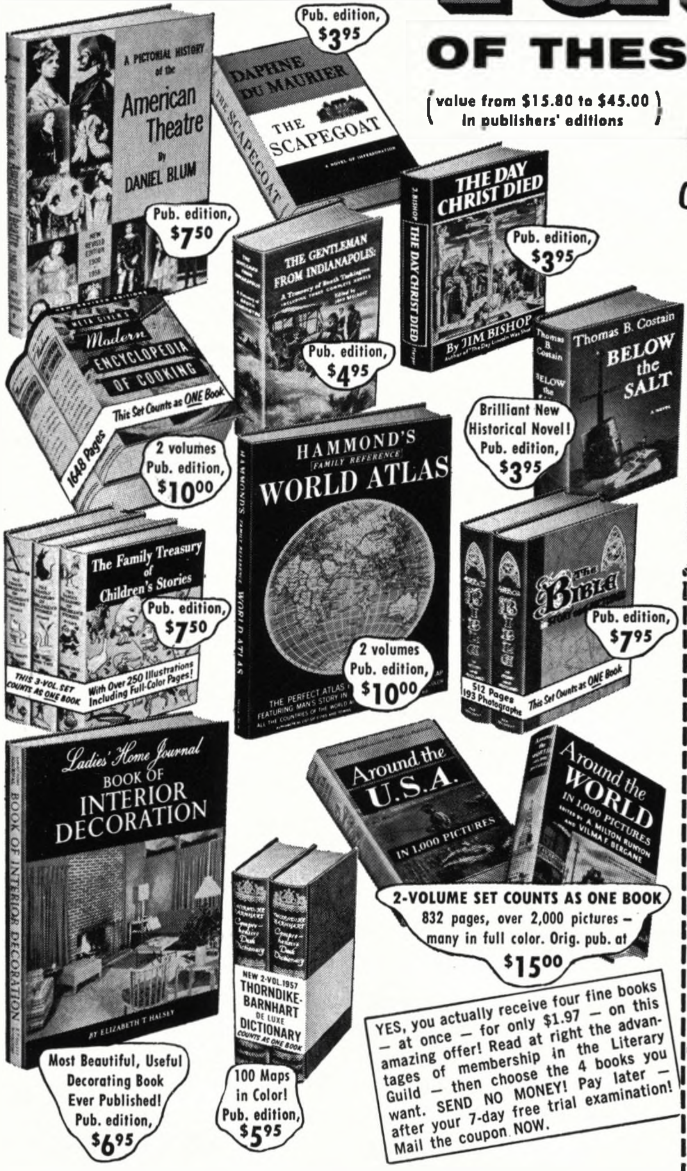
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PICTURE
OF THE MONTH

When word came from Rome that Mario Lanza's new musical "Seven Hills Of Rome" had been enthusiastically previewed in that romantic city, we were frankly pleased to know that soon we'd be having this lusty, attractive singing star on the screen again by way of M-G-M.

The fact is that Mario Lanza adds a robust quality to film fare that we've missed—and that the golden-voiced star of "The Great Caruso" returns in what struck our eyes and ears as a delightful musical romance. This spectacular production was filmed in Rome itself to give the exciting new color-and-large-screen process called Technirama something extra to work on.

The same may be said for the new beauty here provocatively introduced. Her name is Marisa Allasio, and it is our conviction that she will soon take her place alongside the Lollobrigidas, the Sophia Lorens and other exciting new continental personalities.

Mario Lanza plays Marc Revere, a hot-tempered New York TV star. Fired for causing a jealous row over his fiancée (lovely Peggie Castle) he heads for Italy, pausing just long enough to let the Bank at Monte Carlo break him. En route, he rescues a signorita in distress, Miss Allasio. Since Italy *exports*—not imports—singers, Marc must take a singing job in a small cafe. All is serene until Marc's fiancée appears on the scene . . . ! We won't reveal the outcome of this song-filled story—but you'll like the way it turns out.

Lanza sings such solos as "All the Things You Are", "Come Dance With Me", "Ay, Ay, Ay", "The Loveliest Night of the Year", "Lolita" and the title song. Other exciting numbers are "Calypso Italiano" with the handsome continental star Renato Rascel, plus the haunting "Arrivederci Roma". One of many surprises is Lanza's song-imitations of popular stars.

Director Roy Rowland and producer Lester Welch have given this Le Cloud Production every blessing. And the screen play by Art Cohn and Giorgio Prosperi (based on a story by Giuseppi Amato) gracefully guides us about both fabled sites and seldom-shown sights of the eternally breathtaking city of Rome.

To quote a current slogan: "Get more out of life—Go out to a movie!" See M-G-M's "Seven Hills of Rome"!

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COSMOPOLITAN
The American Wife

COVER—*Top fashion model Mary Jane Russell is one city wife who won't move to the suburbs. Mary Jane, her husband, and three sons live on the edge of New York's entertainment belt and love it. As Mary Jane puts it, "It's not like living in the city at all . . . it's so quiet. All we hear are cats and airplanes." Their duplex apartment with adjoining garden is like a bit of the country transplanted. The ex-stable guest house even has a hayloft. In non-working hours, Mary Jane wears pants and a shirt, bakes everything except bread, and uses her dishwasher —"the greatest thing ever invented." Our cover photo by J. Frederick Smith.*

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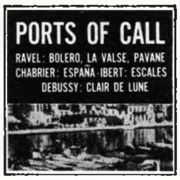
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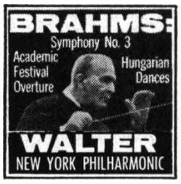
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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

WOMAN-TALK, WRITE IT OFF, AND DEMI-DECADE OF FUN

Lately we've been keeping our ears foxy. We always knew, vaguely, that women spoke a different language than men. But we could never put our finger on the difference until we read "The Language Barrier" on page 58. Now, with our antennae up, we're beginning to catch a lot that's fascinating and informative too. We heard a New Jersey man say, "There was smog last night." But the way his *wife* put it, when she came in with the canapes, was "There was this sort of yellowy, smoggy kind of business last night." We made a tentative note: *New Jersey species . . disinclined to make flat-footed statement she might have to back up?*

I.N.P.

Gina Lollobrigida

An Italian headwaiter we know says authoritatively that as far as Italian women are concerned, they don't talk; they suggest. And a cynical fellow editor, queried on how women talk, says, "Constantly."

We predict our article will start people playing a new kind of listening and jotting game this year. Might be called "Sound Barrier."

Analyzing Mystery Writers

Now that psychologist Dr. James Howard has made a study indicating that mystery story writers may be people who turn their aggressive feelings into violent writing, there's much furor among our mystery-writing friends. They're all frantically checking past publications and analyzing themselves and each other.

"Spitting in the eye" rates 17 points (on a 1 to 100 scale devised by Dr. Howard); "multiple shots with intent to kill" rates a high 64 points, and is *that* aggressive writing.

We haven't even attempted to analyze this month's COSMOPOLITAN suspense novel, "Riot at Willow Creek," soon to appear as a book. We've been too absorbed in reading about the murder and the explosive situation that develops out of it in a small town. As for the author, James McKimmey, Jr., we know one thing—we don't care why he writes what he does any more than we care why Hemingway writes about bullfighters. We just want more of this stuff, thanks.

Five Crowded Years

There are all kinds of parties. Beach parties. Formal parties. Elsa Maxwell parties. Out on Long Island, twenty-six-year-old Peggy Marth, one of the wives in our article on five typical American homemakers, likes to give "parties with beer and jumbo-sized."

We uncovered the fact that when George and Peggy Marth were newly-wed and living in a tiny, rented attic reached by a perilous flight of outside stairs, they casually threw parties for seventy-five or eighty people. "Maybe a *little* crowded," Peggy told us, looking blissful. "Some guests would have to sit on the outdoor steps until others left."

How have the Marths' parties changed, now that they've been married all of five years and have moved into a *house?* "They're still big," Peggy informed us, adding wistfully, "except it's so much more *formal*—now *everybody* gets in the house at once." For more about how the new crop of young marrieds lives, see page 38.

—H. La B.

George, Peggy, and Heather Marth

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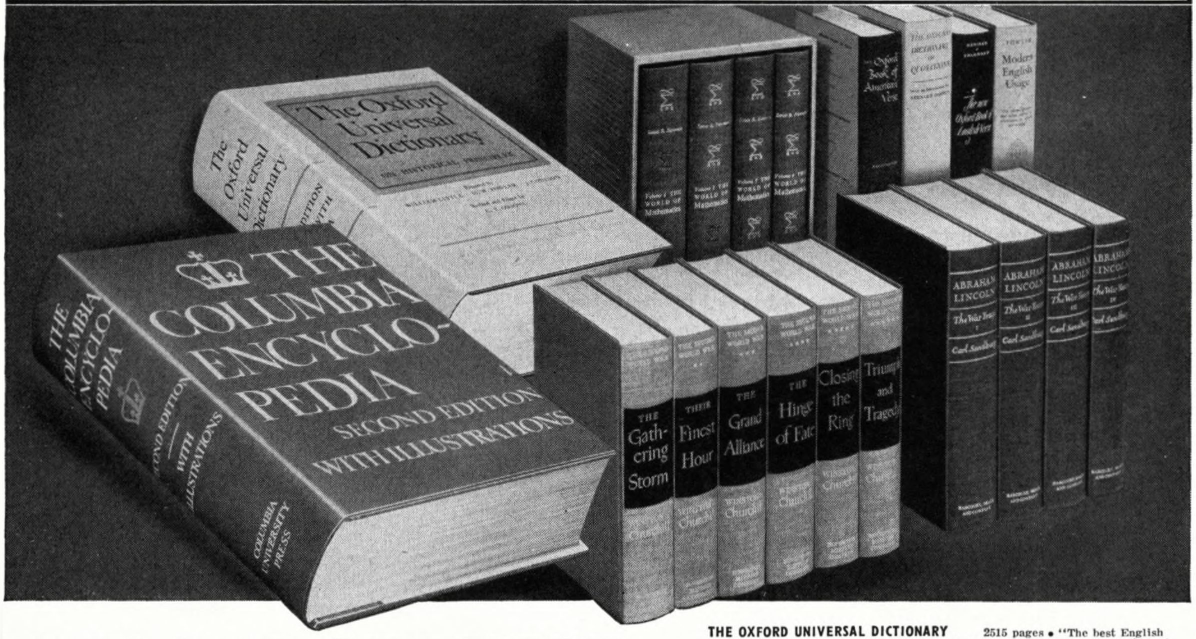

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LOOKING INTO PEOPLE

New Year's Resolutions, Fairy-tale Freud "Wow! Some Good-looker!" And Shy Children

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

"Wow! Some good-looker!" Beauty is not in the eye of the beholder, but in his glands, according to "sexiness" tests of college men made by psychologists Seymour Epstein and Col. Richard Smith (University of Massachusetts). After getting the facts on each man's sex life (à la Kinsey), researchers showed the subjects "provocative pictures of lightly clad women." The amount of sex appeal a man credited to the pictured sirens was found to be directly related to the intensity of his sexual drives.

New Year's resolutions. Comparing resolutions for the New Year made by Americans (one in five) and by Englishmen (one in four), psychologist Maurice L. Farber (University of Connecticut) found important differences. Among Americans, "to improve my character" in one way or another is the most frequent resolution, but this seldom appears among British resolves. Dr. Farber thinks this is because Americans feel strongly that the personality is easily modifiable. Hence the big sale in America of psychological self-help books and the great popularity of psychoanalysis. The Englishman, however, tends to regard character as something cast in a permanent mold by family training and education, and although he may admit to having some undesirable habits which might be changed, he will never acknowledge any basic character flaws. Thus, British resolvers most frequently aim at practical improvements like "saving more money."

Oddest Philadelphians. A most unusual group of new Americans are the Philadelphia "Kalmuks," seven hundred descendants of Genghis Khan's "Golden Horde" who came to this country in 1951 and 1952. Anthropologist Leonard Borman, who lived among them for a time, says they are members of the Mongolian race, with features ranging from American Indian to Chinese. They are part of the remnant of a people who left China centuries ago and settled in Russia. During the Bolshevik revolution most Kalmuks, bitterly anti-communist, fled Russia and scattered through Europe. Some of those who came to the United States later, as displaced persons, went to New Mexico to herd horses and sheep—their ancestral occupation. But loneliness on isolated ranches led to their move *en masse* to Philadelphia, where most now work in industries. However, to preserve their rural traditions and bolster group identity, the Kalmuks have three communal farms, where they gather on weekends and worship at their Buddhist temples.

Fairy-tale Freud. You may not have suspected it, but the fairy tale actually is a form of psychotherapy for a child. To quote analyst Emanuel K. Schwartz (New York), "The fairy tale, like psychoanalysis, views human behavior as conflict, and, in fantasy, helps the child to resolve some of his own significant conflicts. . . . It escorts him through the stages of childhood to a satisfactory adjustment to the opposite sex, and as a reward for the struggle of growing up, promises future gratification and an assurance of sexual fulfillment in marriage—a union with a handsome prince or a beautiful princess." (Now, Junior, get on the couch—with that Grimms' fairy-tale book you got for Christmas!)

FAIRY TALES

Shy children. Don't be too concerned if your child is shy. Although it is widely believed that a shy, inhibited child is much more likely to become neurotic or go wrong than an aggressive one, psychologist Carmen Miller Michael (Dallas, Texas) found the reverse to be true. She examined records of hundreds of Texas adults who in their early years had been described as "shy and withdrawn." Most of these adults were remarkably healthy mentally, and there was far less delinquency and criminality among them than in another group of persons who had been rated "aggressive" as children. Dr. Michael concludes, "Perhaps the shy children should be the least of our worries."

Permanent waves. The "natural" wave which most women seek is anything but natural, considering what they go through to achieve it, says sociologist Murray Wax (Chicago). However, the idea has long persisted that wavy or curly hair is "natural" and ideal for women, straight hair "natural" and ideal for men, although neither type of hair is more common to either. Women get permanent waves, Mr. Wax finds, not just because they consider curls attractive, but because it makes hairdos easier to control. Young women are partial to the loose, casual wave, but older women prefer a tight wave, which keeps each hair in place.

T'ain't true of the girls in blue. The notion that WACS, WAVES, WAFS, and women marines are usually misfits (wild, unfeminine, etc.) is all wrong, according to St. Louis University psychologists Marilyn K. Rigby, Walter L. Wilkins, and Elizabeth D. Ossorio. They found that because of careful screening women in the armed services tend to be above average in social adjustment, capability, and moral standards. Most join the armed services out of patriotism and a desire to improve themselves, gain interesting experiences, meet men, and get out of ruts (a high proportion are small-town girls). They also like frilly underthings and are interested in housewifely skills like cooking. The unflattering stories told about them can be attributed mainly to the jealousy of civilian women or the resentment of G.I.'s who feel that the service girls have pushed them out of soft jobs.

Our "long-haired" composers. Whatever the length of their hair, there is one sure thing about American composers of serious music—they're pretty short on cash. Dr. Dennison Nash (University of Connecticut) queried twenty-four top-ranking composers of classical music and found that they earn an average of only $2,700 annually from their opuses. To make ends meet they have to work as conductors, critics, writers, instrumentalists, teachers, or music businessmen. But apparently these composers are used to adversity, for about three in four said that as children they were considered peculiar and were lonely. Further, tests showed such a high incidence of pathological streaks among them that Dr. Nash suspects that, if it weren't for the emotional outlet provided by their work, many composers would land in mental hospitals.

Are our criminals "coddled"? It's a common but completely mistaken notion that American courts and judges deal lightly with convicted criminals, according to Sol Rubin, counsel for the National Probation and Parole Association. Actually, a far greater proportion of convicted offenders are given long-term sentences in the United States than in England and other western European countries, where a sentence of over five years is unusual and is imposed only in cases of murder or extreme violence. According to Mr. Rubin, the lengthy prison terms in this country serve to swell prison populations, deprive long-term prisoners of hope, and increase chances of riots. They also make it difficult to operate prisons as corrective, rather than punitive, institutions. He believes shortened prison terms would not appreciably increase the menace to the public, and money saved by reducing prison populations could be used to improve conditions and expand rehabilitation programs for prisoners.

Let's be more childish. Too much striving to be "mature" these days is doing harm, says child guidance expert Mary L. Northway (Toronto). Not only is it unwise to expect children to become "mature" too quickly ("If a child were not 'immature' he'd be a freak," says Dr. Northway), but adults might do well to retain some childlike qualities. To quote Dr. Northway: "In our growth toward self-control we have learned to become psychologically dishonest. . . . As adults, we often have to fool other people, but it is a great pity that we learn to fool ourselves. Our feelings of fear may disappear in the disguises of prejudices and ulcers; and delights and enjoyment become cloaked in a veneer of boredom; and our curiosity and wonder are distorted into our drive for success. Indeed, in growing up we all too often put away the wrong childish things. . . . True maturity will come only when we learn to develop, not deny, some of our childhood qualities." THE END

AMERICA'S 12 MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS

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Famous Magazine Illustrator

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Don Smith lives in New Orleans. Three years ago Don knew nothing about art – even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator in a top advertising agency – and has a future as big as he wants to make it.

Harriet Kuzniewski was bored with an "ordinary" job when she sent for our talent test. Soon after she began our training, she was offered a job as a fashion artist. A year later, she became assistant art director of a big buying office.

Pipe-fitter to Artist

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company when he enrolled with us. He still works for the same company – but as an artist in the advertising department. At a big increase in pay!

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After taking our training, busy New York mother, Elizabeth Merriss now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

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Cowboy Starts Art Business

Donald Kern – a Montana cowboy – studied with us. Now he paints portraits, sells them for $250 each, and he gets all the business he can handle.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she started studying with us. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

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New Sounds for the New Year

THE BEST IN RECORDS BY PAUL AFFELDER

The Wilder New Year. For the past several years, every pop recording director has tried to produce new sounds. Some of the results have been interesting; many have been horrible. One arranger who's been exceptionally successful in creating new effects is ***Alec Wilder,*** a man who has a penchant for writing for classically trained woodwind players. Most of his previous efforts on disks have been directed toward composing original music for woodwind combinations. But quite recently, he hit upon the idea of arranging a group of standards for the strictly longhair New York Woodwind Quintet, and the resulting sounds are most arresting. The tunes, all with girls' names ("Liza," "Have You Met Miss Jones?" "Honeysuckle Rose," "Sweet Sue," etc.), acquire a haunting beauty when performed by flute, oboe or English horn, clarinet, bassoon, and French horn. Nearly all are in a slow tempo, many have only one chorus, but the novel harmonic and tone colorings are extremely striking. (*Alec Wilder Sketches the World's Most Beautiful Girls.* Golden Crest CR 3026. $3.98)

Tonal wizard. The man who brought a new concept of rich, refined, velvety tone quality to a symphony orchestra was Leopold Stokowski. Not long afterward, he began to disseminate some of this tonal wizardry via recordings. As techniques of reproducing sound improved, Stokowski sought to improve them even further, and has always been in the vanguard of artists and engineers promoting and capitalizing on new recording developments. As a result, some of his old Philadelphia Orchestra disks led the field for a long time. After an absence of several years, he has returned to recording with his own hand-picked symphony orchestra, and, with the benefit of what is now exceptionally realistic sound reproduction, has remade on a single record six of those best-sellers. Unfortunately, time has altered some of his musical concepts, so that his own orchestral transcription of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," once responsible for interesting many music lovers in the works of the great Johann Sebastian, now lacks incisiveness and conviction, and the late Jean Sibelius' intensely patriotic "Finlandia" suffers from rhythmic distortion. But what marvelous sounds he draws from the latter's haunting "Swan of Tuonela," and what subtle phrasing he employs in Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun"! His own plush-lined arrangement of Debussy's "Clair de Lune" and a thoroughly captivating performance of Johann Strauss' "Blue Danube Waltz" complete this appealing backward glance by an eminent forward-looking musician. (*Landmarks of a Distinguished Career.* Capitol T 8399. $4.98)

American wife plus. Roberta Sherwood's career is a unique twist in the "career-woman-versus-wife-and-mother" pattern. Roberta's parents were circus performers, and her childhood was spent on the road. When her mother died, she and her younger sister carried on, doing a song-and-dance routine and racing to keep ahead of the child labor laws. Some years later she married a leading man on Broadway, Don Lanning. Don retired from the stage and opened a restaurant and lounge in Miami Beach. There Roberta continued to sing, while raising a family of three boys.

Roberta Sherwood
DECCA RECORDS
I gotta right to sing

Then Don became seriously ill and had to close his establishment. That left the job of bread-winning, as well as bread-baking, to his wife. After many tries, she finally hit the local "big time" at Murray Franklin's night club, working as an entertainer at night and maintaining a normal household for her family by day. Early in 1956, Walter Winchell and Irving Berlin caught her act at the club, and a month later she was cutting her first sides for Decca.

Originally, it was Roberta's intention to remain in Miami Beach so that her three boys could enjoy the home roots that had been denied her in her childhood. But stardom struck as forcibly as tragedy had earlier, so once again she's on the road, this time hitting the nation's top night spots. Still, there are many times when she's able to bring home the bacon and cook it, too.

For Roberta Sherwood, life as a star began after forty. Her latest album, the third she's made, admirably showcases her lusty, blues-tinged voice in songs like "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues" and "Georgia on My Mind." The emphasis is always on the swinging rhythm of the music and the strong emotion of the lyrics, sometimes at the expense of the tune. But it's all very infectious, thanks to Roberta's punchy singing and the verve of Jack Pleis' tightly packed accompaniments. (*I Gotta Right to Sing.* Decca DL 8584. $3.98)

From canvas to opera. In writing an opera, it is customary to start with the text, then to set it to music. But "Goyescas," the little opera by the Spanish composer ***Enrique Granados,*** began as a collection of paintings by the great Francisco Goya. While admiring them in the Prado in Madrid, Granados was inspired to compose a suite of piano pieces, appropriately entitled "Goyescas," in which he attempted to translate into music the spirit of the canvases. Later, he expanded the piano suite into music for an opera, and only then had a libretto written to fit. Despite this roundabout procedure, "Goyescas" is an altogether captivating work, extremely melodic and warm-hearted, with a plot that might be considered the Spanish counterpart of "Cavalleria Rusticana." The opera had its premiere at the Metropolitan in 1916, and it was while returning to Europe that Granados met death when his ship was torpedoed by a German submarine. As part of its "Music of Spain" series, London has released a long-overdue first recording of "Goyescas" that will provide many with their first opportunity of hearing more than the familiar "Intermezzo." The fine cast is headed by the clear-voiced soprano, ***Consuela Rubio,*** whose sensitive delivery of the hauntingly beautiful aria "The Maiden and the Nightingale" is a high point in the performance. Only the tenor, Gines Torrano, sounds a trifle thin-voiced and, when he tries to push his tone, explosive. Ataulfo Argenta, who has been conducting the entire series, brings distinction and authority to his direction of the cast, which includes the Madrid Singers and the National Orchestra of Spain. (Granados: Goyescas. London XLL 1698. $4.98)

THE END

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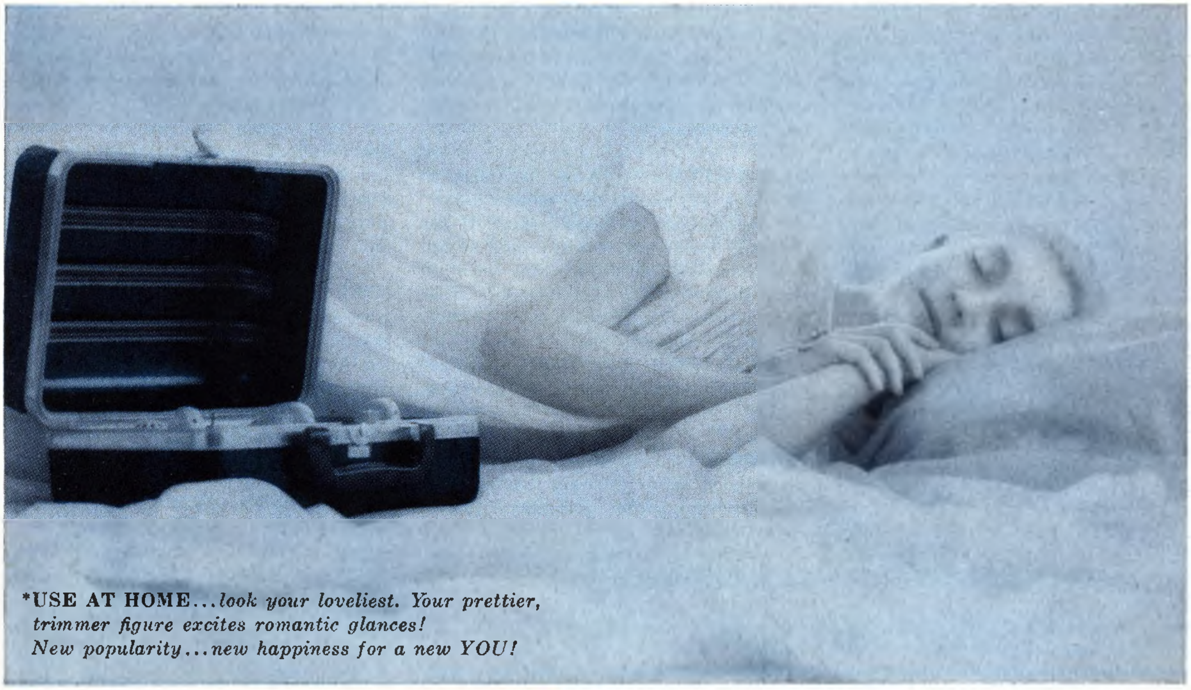

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On Top of the World

Facts Picked Up Around the Globe BY DAVID E. GREEN

FEMININITY, U.S.A. . . . The average American female is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 122, has a 34 bust, 25.5 waist, 36 hips, and thus is taller and less hippy than her grandmother. She prefers marriage to a career; finds it more difficult to sleep than does the average man; regards her husband as handsome; watches almost 400,000 marriages fail annually, with nearly 300,000 of the divorcees bouncing back and remarrying with a good chance of success. She has a somewhat better chance of living to be one hundred years old than does a man; knows that 6 out of every 10 men prefer brunettes, 3 in 10 like blondes, and only 1 in 10 goes for a redhead; knows the quality her husband admires most is her ability to be a good homemaker (a good disposition ranks second, understanding third, with loyalty running fourth and just out of the money). She believes her daughter should not date until she is sixteen, but confesses she started before that age; isn't as curious as you might think (61 per cent of women are against opening hubby's mail); is more critical of her husband than he is of her; has domesticated him to the extent that 62 per cent help with the housework, 31 per cent wash dishes frequently and 40 per cent even help with the cooking; wants to have all things men have, and have men besides. Sixty per cent of American husbands prepare their own breakfasts while wifey remains horizontal.

PERU . . . The youngest mother on record is Lina Medina, who gave birth to a son at the age of five.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA . . . In the Adnjamatana tribe, neither the man nor the woman may choose a mate. During the circumcision ceremony, elders decide who the wife of the initiate will be.

MIDDLE EAST . . . Although Mohammed had nine wives, the Koran permits his followers only four. They are allowed concubines, as long as they meet their per-wife obligation of at least one night a week.

BARGAIN BYWAYS . . . How much is your wife worth? Figures compiled from university and industrial studies indicate that the average mother of small children works a total of 106 hours a week at 15 different occupations. At the hourly rate for similar jobs, a wife is worth $149.99 a week.

SOUTHERN NIGERIA . . . The Ibibios curse their fate when twins are born, believing one is the offspring of a demon. Unable to determine which twin is the devil's child, they kill both the infants and exile the mother to a town set apart for "purification."

OLD CHINA . . . After marriage, a wife was a slave to her mother-in-law and husband, in the order named. If he died she could not remarry, and if he passed away before the wedding she was compelled to "marry his tombstone." The New Democratic Marriage Law (1950) abolished "bigamy, concubinage, child betrothals, interference with remarriage of widows, and drowning of newborn babies."

LONDON . . . English girls today reach womanhood before they are thirteen and boys become men one year later. Studies show the average age of puberty comes six months earlier every ten years. Thus, Dr. J. M. Tannen predicts that by 1980 British children will be capable of parenthood at the age of eleven.

GANGES DELTA . . . Unless a girl is married by fifteen, chances are she will never get married at all.

I.N.P.

An Indian girl, if lucky, will marry by 15, have 5 to 7 children, live to be 32.

BRITAIN . . . Dr. Edith Summerskill, a member of Parliament, is the last and most militant of this country's feminists. She claims women are superior to men, since only women can enjoy two worlds of creative enterprise: biological and intellectual. Women are physically stronger, live longer, are constitutionally tougher and have greater stamina. She and her daughter retained their own names after marriage—instead of adopting those of their mates.

NIGERIA . . . This is the land where men still buy wives. When the cost of beauty on the hoof skyrocketed to $600 for the educated variety and $450 for the illiterate, the Eastern Nigerian regime set a ceiling price of $84, with only one to a customer if paid for on the installment plan.

MATRIMONY MEWS . . . The best marriage age for women is twenty-one; for men, twenty-five. Long engagements are more propitious: betrothals of less than three months lead to three times as many divorces as those enduring two years or longer. Only three women out of one hundred actually propose.

SINGAPORE . . . At sixty-three, A. T. M. Ariffen claims the championship for having married the most women—sixty-nine. He dwells in a small wooden house in the dirty, teeming suburb of Geyland with his latest wife. He has no special secret on being a "woo-wow" but says, "Money has nothing to do with it."

MISSISSIPPI . . . As in Massachusetts, the minimum legal marital age, with the consent of parents or guardians, is twelve years.

ISRAEL . . . International standard medical practice prescribes six weeks of abstinence after the birth of a child. Among Orthodox Jews, the wife is forbidden to bed with her husband for forty days after the birth of a son and eighty days after the delivery of a daughter.

MASSACHUSETTS . . . The day is here when a growing girl can decide how tall she wants to be and stop there. It's all done with a synthetic female sex hormone called stilbestrol which is administered at the General Hospital by Dr. Gertrude Reyersbach. (A reverse pill for men could play havoc with the "elevator" shoes market.) THE END

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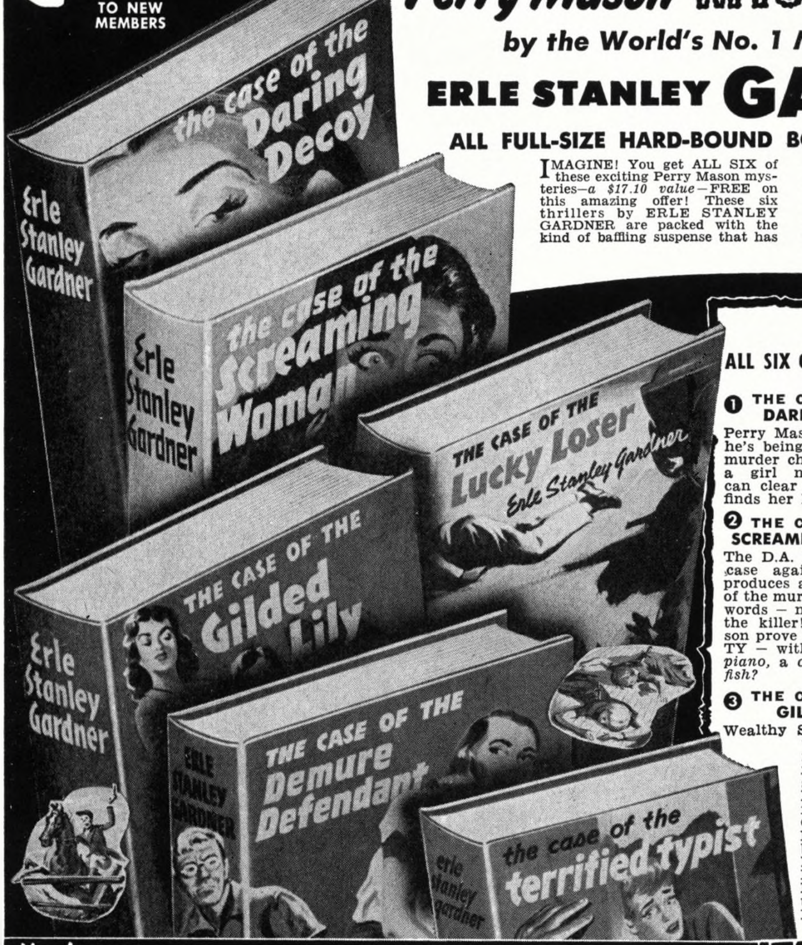

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Wealthy Stewart Bedford wakes up in a motel after being drugged — and finds that he's been sleeping next to a CORPSE. He KNOWS he'll be accused of MURDER. He HOPES Perry Mason will find the real killer IN TIME.

❹ THE CASE OF THE LUCKY LOSER

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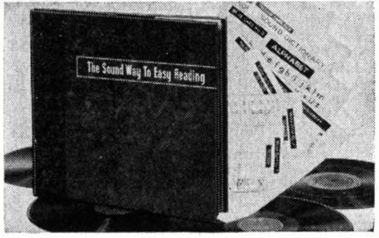

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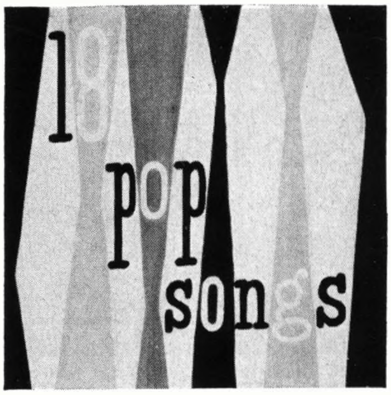

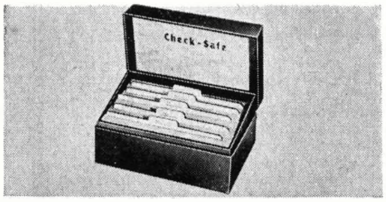

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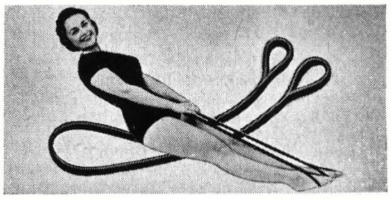

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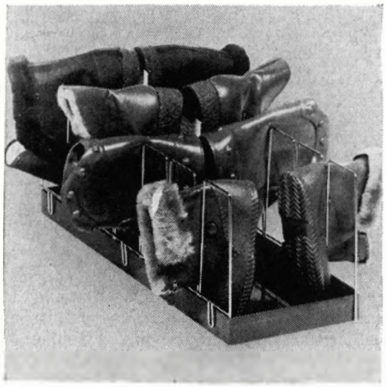

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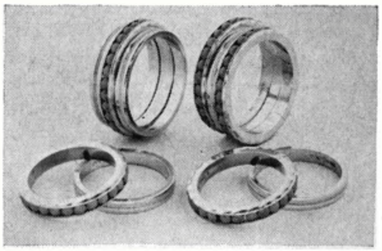

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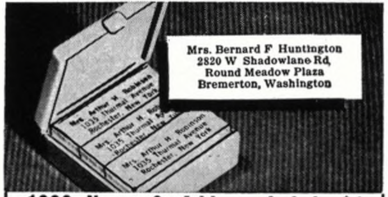

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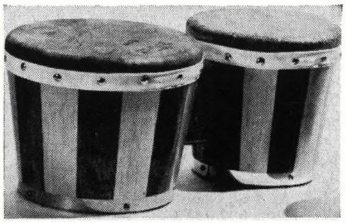

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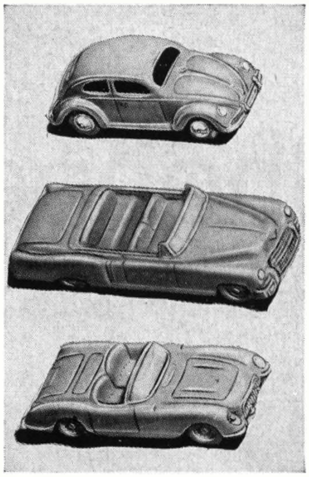

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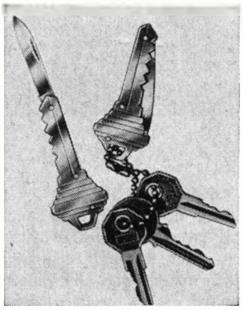

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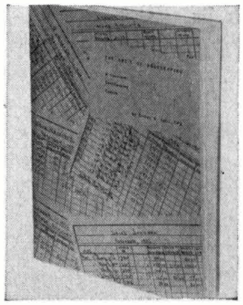

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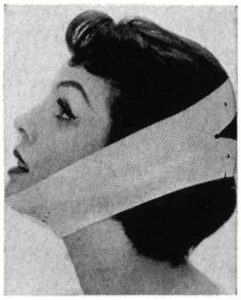

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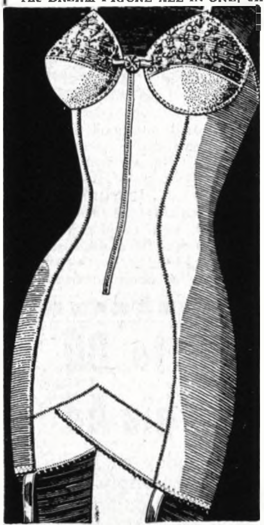

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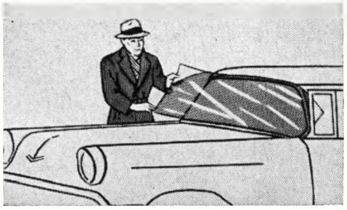

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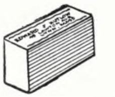

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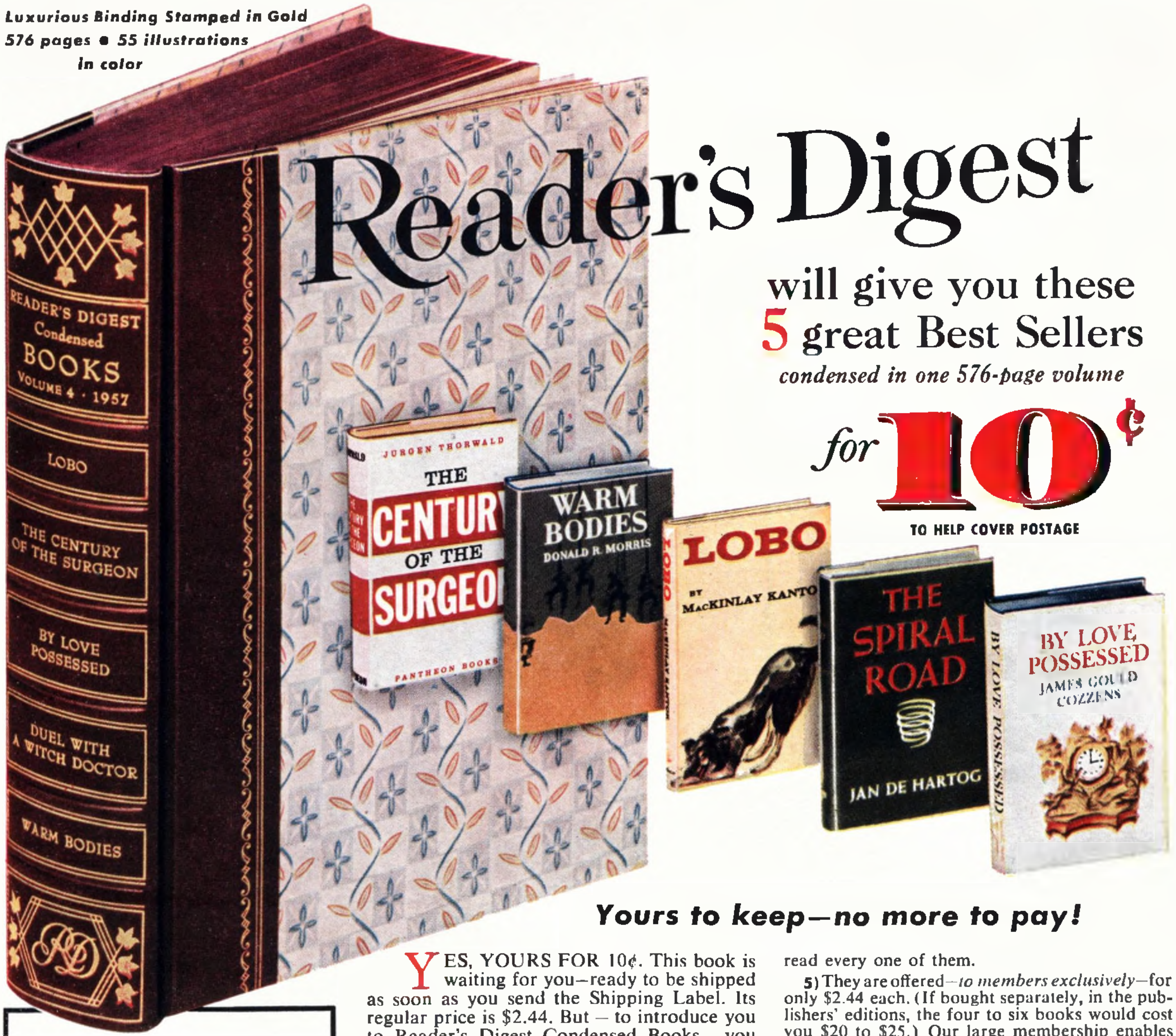
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If You Are "Tired All the Time"

WHAT'S NEW IN MEDICINE BY LAWRENCE GALTON

In September 1956 a thirty-five-year-old man came to the Mayo Clinic complaining of overpowering fatigue. No matter how well he slept at night, he said, he had to fight drowsiness throughout the day. He had difficulty concentrating on his work, often lost the thread of conversations, and could hardly stay alert enough to drive his car through traffic. He'd had all these troubles for years. Because his basal metabolic rate was somewhat lower than normal, he had been given thyroid extract, but he had not benefitted from this treatment.

At the clinic his ailment was diagnosed correctly for the first time, and he was given a central nervous system stimulant. That evening he read for two hours without getting sleepy. As he continued to use the drug, all his drowsiness was dispelled, and he reported that he was rediscovering, after many years of half-consciousness, "what it is like to be awake."

The man was a victim of narcolepsy, a nervous system disorder which produces an uncontrollable desire for sleep. Narcoleptics may doze off briefly at any time—while conversing with friends, eating, dancing, or bathing. More fortunate victims manage to avoid falling asleep but never enjoy real alertness. Some narcoleptics are also afflicted with cataplexy, a form of shock in which there is sudden, brief loss of muscular tone without loss of consciousness. Victims of cataplectic attacks, which are usually triggered by emotion, may find their knees buckling under them, or objects falling from their hands. Some patients, for example, have had to give up fishing because they dropped their poles whenever they had a sudden strike.

It now appears that narcolepsy is not nearly as rare as it was once thought to be. At the Mayo Clinic alone, 241 cases have been observed in a five-year period. Moreover, there is evidence that many occurrences of the disease go unrecognized, because, since there is no laboratory test by means of which it may be detected, diagnosis rests entirely on the patient's report of his symptoms. Often patients offer only the vague complaint that they are "tired all the time," and are treated uselessly for hypothyroidism or dismissed as neurotics.

But once it is recognized, the Mayo report emphasizes, narcolepsy can be overcome and patients restored to alertness by the use of amphetamines and other central nervous system stimulants.

Face lifting. How effective is it? Is there a reversion to the original condition after the operation? Answering these questions put by a doctor, an American Medical Association consultant reports: "Rhytidectomy, often referred to as face lifting, is a well-established, effective surgical procedure. When performed for removal of redundant skin of the face and neck, it produces very satisfactory improvement in the appearance. . . . It is a lengthy procedure, when done correctly, requiring three to four hours on the operating table. . . . It is thought that relaxation of the skin during the aging period is due primarily to loss of tone in the elastic fibers of the dermis [skin]. . . . Although the gain from the surgery is permanent, it does not affect the aging process, and eventually the skin will again become redundant. The rapidity of the aging process in the skin varies greatly among individuals, and therefore some will achieve more lasting improvement than others. The operation may be repeated as often as indicated, the average interval of time being five to seven years."

In angina pectoris, long-term treatment with anticoagulants may help both in erasing symptoms and in reducing mortality. A study was made of 275 patients suffering from the distressing chest pain following exertion which is characteristic of angina pectoris and which is probably caused by hardening and thickening of the coronary arteries, which feed the heart. The patients were given anticoagulants for an average of two and a half years. The death rate in the group was significantly reduced, and compared favorably with the death rate in other groups not receiving the treatment. The chest pain was greatly alleviated in 38 per cent of the cases, and somewhat reduced in an additional 12 per cent.

Against mixed epilepsy, Celontin may be helpful. The drug was studied in a group of sixteen patients, ranging in age from seven to forty-four, each of whom had more than one form of epilepsy. Both petit mal and grand mal attacks were reduced in fifteen of the sixteen cases. The grand mal was completely controlled in two and reduced by 50 per cent or more in eleven; there were lesser reductions in two others. Petit mal episodes were controlled completely in five patients, greatly reduced in eight, and somewhat reduced in two.

In vertigo, and in some other disorders as well, colchicine and a related drug, Colcemide, both long used in gouty disorders, have been found useful. Tried in eleven cases of vertigo, the drugs, when injected intravenously, brought marked and usually complete relief in a few hours. Rapid improvement occurred in fifteen patients with angioneurotic edema or hives who were given the treatment. The drugs also brought about marked improvement in two women with prolonged and painful lymph gland disease.

For high blood pressure, the most effective available treatment may be a combination of a nerve-blocking drug, mecamylamine, and a tranquilizer, reserpine. The combination reduced blood pressure in patients with moderate and severe hypertension at Jefferson Davis and Hermann Hospitals in Houston, Texas. A follow-up study made one year later showed results as good as those obtained in the beginning. Comparison of the effect of mecamylamine with that of three other blood-pressure-reducing drugs—hexamathonium, chloisondamine and pentolinium—showed mecamylamine to be much more potent and to have two added advantages: it was effective when taken by mouth, and it produced fewer side-effects. The addition of reserpine increased the effectiveness of the drug and also reduced severity and frequency of such reactions as constipation, weakness, and dizziness.

Healing of bone fractures may be speeded by antituberculosis drugs. At a tuberculosis hospital, it was noted that in a group of older tubercular patients who had fractured their hips, healing sufficient to allow full weight-bearing occurred in an average of fifty-five days. In nontubercular patients with similar hip fractures who received similar treatment, the same amount of healing required an average of ninety-four days. Apparently, the anti-TB drugs used in the treatment of tuberculosis patients made the difference.

THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

The American Wife

BY T. F. JAMES

A little over one hundred years ago, in July 1848, a group of women in Seneca Falls, New York, issued a momentous declaration of independence. "We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men and women are created equal," they intoned; "and we insist that women have immediate admission to all the rights and privileges which belong to them as citizens of the United States." American men at that time scoffed, ridiculed, and angrily rejected this claim to equality. They called it "feminism" and grimly classified it with atheism and socialism. But today it has provoked what one writer has called the greatest American revolution: the emergence of the American wife from the status of "charwoman" and "maternity machine" to that of an independent human being with the heady power of freedom.

The World Is Her Oyster

Rarely, in the history of the world, has a revolution been as thorough and sweeping. There is scarcely an area in modern life where women do not have the same privileges as men. They can drive racing cars, fly airplanes, smoke and drink in public. They can vote, attend college, become doctors, lawyers, engineers, serve in the Army, Navy, or Marines, and take part in sports on an Olympic level. Their form-fitting swim suits and shorts would make the ladies of the nineteenth century, in their unwieldy skirts and corsets, pass out cold. They have a right, even a duty, to have a full, rich sex life. In brief, they have the right to just about everything that the long-departed leaders of the feminist revolution demanded, plus a few things, such as flying jet planes and fighting bulls, which it did not occur to them to demand.

Today some experts declare that the revolution is over, and that women are even retrogressing toward their former status. Others feel that their rebellion will never be over, that it has unleashed on the human race a bitterer, more basic struggle than any that Karl Marx ever imagined; that his perpetual war of the classes is nothing when compared with sex antagonism. Whichever experts are right, one thing is certain: the American wife in this first decade of the second half of the twentieth century is unique. No other woman in the history of the world has ever possessed as much freedom and as much power within a society which has been traditionally organized and operated by men.

This, it would seem logical to assume, would automatically produce a civilization of supremely satisfied women. But the baffling paradox of the American wife, according to an imposing group of experts, is the fact that the very opposite seems to have happened.

Woman: "An Unsolved Problem"

Margaret Mead, the distinguished anthropologist, maintains that "more than a quarter of the women in the United States are . . . articulately and definitely disturbed about their lot as women." A decade ago psychiatrist Marynia F. Farnham and social commentator Ferdinand Lundberg caused a sensation with their book. *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex.* In it they categorically declared that women, especially American women, are "one of modern civilization's major unsolved problems." Novelist Merle Miller goes even further, angrily calling them "almost always insecure and neurotic . . . out of

The world's healthiest, wealthiest, most independent woman, she is also said to be the unhappiest—caught between marriage and career, between love and sex antagonism. But there is even stronger evidence that she is becoming wise in the ways of a new kind of marriage in which both love and equality can prosper

place in the business world and ill at ease at home. In allowing the feminists to persuade them that they should attempt to become second-rate men, they have given up any chance of becoming first-rate women."

Whether these accusations are true is a question we shall attempt to answer in these pages. Certainly the mere fact that they exist is a symptom that among some portion of America's 43.000.000 wives something is wrong. But before we investigate whether American wives are discontented, troubled, even neurotic, let us form a composite picture of the American wife as she is today.

Keeper of the Cache

When it comes to power, the first and most remarkable proof that she wields it is the money she spends. Harry A. Bullis, Chairman of the Board of General Mills, Inc., calls her "the most vital force in our social and economic development today." John Karol, Vice-President in charge of network sales of CBS Radio, says that the wife is the target for all advertising and product innovation. Wives are "truly the queens of business and the goddesses of advertising." Through the medium of the family budget it is the wife, not the husband, who directly controls well over 60 per cent of the personal expenditures in the United States. Out of her pocketbook flows somewhere between 160 and 260 billion dollars annually. A survey by Elmo Roper revealed that in only 30 per cent of American families does the husband assume the sole responsibility for handling the income and paying the bills, while in 38 per cent of the families the wife has the final financial say.

Another survey, by the Institute of Life Insurance, revealed that significantly more women than men, particularly in younger families, write the family's checks. Last year a New York Stock Exchange survey revealed that 51.6 per cent of all persons owning shares of public corporations were women. Women stockholders now number 4,455,000, a gain of 1,225,000 since 1952. In many large corporations, for example United States Steel, they considerably outnumber men as shareholders. In addition to these holdings, worth 100 billion, they have another 55 billion in savings accounts and 33 billion in government bonds.

Moreover, Mrs. America is generally rated a better financial risk than her husband. Her name on a bank note or mortgage, according to financial experts, means that payments are more likely to be made, because she dislikes being in debt. Bankers credit her with the trend toward paying off mortgages as much as three and a half years before due dates.

An Economic Matriarchy

One of the country's largest personal loan companies has stated that a married woman as co-signer is their best security. A prominent New Jersey banker has said that, in his experience, married women under thirty-six are almost always better informed about their financial problems than are their husbands, and can handle their family income more intelligently.

Surveys indicate that the American wife is financially mature in other ways as well. When it comes to buying food, she is twice as fussy as she was in 1940. "She takes the time and trouble to shop from store to store for exactly what she wants," says one expert, "and she wants *a la carte* quality at *table d'hôte* prices." Another study shows she is surprisingly

(continued)

A woman's ability to enjoy love-making is as

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VOTES FOR WOMEN

SUFFRAGETTES parade in Brooklyn in early 1900's, seeking vote more peaceably than English women, who burned down buildings to win public attention. Western states, eager for female settlers, granted women suffrage as early as 1869 (Wyoming), but not until fifty years later (August 18, 1920) did women gain federal vote.

independent of the fashion nabobs and offers considerable sales resistance to fads (though a weakness for new fabrics is also evident). But most surprising is the role women are playing in the purchase of men's clothing and traditionally male-bought items such as lawnmowers and cars. A. W. Fish, Merchandise Manager of Filene's Men's Store in the city of Boston, reports that more and more of his advertising is being keyed to the feminine audience. Women buy 40 to 50 per cent of the sportswear sold at Filene's, and Filene's clothing buyer, Ben Davis, credits them with making the traditionally style-resistant American male much more vulnerable to changes in fashion, such as the switch to the single-breasted suit. Another noted retailer, Robert Lazarus, President of the F. & R. Lazarus Company in Columbus, Ohio, declares that 35 per cent of his men's clothing customers come with their wives, and the percentage is rising. The forty-one members of the Federated Department Store group report that in the men's furnishings departments (ties, handkerchiefs, socks, etc.), 85 per cent of the purchases are made by women, because husbands feel that the modern wife has better taste in matching colors.

Impressive as this economic power may be, even more formidable is the American wife's independence, best seen in her amazing determination to combine her career with marriage. In 1920 there were about eight million women holding jobs. In 1955 there were more than twenty-seven million, comprising over 30 per cent of the work force, and for the first time in our history married women outnumbered single women in paying jobs. According to the Monthly Labor Review, over three-fourths of all women workers at age thirty come from the ranks of

essential to a husband's happiness as to her own

married women, and 25 per cent of this group have children under five. Economists in the business of predicting our future declare that if women keep taking jobs at the present rate, by 1975 half the married women between thirty-five and sixty-four will be working.

Moreover, the American wife has shown a startling ability not merely to work, but to succeed at it. The number of women classified as managers or supervisors increased from 450,000 in 1940 to 932,000 in 1956. The number of women in the professions grew from 1,157,000 in 1940 to 2,125,000 in 1956. This means we have over 3,000,000 women executives in America, many (but not most) of whom are married. Their determination and eagerness to prove their equality has carried them to the top in a number of fields once traditionally male. Not long ago a survey by the Association of Bank Women reported ninety-six female bank presidents in the United States and twenty-seven lady chairmen of the board. Even the august office of the Treasurer of the United States is now held by a woman, Ivy Baker Priest. The Republic Heater Corporation in California boasts four top women executives. The president of a New York firm of consulting management engineers is a comely lady named Mrs. Wallace Clark. Thirty-five of the fifty-two women in Vermont's legislature list their occupation as housewife. There are over 10,000 women serving as county officials.

The Need to Contribute

Among women who work, an impressive number, according to a survey conducted by the National Association of Business and Professional Clubs, contribute a large share of their salaries to meeting family expenses. Over 50 per cent pay half the family's bills. Yet another survey conducted by the Research Center of the University of Michigan reported that 74 per cent of working wives said they would continue to work even if they did not have to. Apparently, the Center concluded, there is a "deep social need" to work in the emotional make-up of many women.

Side by side with this urge for economic independence in the business world is an equally strong desire to be a homemaker. The American wife is by far the most marrying woman in the civilized world. About 93 per cent of all those of marriageable age are now living in varying degrees of conjugal bliss. Between 1940 and the present we have gained some ten million wives. Moreover, American girls marry young. The largest percentage of our brides are under twenty-five and the average age at marriage has dropped from 22 in 1900 to just above 20 in 1957. One-third of all the brides last year were 18 or 19, while only one-seventh of the grooms were this young, and almost one-half of all the wives in our country have been married since 1940.

In seven-eighths of the families the wife is somewhat younger than her husband, and most married couples live in a household of their own. Those who are still husband-hunting may be interested to know that twice as many men marry at 30 as do women. Bachelors in the 30 to 34 age group marry single women who average 26.2 years, divorced women who average 29.8 years and widowed women who average 31 years. The older a man is at the time of marriage the greater will be the difference between his age and the age of his bride. In the recent past there was some indication that the more schooling a woman had the smaller were her chances for marriage, but with the upsurge in male college attendance in the last decade this problem has almost completely vanished.

The American wife also displays an unmistakable eagerness to have a family. More than one-half of all married couples have young children living with them. Of families in which the wife is aged twenty-five to thirty-four, four-fifths have at least one child in their care. Most of the children are born in the second year of marriage. One-half of the wives who have completed their second year of marriage are mothers. By the end of the tenth year the proportion is six out of seven. Large families, however, are decreasing. Homes with seven or more children dropped 60 per cent in the last decade, and the national birth rate is almost 50 per cent lower than it was in 1790. This, coupled with the fact that American wives have their children early in marriage, means that two-thirds of the women between the ages of forty-five and sixty-four no longer have children in their household.

How Many Children?

While the extra large family is decreasing, the small (one or two children) family seems also to be losing favor. Since 1945, the number of families with more than two children has doubled. A recent study in Detroit reported that only 6 per cent of the young couples queried

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> **"In the past, the wife's economic dependence on her husband forced her to take a lot of abuse that she no longer tolerates. In fact, she is in the demanding position in marriage, now. She insists that her husband share life, pleasures, home responsibilities with her. Sometimes she asks too much of him. Frequently there is conflict because she has become conscious of the fact that she is a person, not just a wife, and wants to develop herself intellectually or culturally, and he doesn't."**
>
> **—LENA LEVINE, M.D.**

For the first time in history, married women outnumber single women in paying jobs

I.N.P.

SECOND WOMAN TREASURER of United States is Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest. Her predecessor was also a woman, Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark. There are now 600,000 women in government service, over 1,000 in policy-making jobs.

felt that less than two children would be the ideal number, and only 2 per cent stated that five children would be the ideal. The average preference was for three children.

The Superior Sex

Physically the American woman is one of the healthiest species in the history of the world. She outlives her husband by a ratio of 2 to 1 and by 1975 the Census Bureau is predicting there will be 3.6 million more women in America than men. If she is typical, the American wife will not die until she is a little over seventy-three years old. This is the longest life expectancy of any woman in the world. At the turn of the century she lived some two years and ten months longer than the average man. Today she is outliving him by more than six years. Basically the difference seems to be biological. A woman's glandular system is superior to a man's, and thus she is better able to endure stress, keeps her blood pressure lower, and has a greater resistance to fatigue and illness. The death rate for males is higher in every age group, but particularly in early adulthood and middle age. Last year there were 104 boys for every 100 girls in the age group under fifteen in the United States and 101.9 in the group from fifteen to twenty-four, but in the twenty-five to forty-four group there were only 96.6 men for every 100 women, and in the sixty-five and over category there were 85.7.

At the moment there are about 1.5 million more women than men in the United States. A surplus of marriageable women is not yet a national problem because at the moment they outnumber men primarily in the older age groups. But a forward-looking Tennessee state senator has introduced a bill to legalize polygamy as a means of alleviating the surplus he foresees in the near future. Dr. Marion Langer, a sociologist specializing in marriage counselling, recently advised girls that the best way to avoid being widowed was to "marry a man five, six, or even seven years your junior." Another expert has worriedly declared that unless something is done, either polygamy or scientific steps to lower the death rate of the male, in fifty years American women

I.N.P.

CONGRESSWOMEN cluster about Dag Hammarskjold during sightseeing tour of United Nations in May, 1953. Left to right they are: Mrs. Gracie Pfost (D., Idaho); Mrs. Elizabeth Kee (D., West Virginia); Mrs. Vera Buchanan (D., Pennsylvania); Mrs. Leonor Sullivan (D., Missouri); and Mrs. Ruth Thompson (R., Michigan).

might become so aggressive in their fight to secure husbands that 25 per cent of the men might be too scared to get married at all. This is, of course, a debatable issue.

Burden of Aged Parents

While the increasing imbalance in the sex ratio of older groups creates speculation on the future of the American wife, the current longevity of both sexes in our culture today confronts her with a more immediate problem. With most homes and apartments now built to provide living space only for the small or at best medium-sized family, caring for older parents has become an additional worry for the American wife. Nearly three-fourths of the men and women over sixty-five in the United States have either no income, or incomes of less than $1,000 per year. Only 15 per cent earn more than $2,000. Although since 1940 the number of working women over sixty-five has increased 169 per cent, the total number of working women in this group is still small, and incomes are low. It is not surprising, therefore, that 51 per cent of women over sixty-five live with relatives, and only 32 per cent live alone. Some cities are facing up to the problems of the aged by building special housing centers, but the country-wide record is spotty at best. Better headway, though again it is not yet adequate, is being made in helping older people to support themselves in jobs suited to their capacities. When older persons are taken, of necessity, into the homes of younger relatives, it is the American wife who must spend her days with them, enduring the unavoidable irritations, and caring for them in the inevitable illnesses of old age. If older persons live alone, as surveys reveal both generations prefer, there is often the problem of financial assistance or at least the responsibility for bringing grandchildren to visit. Research reveals that maternal and paternal grandparents rarely receive equal attention, one or the other being favored; and to further complicate the problem, four-fifths of the aged live in cities and towns. while the younger people have led the exodus to the suburbs. Inevitably, these conditions create added friction in a family and enlarge the burden of the American wife.

How She Measures Up

In the measurements department the American wife is the equal of any other group of women anywhere. She weighs, on the average, ten pounds less than she did thirty years ago, tipping the statistical scales at 122 pounds. She averages 5 feet, 4 inches in height, has a 25½-inch waist, a 34-inch bust, and 36-inch hips. It is a husky but youthful figure, almost identical with the "normal figure" of the

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I.N.P.

HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM, Nimmo and Harriet Thyson, piloted four-engined C-54, illustrating women's ability to match men at job skills. Women now work in all the 446 occupations listed by the United States government.

average eighteen-year-old girl concocted by the American Museum of Natural History in New York several years ago by measuring about five thousand girls throughout the nation. The main difference is in height: the eighteen-year-old was 5 feet, 6 inches, and this is indicative of a definite trend in the American woman. Already an estimated 8 per cent of our women are over 5 feet, 8 inches in height, and patronize some two thousand tall-girl shops throughout the land. In the past fifty years, according to measurements kept at several eastern colleges, the height of the average coed has increased almost four inches. Each year the American wife departs more rapidly from Schopenhauer's definition of the fair sex as "that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, short-legged race." One writer has even suggested that all her troubles stem from her enthusiasm for milk and exercise. Her rapid achievement of Amazon-like proportions has, he declares, made her husband—and her marriage—insecure.

This is, of course, mainly good-humored spoofing. But there are other statistics about the American wife which are not so humorous. One shows the alarming increase in women alcoholics, especially in our mushrooming suburbs.

Women Alcoholics Increase

The Yale University Center of Alcoholic Studies, the most authoritative source in the field, reports that alcoholism in women jumped from 376,000 in 1940 to 710,000 in 1955. Other experts place the number today above 1,000,000, and argue that even this is a conservative figure because so many wives live out their alcoholic careers in the secrecy of their own homes. Men, on the other hand, almost always do some of their drinking in public.

Although the ratio of alcoholics is still one woman to four men, in many ways a wife who drinks is a much more serious problem than a husband. Studies by Dr. Sheldon B. Bacon of Yale University show that male alcoholics tend not to marry, whereas women drinkers marry as often as any other group of women, but only remain married half as long, are separated six times as frequently, and their divorce rate is thirty-two times that of comparable nonalcoholic wives. A man who drinks damages but does not necessarily ruin the lives of his wife and children. A strong wife can often protect the children from the worst effects of this tragic disease. But the husband, of necessity out of the home all day at a job, is helpless to protect his family from an alcoholic wife. That is why so many men see divorce or separation as the only solution.

The second statistic is in many ways

Bad temper, intolerance, selfishness, impatience and moodiness are the most serious problems

grimmer: each day last year an average of two thousand American women underwent illegal abortions. Nine out of ten of these criminal operations were performed on married women between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. An estimated eight thousand women die each year as a result of these travesties on medical procedure, which are usually performed by clumsy amateurs without anesthetics or antiseptics. There is no way of computing the number of women who escape with their lives but suffer partial or complete sterility, endocrine disorders, menstrual disturbances, or psychic maladjustments. In most cases, as far as investigators have been able to determine, the wife's motive is primarily economic: she does not want another child either because it does not fit into her future economic plans for the family, or she does not feel she can care for it and cannot afford outside help. But psychoanalyst Theodore Reik also points out that "abortion most often occurs when a love relationship is deteriorating."

Statistical Divorcemongers

The final statistic is the one which is usually used to paint the darkest picture of the American wife: her inclination toward divorce. Actually, divorce statistics have always been a numbers racket. The American divorce rate is still the highest in the world, but this is partially explainable by our tendency to marry at early ages. Statements that one marriage in three is doomed to failure are usually based on a comparison of the number of divorces obtained last year to the number of marriages. But the yearly number of divorces (slightly below 400,000) are drawn from our accumulation of forty-three million marriages, and have no logical relation to the year's two million or so new marriages. Actually, during the 1950's the national divorce rate declined about 10 per cent, while the marriage rate for women between the ages of fifteen and forty-four leaped 58 per cent.

Still the rate is high enough to cause concern, and it would seem worth while to note, in passing, the chief complaints cited in divorce suits. Cruelty heads the list, with desertion next. But everyone acquainted with the peculiarities of our divorce laws recognizes these terms as legal fictions. Not long ago Harry C. Harmsworth and Mhyra Minnis circulated a questionnaire among Idaho lawyers asking them to evaluate the real or basic causes of divorce in the cases they had handled during the preceding four or five years. The replies were startling. Adultery and drunkenness had been the legal grounds for decrees in only 0.2 per cent and 0.6 per cent respectively, of the 10,435 divorces of women analyzed in the study. But in the questionnaire the lawyers assigned adultery as a basic cause in 18.6 per cent of the cases and drunkenness in 18.3 per cent. Cruelty, a legal ground in 72.5 per cent of the suits, was mentioned as a basic cause in only 5.5 per cent of the cases covered.

This, then, is a portrait of the American wife. Sometimes irresponsible commentators have used the more morbid statistics to present a lurid picture of her as a woman in emotional chaos. Actually, the victims of divorce, alcoholism, and abortion are, at most, a small percentage of America's forty-three million wives. Far more important and helpful is a perusal of what one psychiatrist has called the "points of strain" in the picture of the American wife we have evolved. They are, primarily, three: conflict between work and home; conflict between the husband and the housewife who resents the limitations of her role; conflict between desire to remain "feminine" and desire for equality. Out of these conflicts come not only women driven to the extreme expedients of alcoholism, abortion, and divorce, but a great deal more "normal" marital unhappiness.

> **"The difficulties faced by a woman in a servantless home with several little children and her husband gone all day are real and numerous, exhausting and frustrating. She has as much cause to rebel against these problems and to seek a positive solution as does a young doctor in an office without janitor, secretary, or nurse . . ."**
>
> **—NANCY D. LEWIS**
> *Dean of Pembroke College*

But to understand the American wife completely, a picture in the present tense is not enough. We need at least a brief look at the kind of person she was before she embarked on her revolutionary struggle to achieve equality. Even more important, we need to understand what happened to her mind and to her emotions as she fought her historic fight for feminine equality.

In 1848, when the first National Woman's Rights Convention made its declaration of independence, there were, beyond all argument, serious defects in the status of women, particularly married women, in the United States. A single woman had most of the male's legal rights. But under the English tradition of common law, which the United States inherited, a married woman was "legally dead." She had

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no identity in the eyes of the law: she could not make a legal contract, she could not sue or be sued. She lost the title to all property in her possession, even though it had been acquired before marriage. Even such personal property as clothing, jewelry, and household furnishings could be taken and sold to pay the husband's debts or destroyed by him without her consent. Her salary, if she worked, belonged absolutely to her husband. Finally and most outrageously, she had no control over the destiny of her own children. Not only was the father their sole guardian during his life, but in his will he could appoint an outsider as guardian with authority superseding the mother's.

If this was the legal status of women, one could hardly expect their social status in the community to be an improvement. Nor was it. Women did not have the right to vote, their education was inferior to that of men both in quality and duration, they were prevented from enjoying most of the healthful physical exercise in which men engaged. Wives were advised by the moralists of the period as follows: "Seem always to obtain information from him, especially if before company, though you may thereby appear a simpleton. Never forget that a wife owes all her importance to that of her husband. Leave him master of his actions to go or come whenever he thinks fit."

Her Former Lowly Status

The woman who attempted to use her mind was ridiculed. Men were advised to "fly from a philosopher . . . All (women) who find themselves superior to common rule and received opinion, value themselves on original thinking, talk politics, or meddle with mathematics, these are unclean birds: pray do you avoid them."

As might be expected, women responded with violent resentment to this unjustifiable attitude. When men sneeringly refused to consider their demand for equal rights, many of the feminist leaders went beyond demands for equality and launched an attack on the whole social structure of the modern world. The institution of marriage was the first victim of their wrath. "The ultimate aim of feminism is the suppression of marriage and the institution of free alliance," they proclaimed. Free love was vastly preferable to marriage. "A man or woman should be free to give love whenever it is natural. Love is volatile and when it goes I believe it is unmoral for man and wife even to appear to live together," declared another stalwart. "We want love, but as a man wants it," shrilled Gertrude Atherton. Even when they grudgingly permitted a woman the married state, they insisted she should have a separate career and, following Lucy

I.N.P.

LADY LAWYERS Joyce Pueser, twenty-eight, and sister Janice, twenty-six, of St. Louis, Missouri, after their admission to practice before Supreme Court. Women make up 3.5 per cent of lawyers, 6.1 per cent of doctors, 1.5 per cent of engineers. Number of women owning or managing business has doubled in the last fifteen years.

I.N.P.

RCA STOCKHOLDERS, more than 45 per cent women, listen to report by Board Chairman, General David Sarnoff. American wives own 60 per cent of mutual savings accounts, control 60 per cent of personal expenditures.

Stone's example, refuse to change her name.

Next to marriage, the worst thing in life, according to the feminists, was motherhood. "One child is enough," declared Mrs. Dorothy Maloney Lancaster. "In the sex relationship of the future, sex friendship will mean infinitely more than the . . . birth of children," said another prophet. "Men," cried Susan B. Anthony, "have turned women into maternity machines." In the feminists' view, children were merely obstacles to freedom.

More understandable was their campaign for a complete equality of educational and economic opportunity. But here, too, their demands were charged with hostility and resentment. "There is nothing a he-bear can do which Mrs. Bear cannot do as well or better. In human society alone, the 'he' can do anything and the 'she' nothing," lamented Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. "We take all the labor for our province," cried Olive Schriner. "There is no man's work or no woman's work. Everything is work for anyone who can do it," declared Mrs. Mabel Powers. "Whatever man did not want to do he has persuaded himself, and her, that woman was ordained to do," cried Alice Beale Parsons.

Radical as these demands were, some feminists went even further and proceeded to create a strange jumble of pseudo science and history to convince themselves that woman was actually man's natural superior. She was more stable and more conservative, they claimed. Idiots were more numerous among males than among females. Hairiness denoted a low stage of development. "Defective vision" was beginning to interfere with the activities of males everywhere. History, according to the feminists, revealed that woman was once the superior sex with "the insignificant male appearing as an afterthought." Males attained their present greater size and strength because these early females, "ashamed of their puny and diminutive suitors," chose the largest and finest specimens as mates, persisting in this selection until the male "slowly rose in form and volume." Then, men discovered their part in reproduction and this discovery "literally reversed the whole social system." Men came to appreciate the economic value of women and began enslaving them, carefully selecting the weaker and more beautiful individuals and thus breeding into woman the spurious inferiority she suffers today.

Feminist Goals Neurotic

Modern psychiatrists feel that in many feminists the desire to achieve equality became badly confused with a paradoxical hatred of men, combined with a hunger for masculinity. They wanted to subdue the male as the hunter does the lion—out of deep admiration for his characteristics. This explains why the failure of most of the extreme feminist goals—the abolition of marriage, free love, suppression of the birth rate—was inevitable. They were fundamentally neurotic goals, and most American women, not being neurotics, rejected them. The only feminist goal which every American woman heartily espoused was equality. And this they have achieved.

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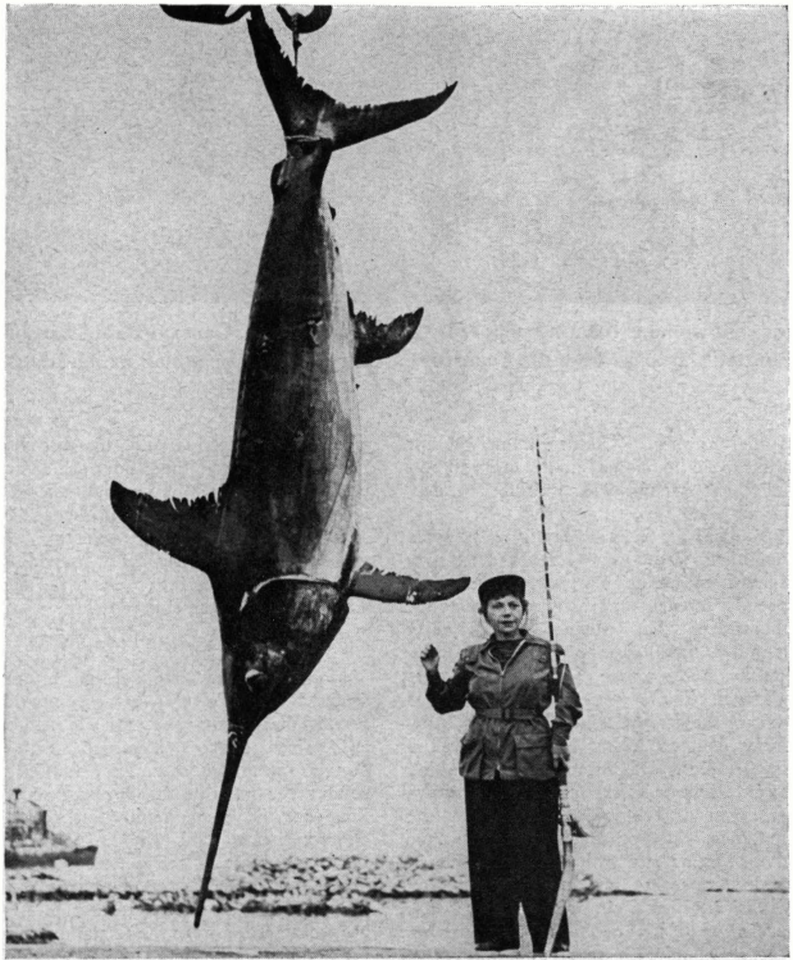
"In our civilization, men are afraid that they will not be men enough and women are afraid that they might be considered only women" —NANCY D. LEWIS Dean of Pembroke College

I.N.P.



A RECORD CATCH was this 772-pound broadbill swordfish landed by Mrs. Eugenie Marron off Iquique, Chile, in 1954. But the following year even this record was smashed by Mrs. David Bartlett's 1,230-pound black marlin.

But equality is not easy to define. What seems equal treatment to a normal woman may seem gross injustice to a neurotic. And equality varies sharply from situation to situation. It is fairly easy to determine in the business world where a woman can, with justice, demand the same wages for the same work. But it is not so easy to define in the family, where men and women often do radically different work. Even more important, equality is a mean between the extremes of inferiority and superiority. It was difficult for the feminists, revolting from an inferior position, not to reach for a superior position. The same difficulty muddles the many relationships between men and women today.

An even greater problem is the atmosphere of sex antagonism which feminism generated. In the beginning the fuel of the struggle for equality, it became, for many, a major stumbling block in their search for happiness, and it remains today one of the keys to understanding the modern American wife's discontents. She came into the twentieth century, as it were, bitter and sullenly suspicious of the man she married and the world he had made. Even more important, in her resentful hunger for equality she permitted "feminine" to be associated with "inferior" in her mind, and soon she automatically resented feminine roles, such as bearing children and housework, which nature and society imposed upon her. Even her ability to participate adequately in sexual intercourse was often crippled.

Equality Not Enough

When a husband bent over backwards to give her the equality she was demanding, frequently she was still unsatisfied. Amram Scheinfeld tells of one such unhappy marriage between a well-to-do businessman and an attractive college-professor wife. Wed in the twenties, she was, logically, a rampant feminist. In spite of her husband's more than adequate salary, she refused to quit her job —she wasn't going to be a "kept woman." They had one child. "She took time out to have him while getting her Ph. D., but she displayed little interest in him, except when it was time to select his schools, leaving the chores of motherhood mainly to nurses," said her husband wryly. Their married life was one long quarrel. His business friends, she declared, were "boors and bores." He was a "crude businessman," with only an ability to make money, while in her job she was making a "contribution to society."

At the same time, she wanted to be treated as a lady. "She'd blow sky high if you didn't stand up when she came into a room, pull out her chair—all the Emily Post stuff," her husband said. "She

I.N.P.

LADY BULLFIGHTER Patricia McCormick, former art student from Big Springs, Texas, has killed more than one hundred bulls, survived a serious goring. Bette Ford, from McKeesport, Pennsylvania, has over fifty kills to her credit. Women usually fight small bulls, and rarely take on the 730-pound killer bulls which men fight.

I.N.P.

LADY PILOTS of the Women's Air Service Patrol (WASPs) proved during World War II that women can handle even the most "masculine" jobs. Over 1,000 women pilots flew 60,000,000 miles for the Army Air Force, ferrying planes across the Atlantic, towing targets, and even testing early experimental jet planes.

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Sex studies created the myth that 30 to 50

wanted to be a man, have all the privileges, but she wanted to be a woman too." That the marriage broke up is hardly surprising.

Today feminism, as a philosophy, is dead. The experience of women such as this one killed it, by proving it simply failed to produce happiness. This does not mean that American wives have given up their determination to be equals in their marriages. Far from it. Rather, in recent decades, and especially in the current decade, they have given the problem some profound thought, and have produced a remarkably clear and simple answer which offers them a real chance for equality, femininity, and happiness without the old feminist necessity to sacrifice at least one of these goals to achieve the others.

Echoes of Feminism

But before we examine this answer, let us see where, in present-day America, the echoes of feminism are still causing trouble at the "points of strain" we have previously listed. First, and most important, is the conflict in the mind of the American wife about her role as housewife and mother.

Some people argue that her uneasiness is produced by technological advances which have made housekeeping so simple the modern wife feels superfluous. But others argue that the modern housewife-mother works at least as hard as her grandmother did. Recent magazine articles report young mothers with three and four children toiling as much as one hundred hours a week. A study in Oregon reported a minimum of sixty-eight wife-hours a week in families where the youngest child was between one and six. These hours were put in on a twelve-hour shift, seven days a week, with scattered gaps of leisure in the afternoons and evenings. Many people find this difficult to believe, since other surveys reveal that 90 per cent of all American homes are now equipped with twelve of the fourteen basic home appliances—a total of some $1,750 worth of mechanical aids for the modern American wife which Grandma never had to assist her in keeping house.

Housework Still a Chore

But as Marguerite Dodd, authoress of *America's Homemaking Book,* points out, while there is no doubt that our modern gadgets lighten housework, the modern wife has more different kinds of work to do. She has a washing machine; but modern standards of cleanliness persuade many mothers to change their children's clothes twice a day, and create enormous washes. She has a vacuum cleaner in place of Grandma's broom, but she also has wall-to-wall carpeting and an industrial civilization to pour grime in her window. Probably Evelyn Whitman sums it up best in her amusing book, *I'm Tired of Grandma.* As she sees it, labor-saving devices do not decrease labor, but only raise standards.

I.N.P.

LARGEST LIVING FAMILY in America, the DeGoliers include mother Winona, father Elmer, twenty children from age five to twenty-eight. The Toy Manufacturers of America brought them to New York City from their farm in upstate Brocton for toy fair. Since 1945, number of families with more than two children has doubled.

per cent of all American women are frigid

But the amount of work, or its difficulty, is not what is really troubling the American wife; rather it is her attitude toward the work. Too often she does not respect it, or respect herself for doing it. Lured by the old goals of feminism, she finds diaper changing and dishwashing beneath her.

Also basic to the problem is the fact that the American wife, marrying young, knows practically nothing about homemaking skills. The result is at worst a chaos of disorganization, at best a continuous feeling of frustration, because she rarely has a chance to master any of the multiple tasks the housewife must perform. Meanwhile, in the specialized world of modern business, her husband becomes more and more skilled and professional in his less complex but far more prestigious job. Whether she lives in a house or an apartment, she, furthermore, does her work in an atmosphere of relative isolation, frequently limited to the company of pre-school children never noted for their conversational skills, while her husband enjoys the adult camaraderie of the office.

A study done a few years ago by Marion Bassett offers significant evidence of how this affects the American wife. A group of representative wives were asked to list the main dissatisfactions felt by mothers in the home. Here they are in the order of their importance:

1. Leisure broken up; not enough large blocks of free time, such as weekends or whole days.
2. Time too interrupted for organized study or concentrated effort in some field.
3. Necessity of performing too many different kinds of tasks without the opportunity to specialize or do anything really well.
4. Too much menial work involved.
5. Lack of opportunity to develop and use your mind constructively and creatively.
6. Lack of opportunity for contacts with people whom you might find most congenial.
7. Lack of incentive to keep mentally alert, to continue learning.

More Than a Housewife

The dominant theme obviously is the desire to accomplish something else besides the task of housewife and mother. This is, of course, all to the good. It is clear proof that the wife is aware of her need to be a person, with an intellect and a personality, rather than a functionary servant in the manner of the nineteenth century wife. Unfortunately the struggle to achieve these things, to break out of the depersonalizing aspects of housewifery, often leads a woman to project all the blame for her difficulties on her husband, as did the woman discussed in the article "When a Wife Is Second Best," page 62.

If the husband who has a frustrated housewife is often nagged, the husband with a career wife is often frightened. For a great many men, especially in the generations over forty, a wife with a career is a constant threat to the basic premise of his masculinity: his ability to support his family.

One husband summed up the syndrome as follows: "As long as I made more than my wife, I was all for her working, although I occasionally worried about the

United Press

TEEN BRIDE Jane Kawsler, fourteen, weds eighteen-year-old Carl Gehrike. Brides are getting younger—half reach altar before age twenty and a half.

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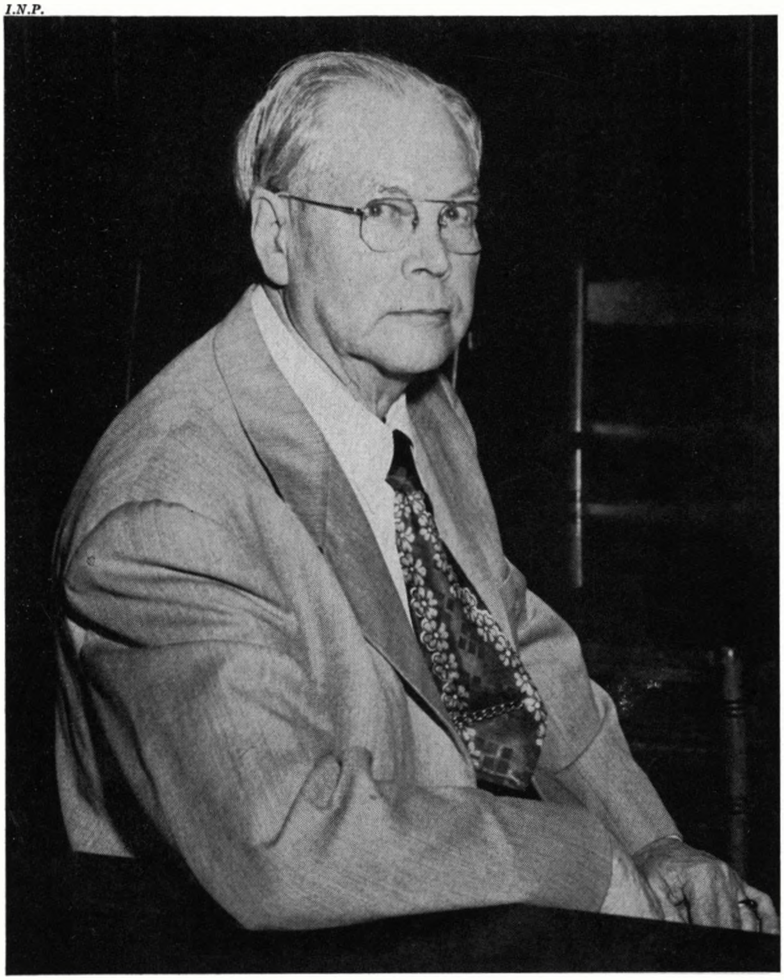
There are two thousand illegal abortions performed each day, nine out of ten on married women with children

effect of a succession of housekeepers on the kids. But the moment she surpassed me in her paycheck, I became completely obnoxious and spent all my time accusing her of selling her children down the river to feed her own ego, etc. I suppose this was weakness, but I couldn't help it."

I.N.P.



ABORTIONIST Roy L. Knapp, seventy-two-year-old Akron, Ohio, doctor, confessed he'd performed three hundred abortions a year at $200 each for twenty-two years. Age and illness reduced jail term to four months.

There are sharp divisions of opinion on the career wife in contemporary America. Some experts feel that by entering masculine society and competing in the business world, she inevitably takes on a competitive masculine attitude toward her husband, which carries over into every aspect of their married lives, with special emphasis on their sexual relationship. The husband whose maleness is wounded by his aggressively successful wife is seldom an adequate lover. Other experts, such as Margaret Mead, heartily applaud the career wife, but worry about her when she enters masculine occupations, such as law or engineering. They feel she should focus her energies on pursuits which are primarily extensions of her maternal and housekeeping skills: cleaning up a local city government, fighting for better parks or housing. Still others feel there is absolutely nothing wrong with the career wife, and in this group there are a surprising number of men married to career women. But even these optimists warn that a career wife is walking a tightrope with multiple dangers on either side, and she must be a person with extra reserves of energy and emotional know-how to succeed in both worlds. As one psychiatrist said, "There are only so many hours in a day, and when you spend nine or ten of them commuting and working, there isn't much time left to be a hausfrau."

Torn by Conflicts

In the contrasting images of the career woman and the homemaker, we see the modern American wife torn, once again, between conflicting extremes, in her struggle for equality. The career woman suffers from the danger of surpassing her husband, the housewife from the fear of falling behind him and becoming a boring, mindless drudge. Central to both their lives is a third basic problem of the American wife: her sexual relationship to the man she has married.

The feminists never convinced the American wife to reject marriage in favor of free love. But they did enunciate a principle which the modern wife now claims as essential to her pursuit of happiness: women have as much right to sexual pleasure as men. The nineteenth century, with its puritanical refusal to take a close look at the facts of life, devoutly believed that the average wife

United Press

SIGMUND FREUD, founder of psychoanalysis, exploded belief that women did not enjoy sex. But modern analysts refute passive role he assigned women.

was incapable of passion. Only bad women enjoyed sex. Freud, Havelock Ellis, and other explorers of depth psychology rapidly dissipated this notion, and sex antagonism soon appeared in its most fundamental form. All shapes and varieties of marital anguish were laid squarely at the door of the clumsy husband. It was the man, the marriage manuals unanimously declared, who was responsible for success in sex, and equally responsible for its failure. For the enlightened readers of the manuals, making love became a kind of challenge, with most of the anxiety on the husband's side, and more than a little frustration on the wife's.

Love "by the Book"

Frequently couples spent so much time worrying about whether their technique was right, whether their climaxes occurred simultaneously as the book said they should, whether the wife really had an orgasm, that they lost all the meaning of marital intercourse, not to mention the pleasure. Often the husband worried himself into near impotence, and the wife began consulting experts to cure her "frigidity." Sexual incompatibility became a hazy, completely unscientific term, and through fear and misunderstanding of it, numerous marriages were destroyed.

Experts estimate it took a full generation—those now in their late forties and fifties bore the brunt of it—before men and women began to adjust to the new pattern of love-making. Gradually, however, common sense and ability to learn from experience began to turn the loss into profit. But first, some cherished notions about sex had to be discarded. One of the theorists to take it on the chops was the august founder of psychoanalysis, Sigmund Freud. The great Viennese saw women as completely passive and submissive in sexual love. Most of the women Freud saw *were*, because they were products of nineteenth century ideas about femininity. But in America, where women were experiencing freedom and equality, and even had the opportunity to become analysts themselves and do some profound thinking about their role in sex. Freud's theory of the female simply did not apply. Psychoanalysts, such as Karen Horney and Clara Thompson, discarded his purely biological ("anatomy is destiny") answer to women's emotional problems, and began freeing women from the necessity of playing one specific role in sex and in other areas of marriage.

Meanwhile other researchers began exploding the myth of sexual incompatibility and criticizing the over-emphasis on technique. Sex, it soon became apparent, was merely one department of the business of marriage. As far back as 1929, Dr. G. V. Hamilton quizzed two hundred middle-class men and women on what was wrong with their marriages. Of the one hundred men in the study, sixty-one were especially dissatisfied with their wives. But the main reason was not, as readers of marriage manuals might suspect, sexual: forty-nine of the men named temperamental and spiritual difficulties as the prime reason for their marital unhappiness. More recent researchers such as Lewis M. Terman have come up with essentially the same conclusion. Terman categorically declares: "One of the greatest dangers to marriage is the all-around unhappy temperament of one or both of the spouses." Robert Tyson of Hunter College, in an extensive review of literature on the wedded state, concluded that the most serious problems in marriage are "bad temper, intolerance, selfishness, lack of confidence in the marriage partner, lack of consideration, impatience and moodiness."

It also became apparent that marriage is basically a process of adjustment, and sexual compatibility is only one of a dozen problems a husband and wife must solve in their search for happiness. Judson T. Landis, another noted marriage researcher, lists six major areas of adjustment: sex relations, spending family income, social activities, in-law relationships, religious activities, and mutual friends. From his research he concluded that it takes longer for spouses to work out satisfactory adjustments in sex than in any other area. Equally important, it also became clear that a failure in another area had a disastrous effect on a couple's sex life.

The Frigidity Myth

Data such as this proved invaluable in dispelling the American wife's fears of frigidity. Authors of sex studies, including Dr. Kinsey, have been responsible for creating the myth that between 30 and 50 per cent of all American women are frigid. Responsible psychiatrists have sharply criticized this statement. Frigidity is a term which should be applied only to women completely lacking in sexual desire—and those are very rare.

(continued)

Doctors now feel the whole concern with orgasm has been overdone. Dr. Clark E. Vincent of the University of California, for instance, declares that the important thing is a spontaneous love relationship in which "the two people lose themselves without particular thought as to whether their technique is achieving results." Psychiatrists point out that orgasm is an extremely difficult phenomenon to measure. In the popular mind it is a sort of physical and emotional explosion at the climax of the sex act. But Dr. Lena Levine says: "The descriptions women give of an orgasm may be as different as the differences among women themselves, for each woman has her own sexual responses and in response to a particular man."

A Liberating Influence

If we think back for a moment over what we have been saying, it becomes apparent that the process at work in the American woman's new approach to sex has been basically a liberating one. Research, and her own common sense, have freed her from a number of constricting modern dogmas which urged her to seek fulfillment in sexual love but badly hampered her ability to achieve it. Out of this freedom and out of the atmosphere of equality in which she has been thriving, has emerged the American wife's answer to the problem of sex. It is an answer which applies with equal force to all other areas of her married life, and it can be summarized in one word: *responsibility.*

> "The American wife's basic fear is emptiness. Conscious of her freedom, she is also aware that school and society have appropriated many of her traditional functions. She is not the essential center of the home she was in earlier decades. More and more women are finding the answer to this problem in the world beyond the home. The wife and mother is now more of a democratic, civic, and cultural force in the community and in the nation than she has ever been before."
>
> —**HENRIETTA L. GORDON**
> *Professor of Marriage and the Family*
> *New York University*

With this idea, the American wife emerges from the purgatory of feminism into a new order of existence. The feminists fought for equal rights, but they failed to realize—or at least to emphasize—that rights involve responsibilities. The American wife had to find this out the hard way, but discover it she did, and there is evidence everywhere to support the contention.

"Woman's Greatest Challenge"

Probably the aptest and most evident proof at hand is the success of Maxine Davis's marriage manual, *The Sexual Responsibility of Woman.* Vanished utterly, in this forthright book, is the idea of the passive wife daring her husband to arouse her. If a woman wants fulfillment in sex, Miss Davis declares, it is up to her to develop an understanding and appreciation of its beauty and its potentials. Dr. Marion Hilliard, in her (also best-selling) book, *A Woman Doctor Looks at Love and Life,* goes even further, calling the act of love "woman's greatest challenge." Dr. Hilliard feels a woman's ability to enjoy love-making is almost as essential to her husband's satisfaction as it is to her own, and even recommends pretending if a young wife does not really enjoy it at first. She calls such deception "the worthiest duplicity on earth, because it gives a man his manhood." Moreover, she declares that "thousands of women who have begun this sort of benign sham have discovered their pretended delight rapidly became real."

Dr. Hilliard would not, of course, recommend such deception for an undue length of time. One of the correlatives of the wife's sexual responsibility is frankness. Understanding the physiology of sex, she is prepared to discuss her experience openly with her husband, suggesting which caresses arouse her most, inquiring into his feelings about the timing of their love-making, showing a willingness to experiment to determine which position and which frequency pattern of intercourse suits them best. In the past, points out Dr. Gladys Hoagland Groves, editor of the noted journal, *Marriage and Family Living,* a wife would often reject her husband if they had an unsatisfactory intercourse and he approached her again within a few hours, or even on the next night. Today many have learned that the second experience finds them more quickly aroused and intensely responsive. Others have learned to vary the American custom of having intercourse two or three nights during the week, by using what is commonly considered the European pattern of going without for a week or more and then having a big weekend or midweek period of concentrated sexual relations, perhaps several times a day for two or three days. Research in marital adjustment has shown that the most serious barrier to sexual harmony is not poor technique but lack of basic agreement on frequency and pattern of intercourse. Here the wife, if she accepts her responsibility, must be willing occasionally to yield to her husband's wishes even if she is not completely prepared emotionally. And the same principle applies, of course, to the husband.

The Feminine Initiative

At the same time, with the dogma of feminine passivity exploded, she is not afraid to take the initiative. Dr. Groves tells of one wife who could not tolerate the mechanical regularity of her husband's sexual schedule. Every Wednesday night, beginning at supper, he would pull out her chair, and begin to pay her little attentions—which he never did at other times. Actually, the poor fellow was doing just what the marriage manuals told him, but his assumption that he, the male, must take the initiative, left the wife so rigid with resentment that often by bedtime she was physically unable to have intercourse. A psychiatrist suggested that instead of automatically assuming the passive role, it might be a good idea if she undertook some sexual advances to her husband on nights of her choice. She did so and it made all the difference.

Beyond sex, the realization that equality involves responsibility is being applied to a dozen different areas. The housewife, in particular, is making a powerful comeback by finding a new pride in her demanding role, and applying her intelligence to the job. An ad for a new cookbook, for instance, is significant of the trend: "Be an artist, not just a cook." Agnes E. Meyer takes a more vehement approach: "Instead of apologizing for being 'a mere housewife,' as so many women do," she says, "women should make society realize that upon the housewife now fall the combined tasks of economist, nutrition expert, sociologist, psychiatrist, and educator." Another housewife-author, in a forthcoming book, tells her fellow homemakers: "You're an executive. Act like one," and points out how good management by the wife, who does so much of the family's buying, can increase the value of her husband's income by as much as 50 per cent.

Education for Homemaking

Recently Barnard College did a survey in which alumnae were asked to tell what they thought about their education. A startling proportion criticized the school's attitude toward the housewife, and smacked the career woman ideology hard. "We were led to believe the ideal situation was one in which a career was combined with marriage, with the latter perhaps holding a secondary place. Not once was it suggested that just being a good wife and a good mother was sufficient use of our education and talents," wrote one angry graduate. "The role of housewife and mother was relegated to a back seat, if not actually sneered at," wrote another. "This created a great psychological hurdle for me." Obviously these women had jumped the hurdle and chosen the homemaker's role, and they were telling their college to make it easier for future graduates who made the same choice. Twenty years ago a graduate of Barnard—or of any other women's college—would have felt she was a traitor to her sex if she even suggested such a thing; then the feminist career ideology was unchallengeably entrenched in the women's colleges.

This does not mean there is anything wrong with a career. Job-holding can help the American wife to discover her own individuality, "to become a person, as well as a wife and mother," as Dr. Lena Levine says. The career wife, in fact, has played a vital role in exploring new dimensions of a wife's responsibility in marriage. She has taken the risk of losing her femininity in her husband's eyes, by assuming a masculine role. That she has not lost it is evident from the thousands of women who are successfully combining work and marriage. Her secret, if we may call it that, is a new, more profound meaning of femininity.

In the past femininity was associated with roles: motherhood, housekeeping. But even in the home, today, the equality-minded housewife expects her husband to pitch in, change diapers, do dishes, if she has too much to do. American men are readily acquiescing, although many social commentators worry about the effect on their masculinity. But this new concept of the feminine—which applies equally to the concept of the masculine—is rapidly scotching such fears. As the psychoanalyst Erich Fromm has pointed out, a role is not masculine or feminine in itself, nor does it automatically inculcate upon the person who fills it any particular character traits. Thus a woman who is dependent on her husband financially is under no constraint to be dependent on him intellectually. Similarly, because a man washes the dishes, there is no reason for him to begin braiding his hair. Masculine and feminine are really spiritual ideas, and the feminine contribution which the responsible modern wife makes to her marriage is not associated with any particular role: rather it is *a force of temperament.*

We have seen, from a negative point of view, that failures of temperament are the primary cause of marital breakdown. From a positive point of view, the fundamental womanly attributes of maternalism, responsiveness, and compassion can also be the source of a marriage's success.

Equality plus Responsibility

Ultimately the American wife's realization that equality presupposes responsibility pervades her whole relationship with her husband. For this, she now clearly recognizes, is the bedrock of her happiness. Researchers probing factors in marital contentment found that fully 87 per cent of the wives studied placed "relationship with husband" above their roles as mothers, material well-being, even physical health. The American wife wants this relationship to be based on equality. But she does not want the negative equality of the feminists, which demanded rights without accepting responsibilities, and which often rejected what was most womanly in a wife. Accepting herself as a woman, the American wife accepts simultaneously her responsibility for the spiritual and emotional depth of her marriage. It is, in brief, up to her to create an emotional climate in which both love and equality prosper. Whether she chooses to combine a career with her marriage or stay home and raise a large family, this is the American wife's truly challenging job in the second half of the twentieth century. THE END

Between us girls

BY THE COTY GIRL

Letters from Coty "fans" are always a thrill to us at Coty. We do appreciate these voluntary and unsolicited "thank-yous." Have you had a true-life experience with a Coty product? Write me about it. The Coty Girl, 423 W. 55th St., Dept. C-58, New York 19, N. Y.

THIS MONTH'S "TRUE EXPERIENCES"

PROVES COLOR LASTS!

"For a masked costume party," reports Mrs. E. Gerber, Jackson Center, O., "I used my Coty '24' lipstick to give the effect of a huge mouth. But when I wanted to remove it, I had to use everything imaginable. The lipstick came off, but the color remained! There's just nothing like Coty '24' for *lasting* color. And it doesn't smudge or smear."

"L'ORIGAN IS MY 'TRADEMARK'"

"I use all possible cosmetics of one fragrance," says Mrs. L. Selden, Portland, Ore. "Whenever I get gifts of other kinds of perfume I always manage to exchange them for Coty. I always feel so much happier when I'm wearing my own special favorite—L'Origan."

"MY HAIR IS THE FINE TYPE"

"Every spray and set preparation I used," writes Mrs. O. Coffman, Springfield, Ohio, "either made my hair sticky or stiff—and also smelled like either embalming fluid or anesthetic. Was I ever delighted to discover Coty Perfumed Curl Set! It really works and carries my own beloved L'Origan fragrance."

Coty "24" Lipstick, $1.25—L'Origan Toilet Water, $2.00—Coty Perfumed Curl Set, $2.00. All prices plus tax. Available at leading drug and department stores. (Adv.)

Home Is Where the Heart Is

Small town, big city, from Texas to Long Island, a wife must make her life where she finds it. She creates a family unit, brings up children, adjusts to her husband's job, whatever it may be—whether teacher, business executive, or athlete. For every wife there are bonuses of delight, an uneven distribution of tragedy, and for many there are startling shifts from one social group to another, from one income bracket to another. Here is how five representative American wives meet the everyday challenges of their lives

BY ELIZABETH HONOR

"We have a really happy marriage-- especially since I taught George to blow his cork instead of clamming up"

MRS. PEGGY MARTH, *LONG ISLAND, N. Y.*

The "hello" stage lasted five years before George Marth—while working summers as a lifeguard at Jones Beach—got up enough nerve to ask Peggy McIntosh for a date.

Now married five years, and living in Massapequa Park, Long Island ("in a real house at last—we bought it two years ago for $13,990"), the Marths have a three-year-old daughter and are expecting a second baby in March. They feel they've come a long way "financially and emotionally."

"The first two weeks we lived with George's parents," says Peggy. "Then we moved into what was laughingly called a 'finished' attic. It had a zombie-type gas stove, 1898 vintage—and probably the only split-level john in existence."

Before their marriage, the Marths seriously discussed a "bigger money" job George had been offered in Detroit. But they decided they loved Long Island's beaches and that "our way of life is more important." George, who is a Wayne University graduate, continued to teach physical education at a Long Island high school in winter, is still a lifeguard during the summer. Peggy sometimes models. They feel they have done the right thing in sticking to their "beach" way of living. Swimming devotees, they spend every day from June to September at Jones Beach, and Peggy is content with George's attitude ("I don't believe in trying to 'help' a husband get ahead. Some wives force their husbands beyond endurance. And the husbands rebel").

Peggy is Protestant. George is Catholic. "We went through the routine hassle with our parents," says Peggy, "but we managed to work it out. I think learning about each other's religion has widened our understanding."

The Marths' living habits are typical of those of young Long Islanders: At home, Peggy usually wears Bermuda shorts and a shirt. Perhaps once a year Peggy and George dress formally ("*Not* white tie and tails . . . with our crowd, wearing *shoes* means you're dressed").

The Marths have no maid, not even once-a-week help. To shop, Peggy pulls a wagon to the shopping center a mile away every week, loads it up. Each year, they buy a "newer used car." Recreations are backyard parties, picnics, watching TV.

For the future: "We want at least three children, though we have an Rh factor problem." In the last few years, the Marths have been able to save money, for the first time have a bank account. "Money is okay," says Peggy. "But what's most important with us is that George enjoys his job."

(continued)

J. Frederick Smith

For Peggy, twenty-six, George, twenty-eight, and three-year-old Heather Marth: "No high-pressure job."

J. Frederick Smith

At twenty-six: "I thought my life was over." But now, at forty-five: "I'm busy putting the older children through college —and the baby through kindergarten"

MRS. DOROTHY WHEDON, *CHAPPAQUA, NEW YORK*

At her third wedding two years ago in exclusive Chappaqua, New York, Dorothy Whedon was attended by her nineteen-year-old daughter, who sported a name-scribbled leg cast because of a skiing accident. Mrs. Whedon's sixteen-year-old son proudly gave his mother away. Her five-year-old daughter was also on hand, despite a red-spotted face. Says Mrs. Whedon: "She came down with the chicken pox five days before the wedding. The whole thing is typical of my life—but despite everything it has been a rich life."

Philadelphia-born Dorothy Whedon looks back on years of work, tragedy, and love. Now, at forty-five, she feels her life is "fuller than ever." Just out of college during the Depression, Dorothy married another college graduate who was lucky enough to get a construction job. "In those days," explains Dorothy, "*any* job was a good job." Though broke, Dorothy and her husband were happy. Both worked, but the aftereffects of an old football injury kept Dorothy's husband almost constantly ill. When he died after seven years of marriage ("It was seven years of love and tragedy") Dorothy was left with a four-year-old daughter and a one-year-old son. To make a living for them, she got a job at Macy's Department Store in New York. Through a friend, she met and fell in love with her second husband, an advertising executive.

A New Start

They were married a month before Pearl Harbor. She and her husband bought a house in Chappaqua and, with Dorothy's two children, moved in.

"We went to work on the house," Dorothy remembers, "like wild men. We sanded French doors. We laid brick for the hearth. We redecorated *everything*, painting and papering the walls ourselves. I hate to quarrel, but I got so that when a workman would say something like 'The fireplace won't work,' I'd just insist. And the fireplace *does* work. So does everything else. You just have to ignore the experts."

Full of hope for the future, Dorothy started a second family. The first baby, a girl, died of meningitis at the age of two. Then Dorothy had two more little girls.

"I knew everything was going to be all right, at last," she says. "But one October day, after thirteen years of marriage, my husband's office telephoned the dreadful news: my husband had died at his desk of a heart attack."

When Dorothy was finally able to take stock of her situation, she found: "I was over forty. I had two babies—one almost two and one four—and two other children on the brink of college. I had enough life insurance to keep us for two years if we continued to live in our house. I didn't know what to do."

Again, Dorothy went out and got a job, this time doing TV commercials. "I was terrified," she says now. At about the same time, she started modeling. As a fashion model, she caught on. The work meant security. "But it also meant my two small children had to be boarded out. I couldn't stand that." So Dorothy worked even harder, was finally able to afford a sleep-in maid. The family was reunited.

Dorothy still works—and loves it—even though she has since married Harvard graduate John Whedon, known particularly for his writing of the TV show "A Night to Remember," the story of the Titanic. Of the marriage, Dorothy says, "It's a beautifully happy marriage. The children love John, too."

For the working Whedons, who shuttle between their New York jobs and their Chappaqua home ("We live in the same house I've lived in for fourteen years"), life has to be kept simple. "I find it terribly difficult to schedule home and a job," Dorothy admits. "All kinds of unexpected things happen—this past spring we went through five maids."

The Whedons are not country club members. Their car is eight years old. "We think it's more important to try to help the kids get through college," Dorothy explains. As for sports: "I've never had time for them anyway—doing housework, painting, papering, taking care of children has always been my exercise." On weekends, while John builds closets and works in his garden, Dorothy markets by car in Mount Kisco, five miles away.

J. Frederick Smith

"I had my fill of the P.T.A. with my *first* batch of children."

Being vitamin-conscious, Dorothy buys oatmeal, cooks it for hours. And "Everybody take a yeast tablet," she is likely to command, handing around the tablets.

But toward every other aspect of life the Whedons' attitude is casual. Entertainment at the Whedons' usually means cooking steaks or shishkabob on their patio fireplace with a few friends. Since Dorothy gets up at 6 A.M., the weekday routine is "TV and to bed." As for vacations, "We won't take one this year. Why should we? We have just about everything we need at home."

(continued)

"We used to think it would be ideal to have whatever our hearts desired—but the planning turned out to be half the fun"

MRS. BARBARA MARTINDALE, *DALLAS, TEXAS*

Dallas, where such fabulous stores as Neiman-Marcus set the trend for modern western living, is the home of the Bruce Martindales.

They live in a pleasant pink brick town house. For their busy lives ("We're always off in all directions") they find that two cars, a station wagon and an inexpensive foreign car, are necessary. They can afford such "extras" largely because of the low cost of living in Texas—there is no state income or sales tax, for example. They have a full-time maid in a city where pay for maids ranges from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars a week. They and their three children, aged ten, twelve, and fourteen, are all so busy with in-town and out-of-town activities that the children's bedrooms have bulletin boards to help keep them abreast of the day's events.

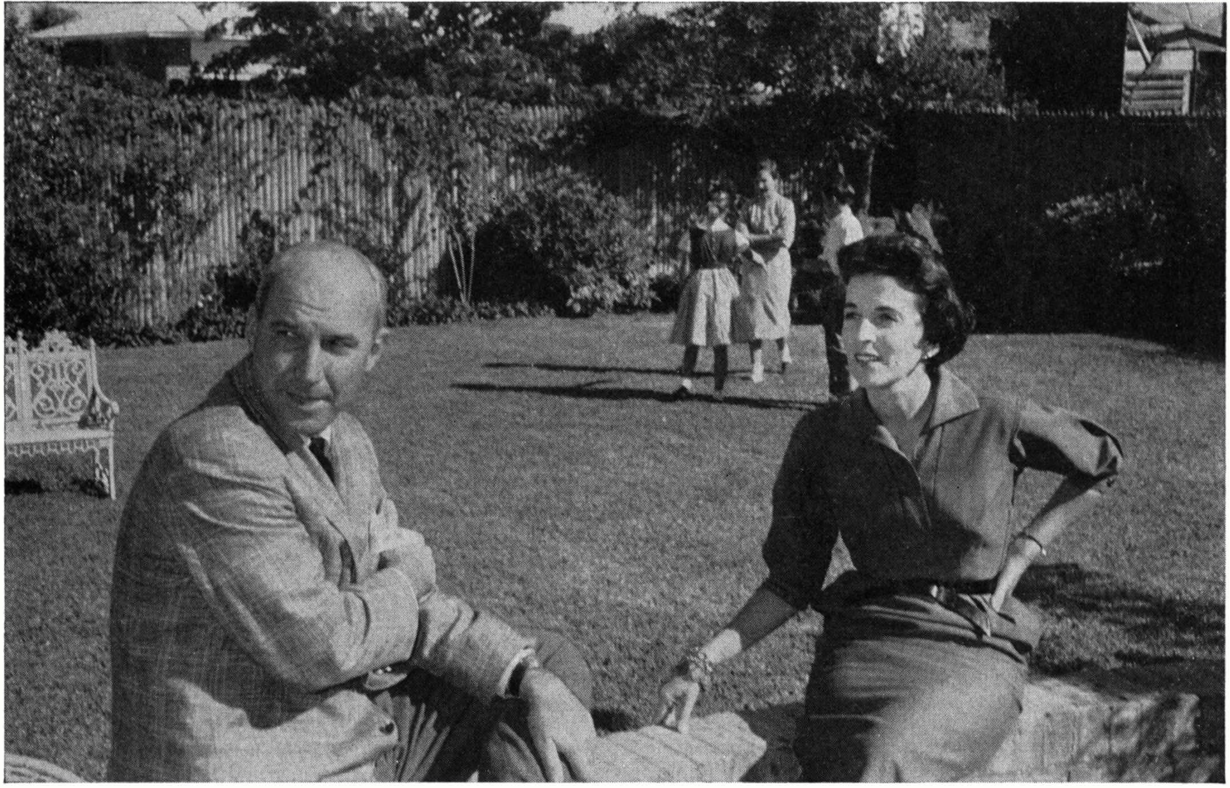
"This weekend: dove-hunting" on the bulletin board means the whole family takes off for South Texas with guns, hoping to bring back doves for the freezer. Other frequent bulletin board memos: "Waterskiing . . . Boy Scout hike . . . Committee meeting." Biggest current item on the board: a month-long South American tour for the whole family.

Because Bruce Martindale, forty-one, is an airline pilot—a captain with Braniff Airways—the South American trip, which the family has been excitedly planning for over a year, will not be as expensive as it sounds: the Martindale family gets vacation passes from the airline.

Married seventeen years ago, Barbara Martindale found herself in the position of most pilots' wives: "It was lonely. It wasn't easy to learn to sleep alone in a house. And there was the worry about my husband flying all over the place in a plane. I had never flown."

Today, Barbara is well-traveled, en-

John Rogers



"I worked before marriage, so I'm not worried about financial security. I could take over in an emergency."

joys flying, and is too deeply involved with her children and her community activities to find time to worry. Or to find enough time at all.

Despite their multifarious activities, the Martindales manage to spend a good deal of time together. As a family, they hunt and fish, go in for water sports. Bruce Martindale—who is home 50 per cent of the time—finds time to golf on Saturday, spends the rest of the weekend with his family. *En famille*, they go swimming several times a week.

As an active community leader (she heads the Dallas Junior League, works for the Cerebral Palsy Treatment Center, has headed the Easter Seal Campaign), Barbara must have a varied wardrobe, be well-groomed. (Luckily, Barbara and Bruce each have an inheritance to supplement their income). Because entertaining ranges from cocktailing to formal events, her wardrobe includes tailored dresses and evening dresses.

Party-Giving—Texas Style

The Martindales' favorite kind of party is typically Texan—barbeques with Texas foods. Current fad among the Martindales' friends is the "breaking the age barrier" party — surprise parties for friends turning forty.

"My biggest problem is that I can't seem to split myself into enough pieces," says Barbara. "If I find the tension getting to be too much for me, I try to slow down. Go to bed earlier. Slip off to a movie *without* the children. Sometimes the tension comes from having a lot of unfinished jobs cluttering up my mind. So I try to borrow a day to do it all—you know, get those heels tapped, re-pot that plant, write those overdue letters. If I can get all those little chores done, I can sleep better."

A fairly typical day for Barbara involves chauffeuring each child to a different school, going to a civic meeting, doing the laundry ("the laundry is done *every* day"), handling some committee work at home, picking up the children again. And, of course, preparing meals.

One big change since the early days of her marriage: Barbara is no longer a perfectionist about housecleaning. ("I used to be an awful bore of a perfectionist. But my attitude changed—with three children, it *had* to.") Moreover, she thinks the children are happier when she is relaxed about housecleaning.

As the Martindales see it, their main extravagance is travel. Past trips have taken them through New England, the West, Hawaii, Canada, "and just about every other place you can mention." Next on the Martindale agenda: a trip to Europe. Meanwhile, the Martindales feel they have all the ingredients for a full and satisfying life right at home in Dallas.

(continued)

John Rogers

"Working for the Junior League gives me something I can sink my teeth into."

"Small-town life is leisurely... now we

"We believe in enjoying the things with which we've luckily been blessed."

The Davidsons, Lois, thirty, and Glen, thirty-two, moved to a small town five years ago.

Fort Madison, Iowa, population fifteen thousand, has few big-city advantages. There is no theatre. There are only two movie houses. And with no plush restaurants, about the only place to go for a special occasion is the country club.

"But there are no big-city *disadvantages*, either,'" says Lois. "No heavy traffic to endanger kids at play, and no teenage gangs. And there are real rewards. With the hills and the Mississippi River, it's very beautiful here. Our friendships are honest and deep—and our friends' ages range from the twenties to the eighties." One of the biggest rewards to Lois, is having her husband come home for lunch with her and the children. Moreover, it takes Glen — known to everybody as "Dave"—only three minutes to get from his ranch home to his salesman's job at the Sheaffer Pen Company.

The Davidsons met and married while attending Cornell College in Iowa. Dave had served in the Navy as an aviation radioman. Neither had a job. But Lois agreed that Dave had a natural talent for selling, thought "it would be fun to give sales work a try."

Dave visited the Sheaffer Pen Company ninety miles from the college, and got his chance. As a starter, the Davidsons set up housekeeping in Texas for two years; their first child was born there. Then Dave was transferred to the Chicago Loop area. Lois set up housekeeping again, was barely resettled when her second child, Stephen, was born. Five years ago, when Dave, then twenty-seven, was promoted to his job as Sheaffer's western sales manager, the Davidsons moved to Fort Madison.

Big City to Small Town

The change from Chicago was striking. In Fort Madison there are only a handful of women's shops from which to select clothes; to get a wider selection one must travel to Chicago, four hours away by train. Social life revolves around parties; there is a solid round of them for a good three weeks before big holidays.

Lois loved the change to small town life. "I used to schedule each day's work," she says, "but life is so much more leisurely here that I've dropped all that. I'm happier taking things as they come."

Because there are so few opportunities for big-city indoor pleasures, Fort Madison's pleasures are closer to nature, vary with the season. In the fall, Dave takes six-year-old Steve duck-hunting. In warm weather, the Davidsons enjoy cruising up the Mississippi River in their eighteen-foot cabin cruiser, built by Dave in his spare time in the garage at home. The Davidsons take along a lunch, stop off at a likely-looking island for their picnic.

Lois is often alone because Dave's job keeps him traveling approximately three months of the year. But she knows several other wives in Fort Madison whose husbands also travel, and has found that the antidote to loneliness is "getting together with the other wives and planning activities among ourselves and with the

even have time for golf before dinner"

MRS. LOIS DAVIDSON, *FORT MADISON, IOWA*

children during our husbands' absences."

Lois has no maid. "I never had one," she says. "I wouldn't want one. Having someone around the house who was outside our family circle would change everything we like—our conversation, our activities, our informal living." To help with the cleaning, Lois has a woman come in for four hours every other week, but feels she wouldn't need any help at all if she were not so involved in community activities.

These activities range from membership in a women's study club to acting as a P.T.A. room mother. She belongs to a church group, to the King's Daughters, the Bluebirds, and almost everything else.

Of her neighborhood, Lois thinks, "It's probably the friendliest in Fort Madison. There are thirty children on the two blocks of our neighborhood. Ages range from two months to high-school age." An example of Fort Madison neighborliness: "We just had a golf tournament, and almost everybody on the street turned out, whether they play golf or not. Afterwards, we all got together for dinner at the country club. In Fort Madison, anybody who can pay from $100 to $200 a year can have his whole family belong to the country club. There's no social snobbery here."

For Lois, living is *now*. As she explains it, "Of course we're working and planning to get our children an education. And we *do* have higher economic and spiritual goals in life. *But* we've also got plenty of riches right here and now—family, job, friends."

(continued)

"Our luxury is a membership in the country club. But I consider something like good grooming a *necessity*."

“We have no budget. We have no savings. We don’t worry about it—it wouldn’t tear us apart to eat off an orange crate.”

MRS. MARY JANE RUSSELL, Greenwich Village, N.Y.

“Make mine Manhattan.” On Ninth Street in Greenwich Village is the duplex apartment that is the focal point of Mary Jane and Ed Russell’s way of life. A secluded garden separates the apartment from the Russells’ guest house, which is a converted stable with a guest living room, bedroom, and bath. The guest house is topped by a hayloft with doors that open out over the garden.

The Russells have no car (“In the city it would only be a nuisance”). They never go to night clubs (“We don’t like them”), are involved in no community activities (“We’re too busy”) or sports. “Ed likes to just *read* about sports,” says Mary Jane. “And I loathe them—I can’t even be a happy spectator.”

A Well-Run Household

The Russell household runs smoothly, guided by the housekeeper they have had “by the day” for nine years. Weekends, the Russells have an extra maid.

The two older Russell children go to private schools, after school have friends in to play in the garden. In winter the youngsters skate in Central Park and at Rockefeller Center. At least once a month the Russells take their children to a foreign restaurant, where they learn about Mexican, Chinese, Polynesian, Italian, and French food. Summers, the children go to their grandmother’s 160-acre farm in Kansas. To make money to buy a pony for the farm, they sell lollipops (two for five cents) in the Village. House rules for the children: “No playing ball or shooting arrows in the house.”

Because the ad agency for which Ed is a vice-president does not believe in its executives’ entertaining clients at home, the Russells’ friends are personal friends. Many of them Mary Jane has made during her nine years of modeling. Among them are many illustrators, professional people, and photographers. When guests come to dinner at the Russells’ (“We never have more than six people”) Mary Jane cooks, but admits it usually takes her so long that guests sit around and groan, “When are we going to eat?”

Though Mary Jane will spend four hundred dollars to have a suit made, she thinks it’s economical because the suit will last for years and is created by Miguel Ferreras to suit her personality. In her wardrobe are only three suits, one cocktail dress, and one coat. At home she wears pants and a shirt, never wears shorts even in summer. Because she must be well-groomed for modeling jobs, she has her hair done twice a week (“But if I didn’t work, I’d let it grow long enough to sit on. Then I’d do it up in a knot”).

Now in a top income bracket, the Russells look back on their 1946 income of one hundred and eighty dollars a month (“and ninety of that went for rent!”) and their one time ten-dollars-a-week food allowance, and feel, “It was no struggle—it was fun.”

Childhood sweethearts since their teen years in Teaneck, New Jersey, Mary Jane and Ed got married when Ed got out of the Navy, and while Mary Jane was still attending Sarah Lawrence College on a scholarship.

They moved into a two-room Village apartment (“one room furnished, the other unfurnished”). Ed joined an “on-the-job” G.I. training program with an ad agency. Mary Jane packed a lunch for Ed each day, brought her own lunch to work when, two years later, she got a modeling job.

Today, Mary Jane’s housekeeper shops by telephone. But in the early days of her marriage, Mary Jane solved her weekly shopping problem by bringing her ten-dollar food allowance to the neighborhood butcher-grocer (“We still buy everything from him”), who would make out a food order, selecting the items himself. (“We’d eat on that all week. Sometimes he’d even pin notes to the packages explaining how to fix things he thought I didn’t know how to cook.”)

Though in the early days every penny counted (“We used to figure: ‘Two cents back on a Coke bottle; now we’ve got five bottles and that makes ten cents for the Bendix, and now we can do our laundry’ ”), the Russells have never tried to budget, don’t want to.

They have no savings (“We don’t even have a method of *trying* to save”), a fact that bothers them not at all. Says Mary Jane: “We don’t worry about it. We love beautiful things, but they’re not *that* important.” Luckily, the Russells have had no medical bills of importance, carry “a minimum of insurance,” and don’t worry about that either.

As a working wife, Mary Jane is very happy. She believes she needs more than the involvements of just home, explains, “Ed and I are both perfectionists in our work, but we both love to work—and there’s no conflict between our home and our work . . . one contributes to the other.”

Split-second timing is sometimes necessary to run a family like the Russells. Last summer, Ed went to California for a month on business (his usual routine is one week out of each month in California), making a stopover in Kansas to leave the children with their grandparents. Meanwhile, Mary Jane went to California on a job, managed to hit Kansas on her way back to New York to fly to Paris on a modeling job. On his way back to New York, Ed picked up the children in Kansas—and the family all arrived on Ninth Street the day before Labor Day.

She Thrives on Tension

Nevertheless, the Russells feel they lead an extraordinarily regular life, have no fatigue problems. With little interest in traveling, but with a great love of their life in Greenwich Village, they plan to stay right there. As far as the much-talked-of tension of city living is concerned, Mary Jane explains, “Why would I mind being tense? I think one functions best under tension.” THE END

J. Frederick Smith

WIDOWHOOD

The number of American wives whose husbands have died has almost doubled in the past thirty years. Here are the problems they face—and the heartening story of how one woman conquered her grief

BY JIM SCOTT PHOTOGRAPHS BY HALLEY ERSKINE

If they ever organized, America's widows could probably wield as much power as labor unions, the farm bloc or the Chamber of Commerce.

There are now nearly 8,000,000 widows in the United States. Every year adds 150,000 to their ranks. By contrast, in 1940 there were only 5,700,000 widows; in 1920, fewer than 4,000,000. Between 1920 and 1953, while the adult female population rose 63 per cent, the number of widows rose almost 90 per cent. This despite the fact that the marked increase in average life expectancy—from 34 in 1879 to 69.9 in 1954—has decreased the proportion of women who are widowed at every period of life.

To put it another way, more wives are outliving their husbands than ever before. Insurance company statisticians say that today in two out of three marriages broken by death, the wife is the survivor, and that if the present trend continues, the number of widows will reach 8,500,000 by 1960.

There are two basic reasons for this rise: first, the population at the older age levels has been growing; and second, mortality rates have dropped more rapidly among women than among men.

The number of our senior citizens has been increasing in proportion to the general population for many years. While our population was doubling between 1900 and 1950, the number of persons between forty-five and sixty-four nearly tripled, and the total number of people sixty-five and over quadrupled.

More Senior Citizens

Steadily improving health conditions are increasing the longevity of the family. At the turn of the century, marriages were broken by the death of the husband or wife at a rate of about twenty-eight per thousand a year. The reduction in mortality since then has brought this rate down to eighteen per thousand. Thus, couples going to the hitching post today can look forward to a longer life together than did their forebears.

But at the same time, the bride is more likely to outlive her mate than her mother or grandmother was. Today the American woman has a life expectancy at birth of seventy-three years and six months, while the American male's life expectancy is only a little over sixty-seven years. In other words, the typical American woman today lives six years longer than her male counterpart. By contrast, at the turn of the century, the average American woman lived only two years and ten months longer than the average man.

The wide difference between male and female life expectancies is due in large part to the male's greater susceptibility to coronary diseases. The rate of death from arteriosclerotic heart disease is 6.6 times as high among white American males between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four as among white females in that age group. In the older age groups, coronary death rates for the two sexes are more nearly equal.

One of the results of the sharply declining female mortality rate is that a large proportion of widows are fairly well advanced in years. In 1920 only a third of our widows were sixty-five or over; by 1953, the proportion was more than one-half. At least one woman in every ten between the ages of forty-five and fifty-four is a widow; in the fifty-five to sixty-

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DORIS MUNSTER *of Berkeley, California, is one widow who has refused to succumb to her tragic bereavement. Her husband, Dr. Hilmar Munster, a prominent San Francisco surgeon, died of a heart attack in 1938, at thirty-four, leaving her with two small children—daughter Lael, eight, and Gregg, ten. Refusing to remarry ("No other man could take Hilmar's place") although she was only thirty-two, she nonetheless managed to live a full and active life. "If I'd spent my time feeling sorry for myself, it would have ruined the children's lives," she says. Here she rows her plastic boat across Echo Lake, in the Sierra Nevadas. On the shore is her cabin retreat, where she has spent many weekends since her husband's death. "The mountains give me a feeling of inner serenity," she says.*

AGILE DORIS *shows her grandchildren how to stand on their heads, on lawn of daughter Lael's Orinda, California, home. Looking on are Carla, three and a half, and Christine, five, while oldest girl, Camille, six, executes a relatively successful imitation of her fifty-one-year-old grandmother. Lael, mother of four, contracted a severe case of polio three years ago. "The only time I ever prayed," recalls Doris, "was on the drive home to Berkeley after visiting Lael, who'd just come back from the hospital. I suddenly prayed with all my heart to be able to help her through her tragedy. And I felt a surge of strength within me." Doris fits frequent visits to her daughter into her crowded schedule.*

four age group, more than one in four is a widow. Today the median age at which women become widows is fifty-seven.

Although the majority of women do not become widows until they are past middle age, most women still have many years of life ahead after their husbands die. Metropolitan actuaries have found that three-fourths of the women widowed at the age of fifty will live at least twenty years longer; that many years also remain for nine out of ten wives bereft of their spouses before the age of forty. Even at the age of sixty-five, one-half of the widows can expect to survive for fifteen years and almost one-third for twenty years.

The majority of American widows—73 per cent, according to the 1950 census—live in cities. The number of widows in urban areas rose from 3,743,000 in 1940 to 5,404,000 in 1953. Nearly three-fifths of all widows maintain their own household. The proportion is as high as 70 per cent in the age range forty-five to fifty-four. Of these younger widows, almost half have children or other relatives living with them.

Although many American widows are wretchedly poor, a few are among the world's richest women. The list of widows with fortunes of $100,000,000 and over includes Mrs. Edsel Ford, widow of the head of the Ford Motor Company; Mrs. Mary G. Roebling, whose husband's family built the Brooklyn Bridge; Mrs. Horace Dodge, Sr.; and Mrs. Frederick E. Guest.

Approximately 75 per cent of life insurance death benefits now go to women. The payments amounted to close to $1,500,000,000 in 1955. Of this amount, 62½ per cent was left at interest with the insurance companies, 35 per cent was put into securities, 1½ per cent was put into savings banks, and 1 per cent was put into business or real estate.

Already linked by the common bond of heartbreak, 8,000,000 widows, acting in concert, might succeed in nominating America's first woman president. They already have a fine piece of presidential material in attractive, hard-working Mrs. Roebling, who is regarded by many as the smartest woman in the United States. She inherited vast fortunes from two husbands who died before she was thirty-one, and she has multiplied this nest-egg many times by her talents as a manager, banker and investor.

While Mrs. Roebling has neither time for nor interest in politics, she would happily lend her full support to the vice-presidential candidacy of one of her sister widows.

Benefits for Widows

But many widows are considerably less interested in politics than in getting a better shake in such matters as Social Security. Some 220,000 men fully covered by Social Security died this year leaving wives under sixty-two, the age at which the payments begin for widows. Of the survivors, nearly twenty thousand will die before reaching sixty-two and thus will never benefit from their husbands' coverage. Another fifteen thousand will disqualify themselves through remarriage. The remainder of the surviving widows will wait an average of nine years to get their small pensions. Top Social Security payment is two hundred dollars a month.

But the main concern of the younger widow is finding employment. In 1955 about 115,000 husbands under fifty-five years of age died. Most of the widows of these men had minor children, and the loss of the breadwinner proved a harsh economic burden.

In April, 1950, the United States had 700,000 white widows who had lost their husbands in the preceding decade and who were under fifty at the time of the loss. Four-fifths of the widows had children; some 80,000 children under five were in their care. Fifty-four per cent of the widows in this study were employed in 1950.

Widows left with minor children are often faced with the dual responsibility

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BIRTHDAY QUEEN *Christine gets royal ride from her grandmother, while Lael, in wheelchair, laughs at monkeyshines. The woman and two children at left are friends. Lael credits her mother with rescuing her from hopelessness after polio attack. "Whenever things began to drag for me, she'd pop in and off we'd go for a spin in the country. But more than that, I remembered the courage she showed after father's death. When adversity hit me, I was determined to be like her." Toy in background, gift of Doris' mother, Mrs. John Davis Hatch, was invented by Oaklander who builds models on order. Made of wood, it can be converted with assist from young imaginations into truck, ship, jail, cave.*

of maintaining a home and providing for their family's support. The older widow may be hampered in her search for employment by her lack of adequate formal education, as well as by her age. Often the only occupation open to her is that of baby-sitter. Many younger widows with children manage to make ends meet by doing secretarial or telephone work in their homes.

Most widows are reluctant to move in with married sons or daughters; often they find it difficult to adjust to their children's fast-paced lives. Many prefer to remain in the house in which they lived during their marriage. Even those who are financially able to move to warmer climates are reluctant to leave their homes. They don't want to give up their gardens, their houses, their familiar neighborhoods, and, most of all, their lifelong friends.

The Shock of Loss

Death often comes suddenly to a husband. After her first feeling of shock, the widow is overwhelmed by a knifing sense of loss, a chilling despondency which makes life seem unbearable. There is no escape. The widow sees the vacant chair, the empty bed. Every act of living reminds her that her husband is beyond recall. Even weeks later the sudden mention of her husband's name may trigger a breakdown. Sometimes the help of a psychiatrist is required.

Many widows attempt to hide their grief behind a brave front. But experts say this is wrong. Wrote the late Joshua Loth Liebman, author of *Peace of Mind*: "Express as much grief as you actually feel." But he also cautioned widows: "We must learn to extricate ourselves from bondage to the loved one."

Sometimes a widow will attempt to latch onto an unmarried son or daughter as a substitute for her departed husband. Children of such overly possessive

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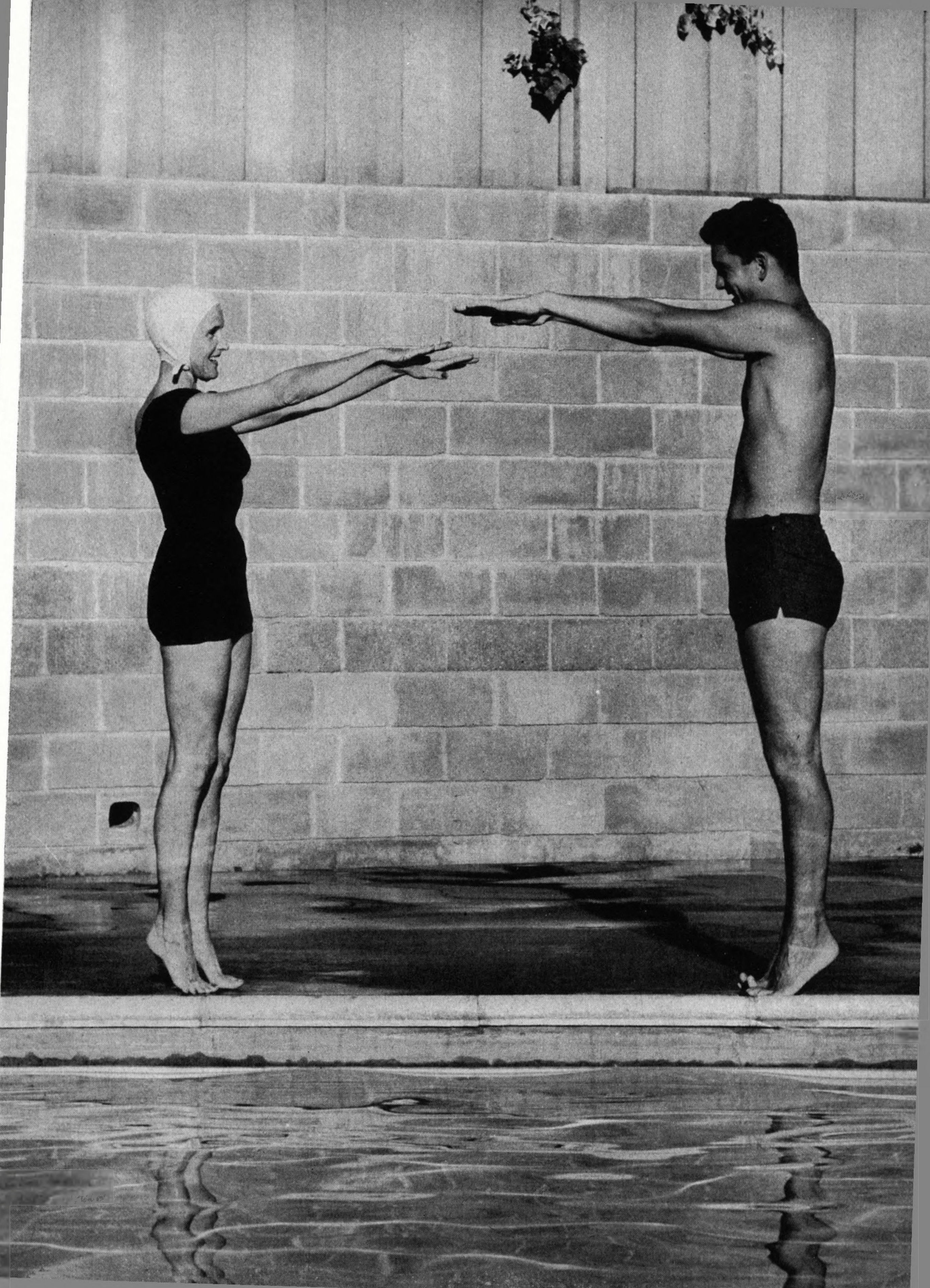
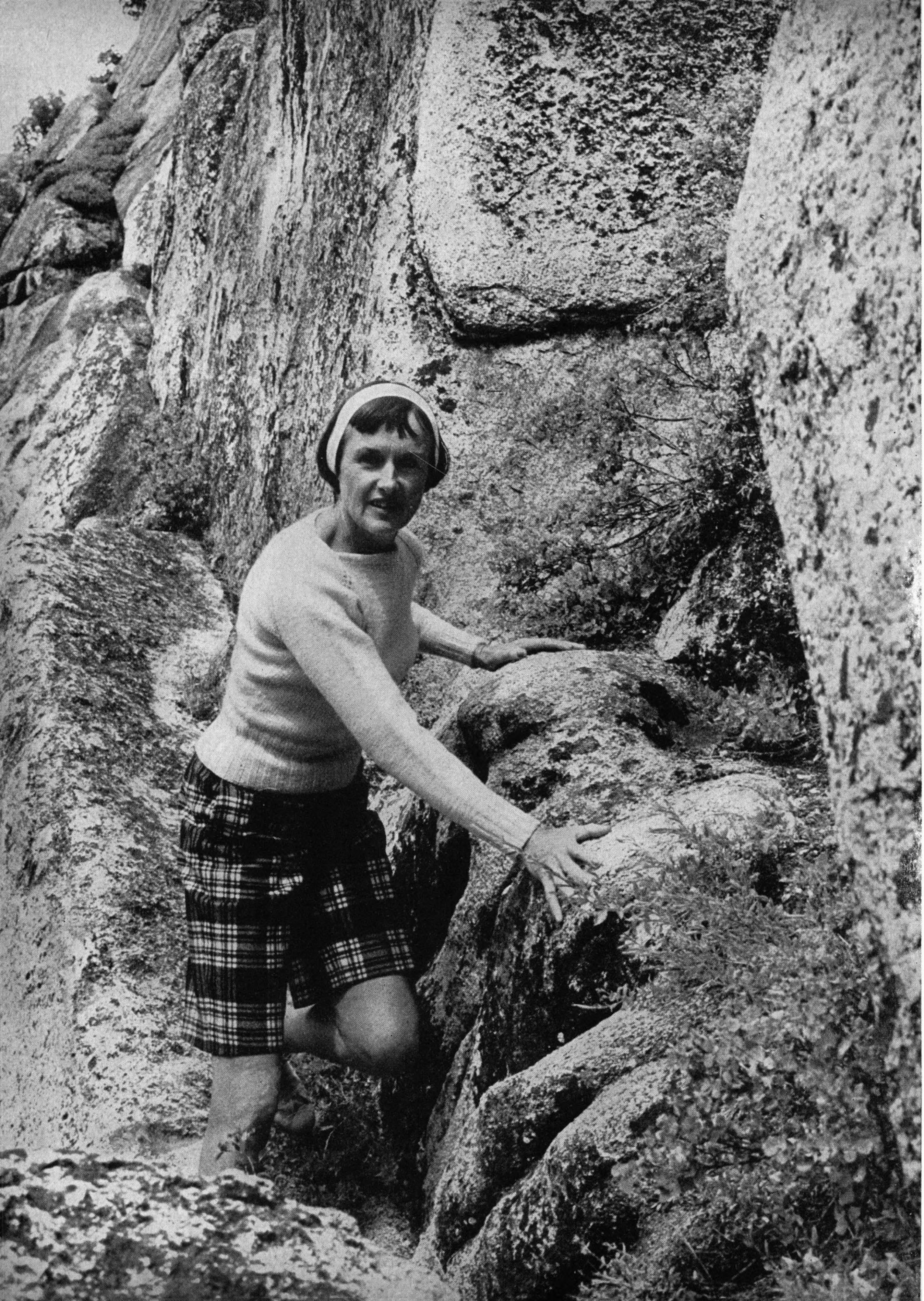
TEACHING *an adult education course in floral design at Acalanes High School in Lafayette, California, occupies Doris one evening of each week. As the director of floral arrangements at Claremont Hotel in Berkeley, she creates as many as 150 small designs for the dining room each week, plus larger arrangements for the lobby and banquet rooms. She has a state-wide reputation for the beauty of her work, has even earned high praise from architect Frank Lloyd Wright. The teaching job came as a result of an invitation to lecture on Christmas decorations, for which perfectionist Doris enrolled in a public speaking class.*

TRIM MUNSTER FIGURE *is on display as she gets pointers on diving from lifeguard Bob Cox at the Berkeley Tennis Club pool. She took low-paying job as "flower girl" at Claremont Hotel because it was near home, permitting her to spend more time with children, and also near the Tennis Club. "I felt that the important thing," she recalls, "was what would make me a happier person. I felt my happiness would be reflected in the children." In 1954, Murray Lehr took over hotel and saw the possibilities in its wide grounds and greenhouses. He raised Doris' salary, gave her complete authority to use flowers as she saw fit.*





WIDOWHOOD (continued)

widows are often afraid to consider marriage until after their mothers have died. Then it's often too late to have families of their own.

Demanding widows have been advised by family counselors to: 1. seek out friends in their own age group; 2. take up a hobby or go to work; 3. remarry.

Finding another mate at this age is usually more difficult than balancing the budget. In recent years, 70 per cent of the widowed have not married again.

What are the basic physical and emotional needs of widows? After extensive interviews with Los Angeles widows, Dr. George Fitzelle of the University of California at Los Angeles rated them in this order:

1. Physical health and comfort.
2. Need to be useful.

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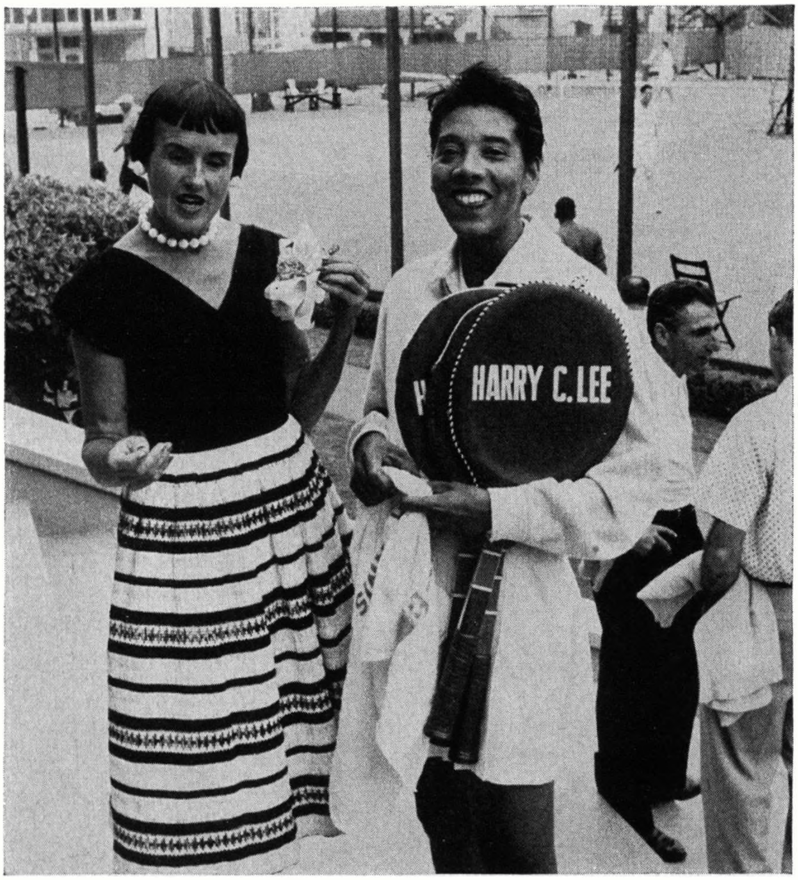
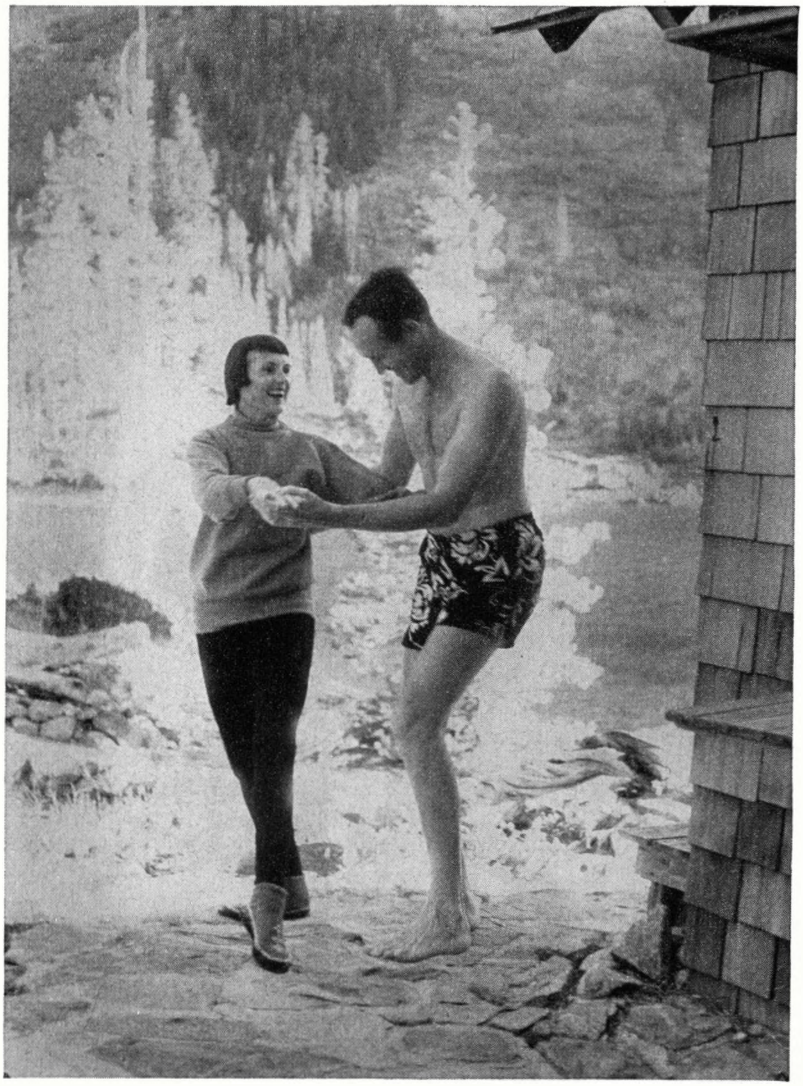


FAVORITE SPORT *is tennis, although she also enjoys boating, swimming, and waterskiing. Her children introduced her to tennis when she was in her late thirties, and for years they played together nearly every evening. Here she chats with Wimbledon champion Althea Gibson, who has just played exhibition match.*

DORIS PLAYS *six hard sets a day, prefers singles, which is rare for a player over forty, and almost always has a male opponent. She does not own a television set, and has little time for movies, books, or magazines. The only thing that holds her to her chair is classical music, which she catches late at night on her radio.*

ROCK CLIMBING *at Echo Lake is rugged work, but Doris loves it. She met her husband on a hiking trip when she was fifteen, married him at twenty. Doris, who has lived with her mother since Hilmar's death, spends all her summer weekends at lake, which is about fifteen miles from more famous Lake Tahoe.*



SON GREGG, *a building inspector, receives an impromptu dancing lesson from effervescent Doris outside Echo Lake cabin. Doris is wearing her own creation: sweat shirt over black leotard. Very style-conscious, she makes most of her own clothes, likes to improvise on those she buys. She favors bright colors, sheath dresses, is a stickler for the right outfit for the right occasion. Her tennis clothes are created by England's Teddy Tinling. Although her great-grandmother was a Quaker minister, Mrs. Munster has no formal religion, never goes to church. Her religion takes the form of communion with nature in the Sierras.*

3. Need to believe in something lasting.
4. Need to love and be loved.
5. Need for emotional security and freedom from anxiety.

But for the widow, financial matters are usually the most immediate and pressing concern.

In settling policies, insurance companies have learned that death apparently is a subject that is never discussed in the American home. More than half of our adult men never do anything about preparing for it, either; an estimated 70 per cent of the men in the United States die without having made wills.

In most states, joint checking and savings accounts are frozen on the death of one of the depositors. Unless she happens to have money stashed away in the house, the widow is unable to pay cash for anything until she can get a tax waiver to unfreeze the bank account. Also locked up is the bank safety deposit box, which usually contains the will—when there is one.

The realization that she's now a widow, and a defenseless one, too, comes immediately. The words "marital status" appear on many blanks that must be filled out; thus her name may be added to the lists compiled by unscrupulous persons who fatten on the distress of others. They present bills for things her husband never bought and make offerings of cheap memorials.

Many widows, though intelligent, are short-changed in their inheritances because they do not know enough about finances or about their husbands' estates.

Several insurance companies are now distributing booklets designed to prepare the American housewife for widowhood. The pamphlets urge husbands to record in writing their funeral wishes, the location of their wills, Social Security cards, stocks, insurance policies, and other important papers, accounts of all their assets and liabilities, and names and addresses of lawyers and insurance agents. The paper should be placed in the family strongbox.

It is further suggested that husbands let their wives handle their business affairs for a month just to get the feel of it. And, though it's a pretty grim chore, couples are advised to make their own funeral and burial arrangements.

Live for the Present

In their numbing sorrow, widows often make radical decisions and think too far ahead and behind. They should heed the words of Sir William Osler, famed British physician: "The load of tomorrow added to that of yesterday, carried today, makes the strongest falter. Shut off the future as tightly as the past . . . Live for the day only. Make life into 'daytight compartments.' "

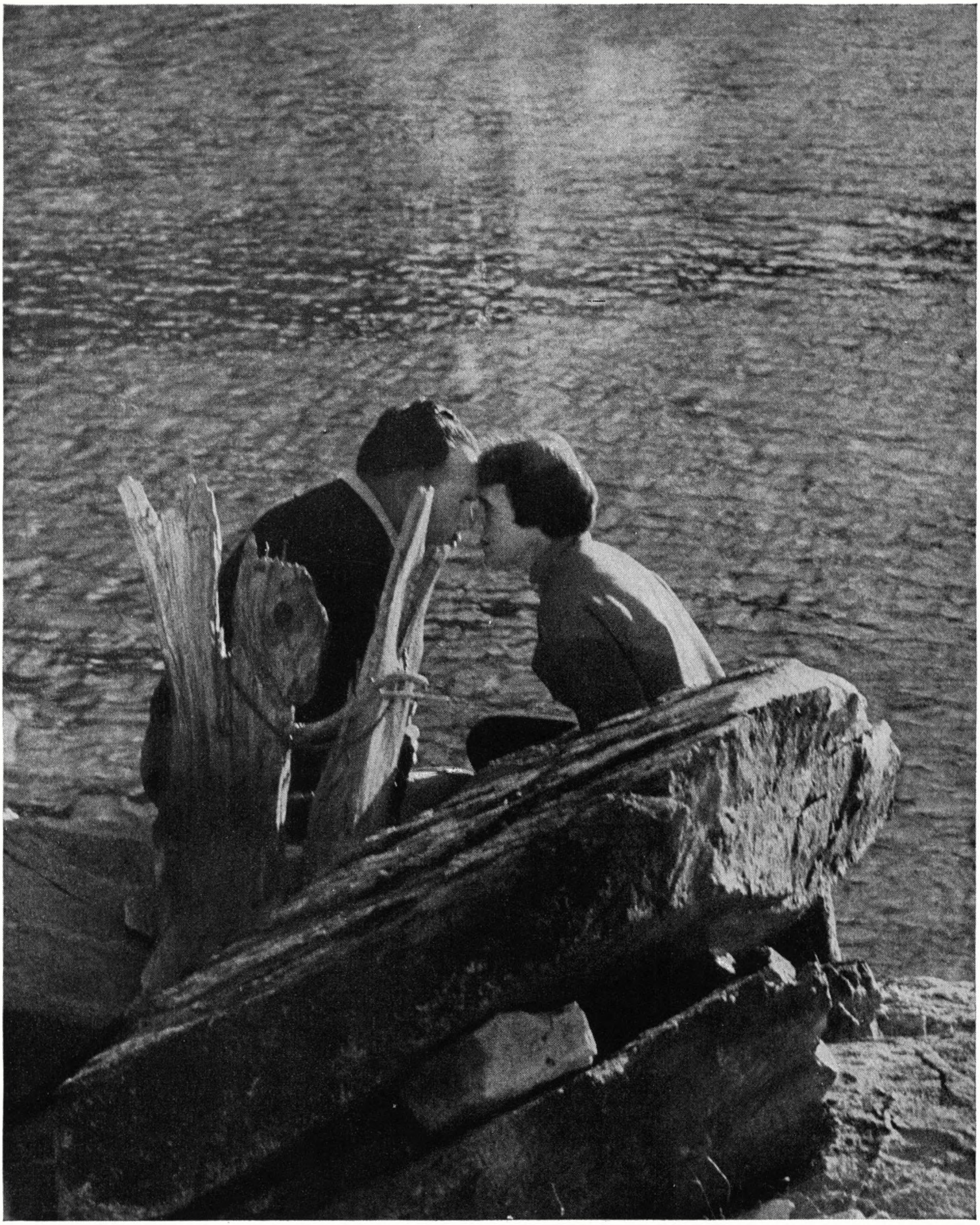
It is up to the widow to make a new life for herself, filled with new interests. She owes this to her dependents and to the memory of her husband.

But it would be a lot easier if married couples would only follow the simple Boy Scout motto: "Be Prepared."

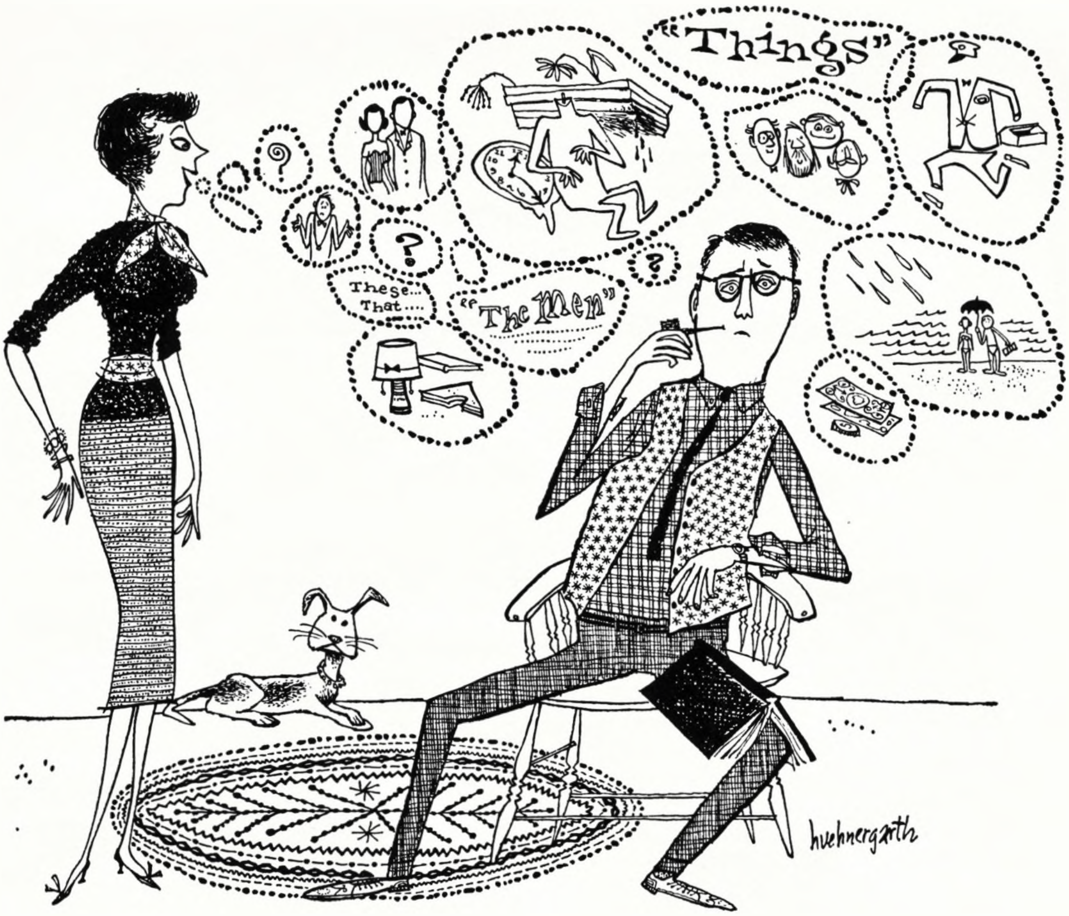
Interview a hundred widows, and you are unlikely to find one whose husband helped her to prepare for going it alone.

"I remember how we used to plan for our summer vacation trip," said one widow. "My husband made sure everything was just right. Yet he never once thought of the big voyage he would have to make some day. Well, if he did, he didn't mention it."

THE END



FRIENDSHIP *with Bill Crocker has made many wonder if Doris may yet remarry. They met three years ago, have been "going steady" since early in 1957. Although he is several years younger than Doris, she admits he satisfies all her requirements, including ability to beat her in tennis. But she is cautious about committing herself. "I could never give up my flowers," she says. "Frankly, I'm afraid I'd find marriage too confining. The way things are now, I have more fun than married women. Something exciting is always happening. Marriage is for young women. They can find fulfillment in motherhood. I've gone through all that." The one barrier which does not worry Doris is her age. She has not observed her birthday since she was thirty-eight. "Candles are for decorations," she says, "not cakes."*



The Vague Specific: Common habit of referring vaguely to specific things.

The Language Barrier

Scientists have discovered that men and women speak different languages. They needn't have gone to the bother—they could have consulted any husband of any American wife

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Has communication between the American wife and her husband broken down? It often seems that it has—and there is some learned, if perhaps not very well documented, evidence to prove it. How women talk has both fascinated and puzzled men since grunts became accepted as language, and how men talk also has increasingly puzzled and fascinated women, especially since we gave them the vote and thus privileged them to speculate upon us.

To the average man, whoever that may be, the average woman's "woman-talk" is like Swahili. Recently I overheard two young matrons conversing as they pored over a fashion magazine. One said, "Now, I have the kind of hair that once it gets bent, it *stays* bent."

My head jerked as it had not jerked since DiMaggio was taking the field and belting them out in peak form. Bent hair? Hair is unruly, tousled, wiry, unmanageable, or slick. It also is a number of other things, according to *Roget's Thesaurus*. It is never, to his or to my masculine knowledge, bent. This lady's hair *was* bent, she insisted. I questioned her even more closely. "It gets bent," she said, "when I lean on it." To me, leaning on hair is like leaning against a pillar of gelatin dessert. Further interrogation made her meaning clearer. "Well, I *lean* on it when I sleep," she said, "and then it gets bent. When it gets bent, it stays bent." I gave up; I know when I'm beaten. Or bent.

Minutes later the other woman, still staring at the same fashion magazine, said, "Well, it's high time they did *something* with mohair."

"They've been doing things with mohair for years," I pointed out. "My mother had a mohair-covered living room suite, my aunt—"

"No," the lady said, firmly, "I meant something *fashionable*."

My mother's suite was fashionable in

its day, and I started to mention that—then quit. "Fashionable," in this young woman's terms, meant what they were doing (I haven't the slightest notion who "they" are) in the fashion magazines.

It may be this mysterious way of conversing that has discouraged us males from doing any extensive research into the speech habits of the American wife. There is practically no documentation on the subject. Apparently all the patois-hunters have given it up as a bad—or impossible—job. Mencken's monumental *The American Language* has no special section devoted to women or woman-talk. The sage of Baltimore carefully recorded the jargon of convicts, sandhogs, steamfitters, shipbuilders, and many other laborers and idlers, but the closest he came to women was "beauticians." He or one of his scouts opened the door of a beauty parlor and listened to the operators talking as they bent hair, but whoever did the spadework forgot to listen to the conversation under the dryers.

Eric Partridge, the English wordphile, is no help; neither is the distinguished lexicographer Allen Walker Read. Dr. Read, however, sent me to Dr. Allan Hubbell, an official of the Modern Language Association and editor of *American Speech*. Dr. Hubbell says that the only work that has been done on the speaking habits of women has taken the form of short, isolated articles on their predilection for diminutives. Women say "hankie" and "drinkie," and ask their tots if they wish to go to the "toidie." They say "sweetie" far oftener than men do. They are prone to attach *y*'s and *ie*'s to proper names; I am approaching forty, but my dear old Aunt Mabel Sann cannot rid herself of the fixed idea that my name is Dickie. I have known women who, while striving toward woman's fulfillment, have referred to themselves as "preggie." About the only words to which women find it impossible to add *y* or *ie* are those which already end in *y* or *ie*.

Talking Like a Lady

Dr. Hubbell earned his doctorate by making an intensive study of pronunciation in New York City. He found that the men were more inclined to substitute *d* for *th* sounds; they said "wid" for "with." Women, as the alleged carriers of culture, spoke more precisely—and more affectedly—he discovered. In certain sections of Brooklyn, where men spoke an exquisitely pure Brooklynese, liberally peppered with "dese," "dem," and "dose," many wives affected the broad *a* ordinarily identified with the Oxonian-Harvard accent. This is the case throughout the country. Women, in order to appear more genteel—or "nice," as they would say—usually attempt to speak more "nicely" than their husbands. I know of only two treatises that deal with woman-talk. One of them I did myself back in 1949, and it was anything but scientific. It was called "The Vague Specific," and it had to do with "the habit, common mainly among women, of referring vaguely to specific persons or things." Any husband can readily identify this idiosyncrasy. Women will call from another room, "What do you want me to do with these things?" and never mention what they are. I categorized and illustrated the Vague Specific as follows.

Straight to the Point

The Surrealist Vague Specific. "Once," I wrote, "from a distant room, my wife called to me, 'Say, come and do something about this box—it's rotten!' Her words conjured up a picture reminiscent of a Salvador Dali painting—a headless torso, a melting watch, a rotten box . . . I went to investigate. The rotten box turned out to be an old window box, one I'd been promising to fix. It was falling apart—but as far as my wife was concerned, it was rotten, so we threw it away."

The Vaguely Specific Individual. Here I gave several examples, the most notable of which was "an announcement my wife sometimes makes when I get home from a tough cocktail hour at Pete's.

"'The men came today,' she says.

"I can never tell which men she means, but I can never get up courage enough to ask her about them. For a while, I tried a system to beat her at this game, but it backfired. The conversation went:

"My wife: 'The men came today.'

"Me (craftily): 'What did you tell them?'

"My wife: 'I told them to go ahead.'

"The only satisfaction I got from this was the knowledge that, whatever the men had gone ahead and done, it was going to cost me money."

The Vaguely Specific Time. Again I offered a number of examples.

"'Do you remember that time we were at the shore, and it rained?' (We've been at the shore fourteen or fifteen times, and it's rained almost every time.)

"'When was it that we had the Coes over?' (We've had the Coes over twelve times in the past two years.)

"'What was the name of the couple we met that time we went to the Zeamers'?' (Note the neat juxtaposition of the Vaguely Specific Individual and the Vaguely Specific Time—no mean feat.)"

If any of my female friends happen to read this, I was only fooling. I am sure they can furnish any number of examples of the Vague Specific in masculine talk.

Speaking in Gender

The only other treatise extant on the conversation of women is a bit more scientific. It was written by Dr. Theodor Reik in the spring-summer 1954 issue of *Psychoanalysis*. This eminent monitor of the couch wrote an article called "Men and Women Speak Different Languages," in which he said, "You hear very rarely from women's lips the words 'a regular guy' or 'a good Joe.' The word 'cute' is rarely used by men. Women do not say 'paying through the nose'—perhaps because the expression is not dainty. Some adjectives often occurring in women's conversation are scarcely used by men. A man might call his sweetheart 'darling,' but he will not apply the word in

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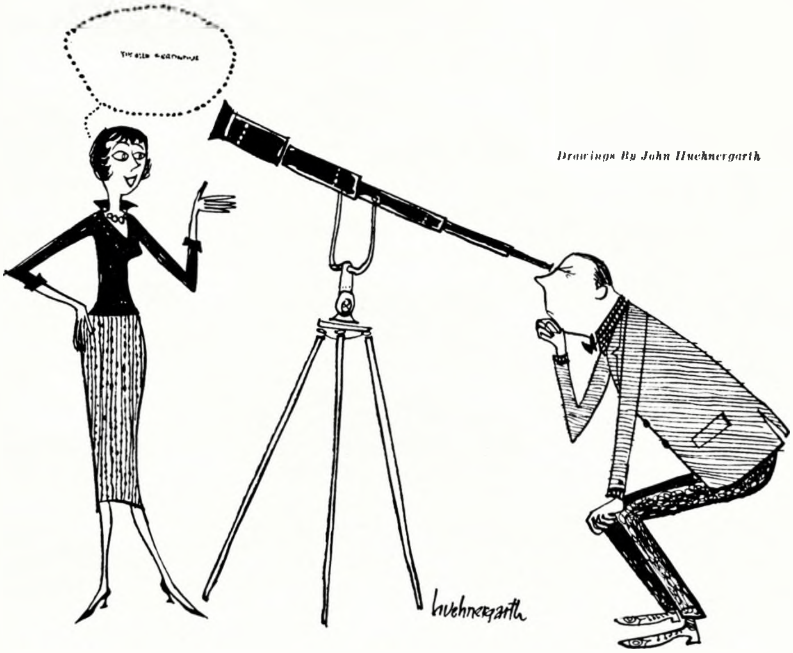


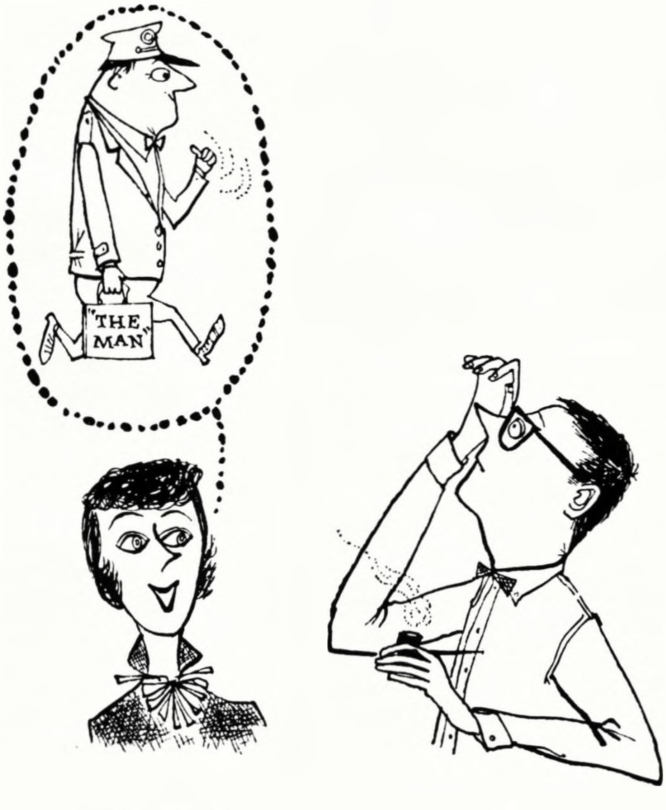
Drawings By John Huehnergarth

"I always say *exactly* what I mean."

"Awfully nice," "terribly sweet," and "simply thrilling" are some of the standards of the gentle sex

the form of an adjective ('I saw the darlingest dress today . . .'). Men will not speak of 'letting their hair down' except when they are homosexuals. They will not call people or things 'divine' or 'sweet,' will not easily consider someone or something 'adorable,' as women do. Men will in general avoid very emotional expressions and consider some, voiced by women, very exaggerated ('I could just scream'; 'I nearly fainted'; 'I died laughing'). Men, on the other hand, will not hesitate to say 'hell' or 'damned,' will speak of 'shooting the works' and 'firing away.' Women will rarely say, 'It stinks,' preferring to state that it has a 'bad smell.' A patient of mine used the word 'unswallowing' for 'vomiting.' Men will not call each other 'honey' or 'dearest' and will much more rarely use . . . endearing terms. They will not easily say of someone that he is 'dreamy,' or use as often the words 'I love it' when they mean they like or cherish something much."

Dr. Reik is unquestionably a regular guy, and even a good Joe, but in this instance he did not go far enough. He neglected to add that women are addicted to oxymoronic hyperbole, a phrase that sounds to me like a disease to which stupid male cows are susceptible. It is not that; oxymoron is a combination of contradictory words for epigrammatic effect, and hyperbole is exaggeration without intent to deceive. Women speak in oxymoronic hyperbole continually, whether they know it or not; they say, "awfully nice," "simply thrilling," "terribly sweet," etc. Men get the same effect by putting a cuss-word before the noun.



"The man came today to fix the thing in the cellar."

Women also prefer euphemisms, says Dr. Reik. They do not go so far as to call a spade a digging instrument, but they say "perspire" for "sweat" and "common" for "vulgar." A woman never gets drunk; she gets "tipsy," "sozzled," "swizzled," "woozy," or "fixed." She never passes out, as we common and vulgar men do; she "falls asleep." When she is comfortable, she is "comfy." Something she doesn't like is "icky."

Similarly, women swear less frequently than men. They say "darn" for "damn," "heck" for "hell," and they have to be greatly aroused to lapse into vulgarity or real profanity; they prefer expressions like "Oh, bother," and "Well!" uttered explosively.

But although they hesitate to adopt man's earthier speech peculiarities, they do not hesitate to trespass into other areas of male language. This does not necessarily mean that longshoremen's wives curse more than plumbers', but many wives unconsciously fall into their husbands' occupational speech habits. A magazine editor's wife, speaking of his office, will more often than not say "the shop," which is what he calls it, and speak of the magazine as "the book." No advertising man polled for this piece could remember his wife's ever saying anything like "Let's wring this out and see what drips from it," but I have noted some extreme specimens of wife-adaptation in Hollywood. Out in that orange-juice-tinted madhouse, a person's social standing is closely connected with his past and present accomplishments. Jim Backus, the television star, told me that when he and his wife, Henny, moved into the Bel-Air section, which is expensive, a neighbor came over to help Henny get organized. "There's the most marvelous grocer over in Westwood Village," she said. "*Here are his credits* . . . Darryl F. Zanuck, Humphrey Bogart . . ." The astonished italics are mine.

When It's Beyond Words

In Hollywood, particularly, women have almost perfected the art of speaking without uttering a word. As all men know, many women talk quite clearly without saying anything aloud. What can be more eloquent than the angry banging of pots and pans in the kitchen? All

“Everything looks cluttered”—the female call to arms.

wives can communicate disapproval by the way they set down a glass or close a door. Or by being absolutely silent. “She had several ways of not saying anything,” says James Thurber in a story in which a man and wife are harassing each other. To return to Hollywood, there is the case of Miss Monroe, her winks and her wiggles—but to spell that out would be to consume valuable space. There is no need to speak of one who has no need to speak.

There is need, however, to mention some other regional peculiarities. Connecticut housewives appear to insert the phrase “sort of” in sentences at random: “I sort of went shopping to that sort of cute little shop in the village, sort of decided to get a dress, then walked out because the clerk was sort of rude.” Pennsylvania Dutch housewives have an expression, an almost unintelligible one, that goes this way: “Tomorrow, my Jake's off is on.” (That means that Jake has a day off.) A friend of mine, recently returned from Texas, reported that the women he encountered there said only four things during his one-month stay. They said, “Oh, I'm so tired. Oh, I'm so mad. Oh, I'm so pleased.” And, added my friend, they said, “I sure do thank you.” In Tennessee, when women are not square dancing, they are “raound dyncing.” Ballroom dancing, in other words—round dancing, the alternative to square.

In some sections, women like to shorten words: “fridge” for “refrigerator,” or the oft-used “bra” for “brassiere.” And many women will go to great lengths to speak around their meanings.

“Did you see—?” (A raised eyebrow.)

“Yes.” (A nod.)

“Was she?” (Eyebrow even higher.)

“Yes.” (Lips pursed.)

The woman under discussion could have been drunk, unfaithful, angry, sad, or any of a number of things. No man could have found out what she was. But the other woman knew.

Why Do They Talk That Way?

The question “Why do women talk the way they do?” was bound to arise at some point here, and I can't duck it any longer. One reason, a philologist suggests, may be that ordinary words have lost their power—because so many of them are produced, in speech and in print, these days. Some years ago E. B. White wrote an article satirizing the tremendous flow of words; in it, some people decreed that everything printed in a single day was to be reduced to one single digested—and digestible—word. The first word was “irtnog.” The trouble was, the word “irtnog” did not make sense. Thus it may be with women today. So much that is printed and spoken is in the special argots of special classes in this specialized society, that women have to resort to communicating in a special argot of their own. But even that answer falls flat when one considers primitive races and tribes. In 1924, in Vienna, the above-mentioned Dr. Reik encouraged a student of his, Mrs. Flora Kraus, to study “the puzzling phenomenon of the different women's languages among many primitive tribes of Africa, America, and Australia.”

Mrs. Kraus's paper bore the jaw-breaking title, “Die Frauensprache bei den primitiven Volkern.” It revealed that in the Cakchiquel tribe of Guatemala “women have a great number of expressions never used by men, who have their own words for the same objects.” This is true, too, of the Caraja Indian women on the Rio Araguya in Brazil. The Chiglit Eskimo women have expressions never uttered by men. So do eight or nine other primitive tribes. And in Japan, that last civilized stronghold where the man is king, the alphabet has two sets of written signs, one for men and one for women.

Robert Lasch, an associate of Dr. Reik's, has compared women's language with “the secret language children invent to conceal their meaning before adults.” Undeniably, women are childish some of the time; but so are men. And in many, many instances, women are more adult than men can ever hope to be.

Actually, it all boils down to the difference between the sexes. Dr. Reik says so in his article: “Men and women have different thoughts and feelings connected with the same words and with the ideas expressed by them. When a man and a woman speak of marriage they use . . . the same word, but the thought of marriage is not the same . . . (and that) is true with words like ‘love,’ ‘sex,’ ‘home,’ ‘babies’ . . .” Thus the dissimilarity in speech is directly connected with the difference in the physical and emotional make-up of men and women. This difference may have something to do with the hostility and fear existing between the sexes. Dr. Reik winds up with this philosophical observation: “. . . the famous French writer Bernard de Fontenelle confessed, looking back at his life, that he had always loved women and music without understanding much of them . . . Perhaps it is more important to appreciate music and women than to understand them . . . would we not appreciate and enjoy both more if we understood them better?”

“It seems ridiculously simple to me.”

Possibly we would. Meanwhile, there is that language barrier. It seems insurmountable. Women just plain talk funny. But no matter how puzzling and/or fascinating, confusing, beguiling, confounding, or overpowering their talk may be, there is one pervading, enduring truth about it. This truth is embodied in the old joke about the man who somehow cross-bred a lion and a parakeet. A friend asked him about the issue.

“I don't know what it is,” said the man, speaking for the American husband of the American wife, “but when it speaks—I listen.” THE END

When a Wife Is Second Best

Is a man's career more important to him than his home? How secondary should his wife's role be? Here is one couple's approach to an emotional disease threatening every modern marriage

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

"Helen. Open this door. Open it."

The door did not open. In a blind rage, Jack Gordon gave it a kick that all but splintered the walnut paneling, then slowly descended the stairs to the living room, where he poured himself a stiff drink. Behind the door, Helen Gordon stared numbly at the exquisite French Provincial bedroom set on which she had lavished her husband's 1956 bonus. Suddenly, with a violence that bordered on insanity, she snatched her wedding portrait off the bureau and smashed it against the wall. "That was your first mistake," she screamed down at the young, pretty face beneath the shattered glass, "your first step on the road to becoming a well-fed, well-housed, stupid, mindless idiot drone."

Hours later, in his bedroom across the hall (a year ago she had demanded the guest room "for more closet space"), Jack Gordon slumped into a chair and tried to fit the pieces together. Chronologically, he could account for everything. Psychologically, he drew the usual blank. The reasons behind Helen's bitter outbursts remained as obscure as ever.

Her Life Seems Dull

Theoretically, the Gordons should have been a happily married couple. But they were suffering from an emotional disease which might be called the "second best" syndrome. The symptoms are not at all uncommon in this country where women are taught to believe—and are right in believing—that they "matter" as much as men. Millions of women harbor smoldering resentments against their husbands because they feel that their lives as housewives and mothers are dull and insignificant compared to their husbands' careers in business or the professions.

The problem is particularly acute among intelligent women whose education through high school and college has emphasized equality with men. They study the same subjects as men, compete with them for academic recognition, and graduate as well-trained as their male counterparts. Then they marry, and are suddenly faced with a radically different environment, calling for a complete shift in attitude toward the male animal. Few women can make the adjustment with ease. Usually they are bewildered by their inability to adjust to married life. Adding to their unhappiness is the fact that while they were being educated as equals, they were also being led to expect satisfaction in what one European has called our "romantic image" of marriage.

The husband is rarely aware of the real causes of his wife's discontent. More often than not, he regards it as an indictment of his abilities as a provider and lover. The net result of the mutual misunderstanding of husband and wife is tension that erupts into strife at the slightest provocation.

This is what was happening to the Gordons. They were both intelligent, both college graduates. At thirty-five, he was sales manager of his company's largest branch office in the east, with an income big enough to afford them just about everything they wanted. They owned a picturesque eight-room English Tudor house in a prosperous suburban community. Their three children—Betty, eight, John Jr., six, and little Allan, three—were healthy and, as far as he could judge, happy. They belonged to a country club and had a large circle of friends. Yet their arguments were becoming more frequent and more explosive. Tonight had been the climax of a seemingly endless series of abusive exchanges.

"Daddy's Job Is All Fun"

The evening had started just like any other. She had picked him up at the station at 6:30 and driven him home. On the way, he had asked how everything was at the house, and she had made a few sarcastic remarks, which he hadn't really listened to, about her "exciting day in the cellar doing the wash" and having "met a challenge from outer space" by prying an old fish bowl off Jackie's head. The trouble didn't start until after dinner, when he heard her telling eight-year-old Betty about her father's job (Betty had to write a composition about it for school). Helen was doing the dishes at the time, and above the clinking of glassware he heard her saying, "Your daddy mostly talks to people about what a great life they have, and then he goes out to lunch, probably for half the day, and then he chats some more with men in the office about this and that, and sometimes they even get to talking about machines. That's what your daddy really does." Then she went on, in a more serious tone, "Sweet, he sells machines to factories. That is, other men sell the machines, and Daddy is their boss. He keeps after them to sell more."

The addition didn't help to put down his rising anger. As soon as Betty left the kitchen, he stomped in.

"Listen, Helen," he said, "that's a heck of a thing to tell that kid about me. What do you think I am, the president's nephew? I work pretty hard and you know it."

"Oh, forget it. Go back and study your sales figures," she said.

They didn't speak for the rest of the evening. By eleven o'clock, however, he had calmed down, and he began wondering guiltily if perhaps he had been overly sensitive.

"Helen," he said at last, "I'm sorry I lost my temper before. I must be getting grouchy in my old age." He walked over to where she was sitting and kissed her.

"You're forgiven," she said, smiling. "I really didn't mean anything in what I told Betty."

"I know, but she's at an impressionable age. Anyway, let's forget about it. Come on upstairs," he said.

They went upstairs hand in hand without a word. And then in the hallway between their rooms, she asked dryly, "Shall the slave mistress come to the master's den tonight, or will he deign to visit his servant's quarters?"

The acid in the remark burned deeply. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?" he demanded. "The separate bedrooms were your idea, not mine. What do you want from me?"

"Plenty," she screamed. "Plenty that your narrow little mind can't ever seem to fathom!"

"Oh, really? Like what, for instance? A bigger house, a few servants, a Rolls-Royce so you can play the part of the bored queen to the hilt?"

"You're so stupid you're revolting," she snarled.

"Sure, that's me. The stupid prince consort," he said bitterly.

"And from now on you're a celibate prince consort," she spat.

Before he knew what had happened, she was in her room bolting the door.

It was 3 A.M. when Jack Gordon finally came to a decision. He would try to save his marriage. His own mother and father had divorced, and he knew what a damaging effect a divorce has on young children. Equally important, he still loved his wife and he was convinced she still loved him. The trouble was, she seemed to be two people simultaneously —his partner, and his opponent. Perhaps someone who understood more about emotions than they did could explain the mystery, perhaps even solve it.

The next morning at breakfast he told Helen his idea. She was agreeable, but hardly enthusiastic. "All right. If you need someone else to solve your problems, I'll go along with it," she said.

From his office, Jack telephoned a noted New York analyst and marriage counselor, and briefly outlined the problem. The analyst suggested they have separate sessions with him, at least at the beginning.

"He Treats Me Like a Clod"

For her first interview, Helen dressed like a female lawyer out to try her first case before a Park Avenue jury. She was determined to get her point across. She had tried her best to make their marriage work, she told the counselor. If her husband wanted to treat her like a cog in a machine he owned, that was not her fault.

Helen's hostile manner didn't faze the counselor at all. "Suppose you tell me what you think the trouble is."

"I think the trouble started just after Jackie, our second child, was born," Helen said, her voice icicle-cold and sharp. "That's when Jack started treating me like a clod. He had just been promoted to assistant manager of the office where he's now manager, and I think the promotion went to his head. As far as he was concerned, he had his job and I had mine. The only difference was, I hated

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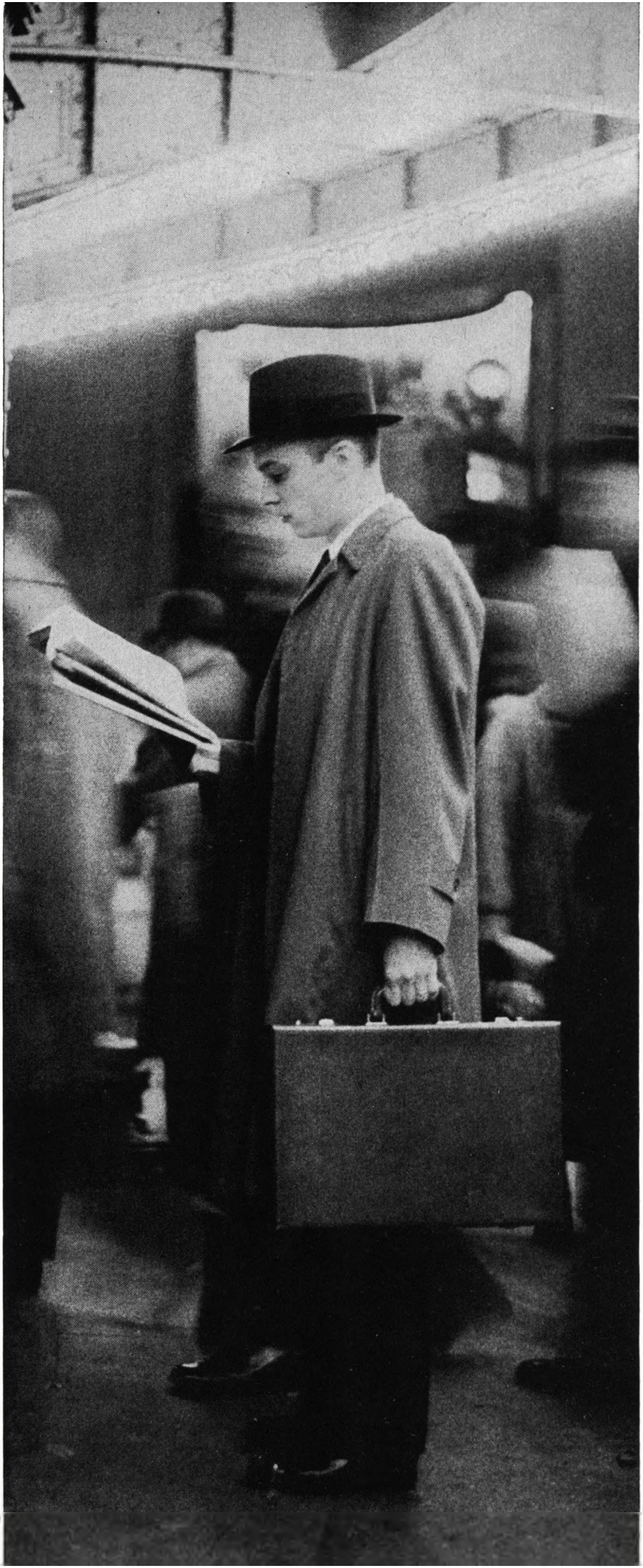


A HUSBAND is rarely aware of the real causes of his wife's discontent. Often, he considers it a reflection on his ability as lover and provider.

Photos by Stuart Smith

“YOU GO OFF EVERY DAY to engage in a fierce competitive struggle to keep your family fed and clothed? Oh, come off it. You’re no warrior chieftain.”

When a Wife Is Second Best (continued)

mine. All day long I was occupied with things an idiot could manage without any mental strain—changing diapers, washing, shopping, cleaning. We never had time or inclination any more for the intimate discussions we used to have on politics or religion or work. It seemed that everything about us had become perfunctory—our conversation, our love, and even our love-making. He seemed to feel I should just immerse myself in dishwater and forget about the rest of the world.”

The counselor put down his pen and sat back in his chair. “Mrs. Gordon,” he said, “I’m not going to pull any punches. You’re an intelligent woman. Essentially, you feel that your position as a wife and mother is inferior to your husband’s. Quite naturally, you resent it and you counter by continually attempting to make your husband seem inferior to you, by beating him at cards or by minimizing his accomplishments with remarks that in effect ‘cut him down to size.’

“Now before you object,” the counselor went on, raising his hand to forestall a vehement denial from Helen, “let me briefly review what I have learned about your marital history from what you and Jack have told me, and show you what I think has happened. You and Jack hit it off well right from the start. You had many things in common, including your jobs. He was administrative assistant to the director of advertising and you were a copywriter in the agency handling his company’s account. Your backgrounds were similar and you were both attractive persons. Within eight months after you met, you were married.

“You both agreed you should continue working until the first child came. Your first year together was just as you had dreamed marriage would be. Because of the closeness of your jobs, you were never at a loss for conversation. You both knew the same people. You ate out frequently and saw all the hit shows.

End of the Honeymoon

“When your first child, Betty, came along, the romantic phase of your marriage was still in full bloom, and the baby only added a new and wonderful dimension. But then, as you said, when Jackie was born two years later, things changed. Actually, you didn’t realize it, but subtle changes had been taking place in your relationship all along. These changes were now establishing themselves as patterns. But you weren’t prepared to accept them. They could have been positive factors in your marriage, but you made them negative. Because you considered the role of housewife inferior, you refused to accept the responsibilities involved, and kept longing for the vague independence and so-called equality you had known in the business world.”

The counselor rose and walked toward the door. “I’d like you to think over what I’ve just said; and let’s get together for another talk next week.”

Trapped by a Playpen

As she left the counselor’s office that day, Helen was fuming. Imagine him accusing me of neglecting my responsibilities, she thought heatedly. Next he’ll tell me that taking care of the children all day is just a gay pastime.

Nevertheless, she was sufficiently interested to return the following week. The counselor wisely avoided any discussion of roles and responsibility and just let Helen talk about random events and episodes in her life with Jack. A good deal of venom spilled out, but, the counselor noted, it was not unmixed with affection and a genuine regret about (as she expressed it) “losing Jack.”

After a few more sessions, the counselor observed that Helen forgot all about her “inferior position” when she had a “big” job to do. When they moved into their new house, she was on top of the world, redecorating the interior, directing the moving operation, introducing the children to their new environment. But Helen didn’t associate the “big” things with housewifery. It was Jack, she felt, who was concerned with “big” things.

From talking with Jack, the counselor learned better. One day, he asked Jack to tell him everything he had done at the office the day before. The next time Helen came in, he showed her his notes on Jack’s description of an average day’s work. This is what she read:

9:15—A salesman whose sales had dropped sharply came to see him voluntarily. His wife was sick from unknown causes, medical bills were running high, he was worried, upset. Jack told him to take as much time off as he thought he needed and stay with his wife, and not to worry about money.

9:45-11:30—Read memos and reports from the home office and own staff on a raft of problems, including office supplies and lighting repairs, dictated answers to most, not all, postponed some answers pending further study, “probably at home.” Interrupted three times by staff members, four times by phone calls.

11:30-12:00—Started on sales reports.

12:00-2:00—Lunch with salesman and potential customer. Conversation about customer’s plant layout, where their machine could improve production, etc.

2:00-3:00—Visitor from the home office, V.I.P. touring branches. Showed him around office, explained sales position to him, justified various expenditures. "Like being under fire."

3:00-3:30—Interviewed job applicant.

3:30-4:30—Worked on quarterly progress report for home office, finally got back to sales reports.

4:30-5:30—Examined monthly expenditure figures—way over budget for that month. Left office to attend wake of staff member's mother. Arrived home late.

Next, the counselor asked Helen to examine her own bailiwick with her newly-gained perspective. "You have many other jobs besides balancing the budget and running the house," he said. "You have to handle the problems and, more importantly, the *needs* of your children and husband. There is a huge difference in depth between your job and Jack's. Jack could be replaced as manager. You could never be replaced as mother and wife. While Jack's job requires technical proficiency, your duties demand a precious intimacy, and both take a very special kind of know-how.

"Happiness," the counselor told Helen, "is never spontaneous over the long run. It's engineered. And that's a big part of your job. You must explain the mysteries of growing up to your children, and do it in the right way, without blinding them to the sources of life's satisfactions. You must guide them towards independence and responsibility in the million little things that confront them every day. Part of your job is getting your husband to relax when he may not realize he needs to, surprising him with a new recipe, keeping the children away from him when he's tired or tense.

"You think your husband doesn't take pride in you and doesn't appreciate the job you're doing. But that's because of your own conviction that it's an incidental, secondary adjunct of his life. Jack will only express his pride in you by enjoying the time he spends with you and the children."

Her Job Is Important, Too

As the sessions continued, Jack noticed subtle changes in Helen's attitude. Gradually she regained the old buoyancy of spirit that had attracted him so much when he first met her. Helen herself, without quite realizing when the changes had taken place, became aware that her outlook had brightened considerably. At the club she didn't play so hard at tennis. She found herself anticipating Jack's return home each night. She noticed, too, that the children, always quick to sense shifts in emotional tone, had become gayer and less inhibited in their play. One day when she came into the parlor, Allan was leaping up and down on the couch, dirtying the slipcover and wreaking havoc with the springs. She never thought of reprimanding him. Four months ago, she reflected ruefully, she would have had a fit. Now, the sight of Allan enjoying himself to the hilt tapped springs of satisfaction she hadn't known existed. Surprisingly, too, she hadn't gone on a shopping spree in over two months. A woman needs only so many clothes, she thought happily, when she has a husband who loves her.

And once she stopped disparaging the things she did at home and with the children, Jack began to show a new interest in what went on while he was at work. One evening, as he was asking whether Jackie had had any more fights with the boy next door, and how Betty had made out in a spelling bee, and how the new washer was working, Helen interrupted him with a laugh. "I'll send you a memo on it."

The real turning point came the day the company's third quarter sales contest ended. Every branch office had been competing for the prize, a fat bonus for everyone in the office. Jack's office had been in the lead for over a month, and he and Helen had already made plans for spending the money on a trip to Bermuda.

To celebrate, Jack had reserved a table for them at the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. It was going to be a big night. Helen had put the children to bed early and was waiting for the baby-sitter when she heard Jack come in.

He smiled wearily at her. "Well, it was close," he said, "but that doesn't make any difference. We lost. Detroit had been sitting on a batch of unreported orders." Then, putting his coat in the closet, he added, almost apologetically, "I've been sitting on the edge of my chair so long, I think I'm getting curvature of the spine. But no use crying over spilt milk," he said, visibly trying to brighten up. "I'll be ready in about fifteen minutes, Hon."

She noticed the dark circles under his eyes. A few months before she would have been angry—illogically, unreasonably so, but still angry. Almost in revenge, she would have pouted, and would probably have gone on a shopping spree the next day. But that night she didn't say a word. She just took him by the arm and led him into the parlor.

"First I'll call the baby-sitter and tell her not to come. Then if you'll fix us a cocktail, I'll rustle up a bite to eat, and we'll spend a quiet evening right here at home. I don't feel like going out now any more than you do, you big faker."

He answered her with a kiss that was worth a thousand nights out.

A Wife Is a Top Executive

Shortly after that, Helen had her last session with the counselor (Jack had long since stopped going, but Helen had insisted on continuing). So far as she was concerned, the "second best" dilemma had disappeared.

Why Housework Seems Dull

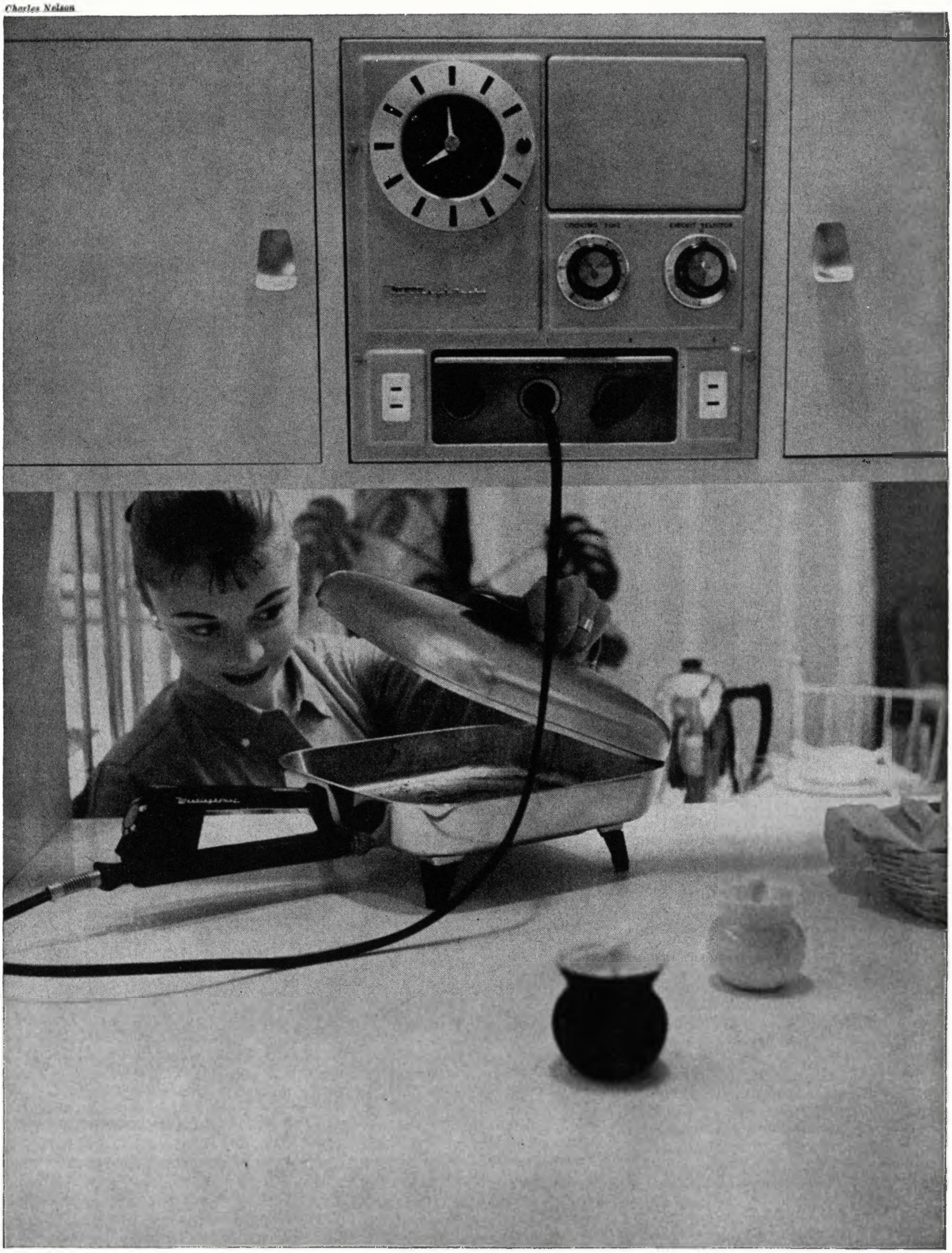
"When a woman gives up interesting work to make a home, in her mind she loses equality with men, takes an inferior job for which she has little training and aptitude, and gives up her place in the competitive struggle for 'success.' Our society has inculcated this attitude on her. The new job is rated as sheer drudgery. She fails to explore its creative possibilities, and thus, in fact, it becomes dull. This attitude and its remedy are clearly indicated in 'When a Wife Is Second Best.' "

CLARA THOMPSON, M.D.

"You were right," she said to the counselor, "and now I find it hard to believe I couldn't see it myself. I felt cheated and wasted. And I was. But only because I never realized just how big my job really is."

THE END

Charles Nelson



FIVE COURSES can be cooked simultaneously on appliances attached to this twelve-inch-square Automatic Appliance Center, which retails for less than $100. A clock furnishes cooking-time control for all attached appliances.

Push-Button Future

Men of today are busily creating gadgets that will relieve the women of tomorrow of virtually every household chore but the diaper-switch

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

Within ten or fifteen years, the dishwashing machine you are so pleased with—or which you covet so intensely—will be considered as quaint and old-fashioned as the corrugated washboard on which your grandmother scrubbed her clothes. In its place in your kitchen will stand a machine that will mold instantly, at the press of a button, as many plates, cups, saucers, and glasses as you want, of paper or plastic, which will go into the incinerator after they're used.

Home of Tomorrow

This isn't a fantasy invented by a hopped-up science fiction writer. It is something scientists, engineers, and designers are working on right now, and it is, indeed, one of the more conservative ideas advanced by Roy W. Johnson, Vice-President and Consultant of the General Electric Company.

Nor is Betty Furness standing still. Mr. E. K. Clark, of Westinghouse Electric Corporation, predicts that in the Home of Tomorrow, about which he and Betty are constantly dreaming, dear, just for you, these wonders will appear:

(1) The Ultrasonic Closet. The word "ultrasonic" is going to crop up often, so perhaps we'd better explain it right here. It means vibrations and waves whose frequencies are above the range which the human, or even the canine, ear can perceive. Understand? Come 1965, you will hang your soiled clothing, which will be made of fabrics you've not heard of yet, in an ultrasonic closet. When you throw a switch or press a button, ultrasonic vibrations will rid the garments of every particle of dirt—and there'll be no broken buttons or frayed cuffs and collars. Some scientists say that there may very well be ultrasonic cleansing for people too. And why not? Today industry is using these waves to clean machinery.

(2) The All-Weather Blanket. This should also be on the market by 1965. It will be operated very much as the present-day electric blankets are, but it will contain additional coils which will turn it into an adjustable cooling blanket that will be equally useful in the summer.

(3) Stereophonic Sound. By 1970, all of the present-day complex hi-fi equipment will be outmoded. New homes will have grillwork running around the ceiling of every room. Sound, piped from your record-player, radio tape-recorder, or TV set (which will show a three-dimensional image, in color), will pour out of the grillwork at your pleasure.

(4) The Electronic Vacuum Cleaner. By 1974, there should be a vacuum cleaner which will be housed behind a trapdoor in the baseboard of your home. At the time for which you have set its dials, it will crawl out, no hands, and vacuum everything in sight. When its job is done it will toddle back into its cozy little nook in the baseboard. You'll be able to set it to operate in the dead of night, or at the height of a cocktail party, for it will be designed to avoid striking any obstacles in its path.

If this strikes you as weird, take a look at the miracle machine which G. E. already has built at Appliance Park, in Louisville, Kentucky. It's called XPC-1, which stands for "experimental programing cooker." It consists of a food freezer and an electronic oven connected by an automatic conveying system which brings food out of the freezer to the oven. At the touch of a button, hot, perfectly cooked meals for a family of four are dished up by this little wonder.

The five-cubic-foot freezer stores fourteen different kinds of food, and any six may be selected for a meal. Frozen foods or specially prepared dishes are stored in covered Pyrex containers in the freezing section. On the kitchen side of XPC-1 are fourteen buttons, color-keyed to match the positions of the food in the freezer. There is an adjustable time regulator with a little scale and marker, where you must mark the amount of time you want each item to cook, in the insert end of each button.

Electronic Short-Order Cook

Suppose you decide you want roast beef, peas, whipped potatoes, mushroom gravy, hot rolls, and hot apple pie. You press the six buttons. In the thirty-five minutes required for cooking such a meal, little old XPC-1 automatically takes each item of food out of the freezer at the right time and brings it to the electronic oven, where it is first thawed out and then cooked. The entire dinner pops out of XPC-1 on a tray, and all you have to do is pitch in.

General Electric, which spent a large proportion of the $7,300,000,000 used for research by American industries last year, wants to make it clear that constructing XPC-1 was mainly an intellectual exercise. The company does not intend to put XPC-1 on the market in the foreseeable future, even for the Texan of Tomorrow who might be able to afford it. "We wanted to satisfy ourselves," says the company's industrial design manager, "that the combination of present-day advances was a logical development which could be built and would work. It illustrates the fact that it is possible to cook a meal yourself at the time convenient for you, using the stored dishes which you made earlier in the week, month, or year."

A Day in 1982

Even though no one now alive may ever have an XPC-1 in her home, the scientists and designers engaged in research for industry confidently predict innumerable marketable wonders to come in the next twenty-five years, which, as one of them puts it, "will be more fantastic than the advances of the last hundred." Let's scan the future, then, focussing on you as you start a day in 1982.

The bedroom in which you awake is air-conditioned, as is the entire house, because air-conditioning systems even for older homes are much less expensive than they were back in the fifties; what's more, they warm the house as well as cooling it. If it has rained in the night, the windows have closed automatically. If you have rejected the ultrasonic shower because you like the refreshed feeling you get from the old-fashioned water shower, you press a button to get water at the temperature you prefer, instantly. But the water comes at you from all directions, out of tiny holes in the walls. If you slip on the soap and fall, you just

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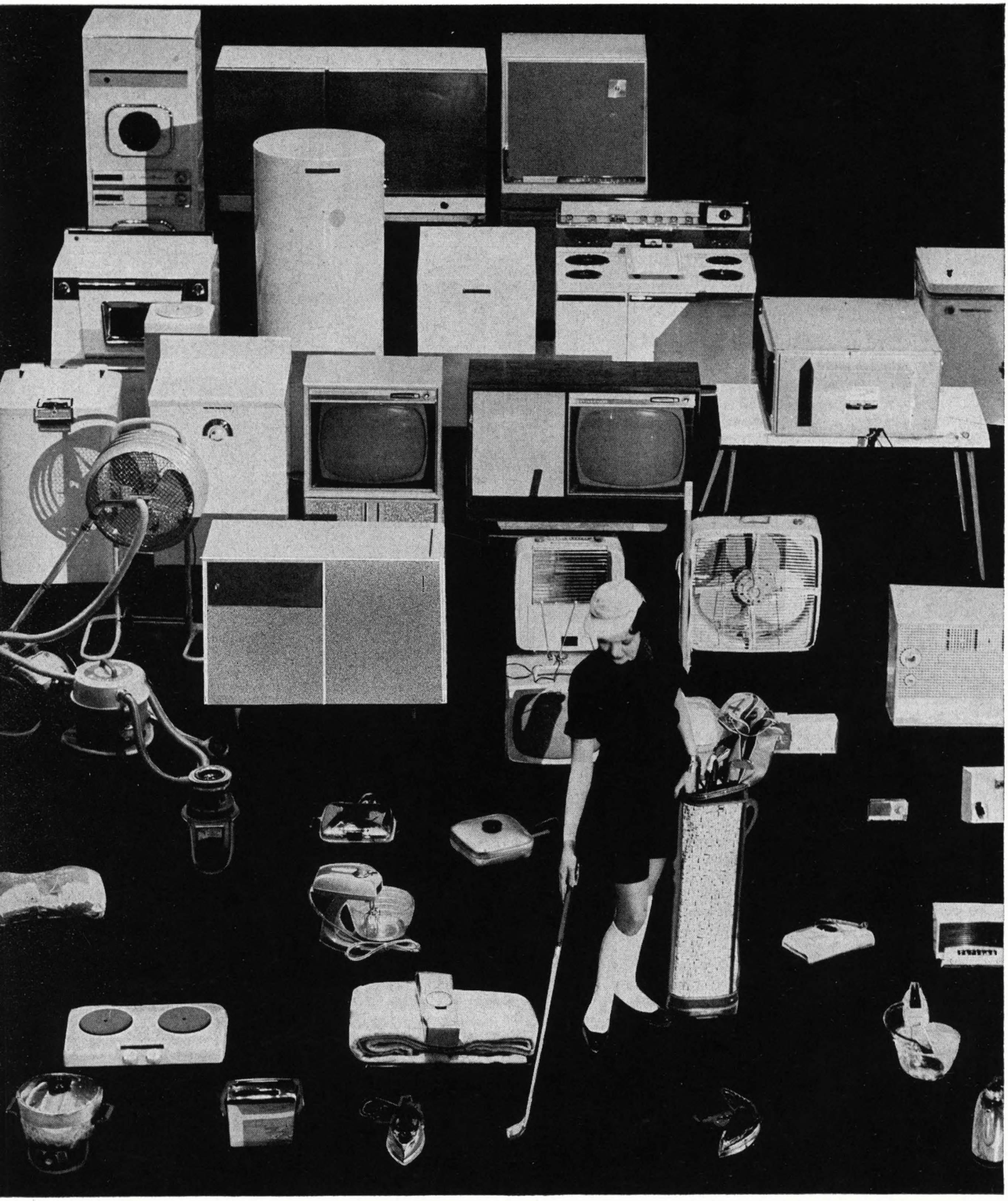
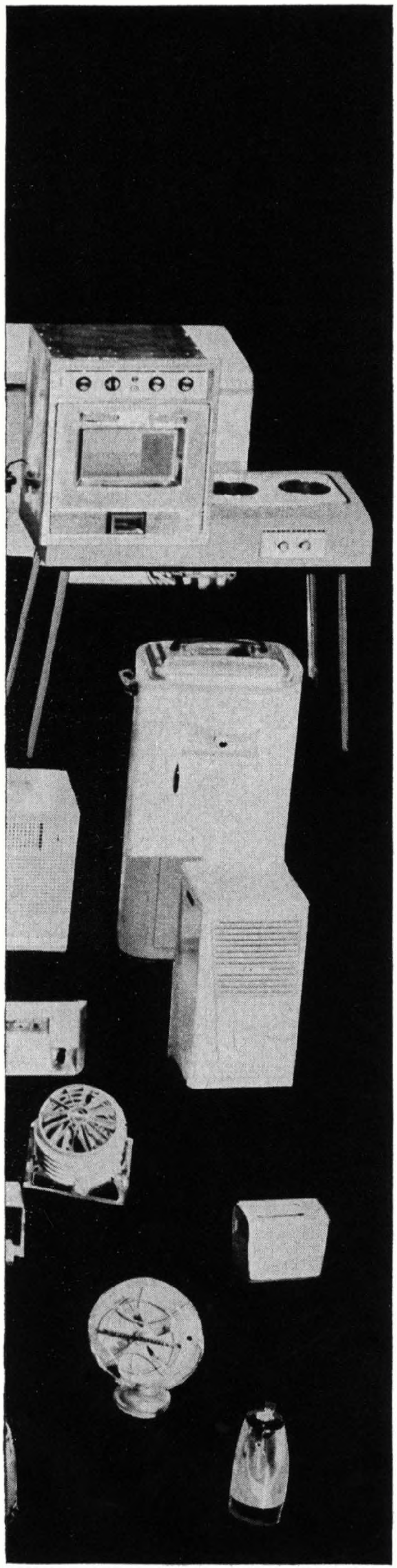


ATOMIC ENERGY and space travel notwithstanding, the greatest concern of appliance manufacturers is still the American housewife. Westinghouse Electric Corporation alone manufactures the appliances above, all of which are found in a home in the $15,000 income bracket. The appliance extravagance of the modern woman of the house necessitates possession of extra items: two coffee makers; three radios; three television sets; two vacuum cleaners; three fans; two dishwashers (one portable); extra freezers; and a barbecue so elegant it can be rolled into the dining room.



Charles Nelson

Push-Button Future (continued)

laugh as you pick yourself up, because the floor of the shower, or tub, is made of a new plastic, similar to foam rubber.

The clothing you put on is made of a type of paper composition which is so cheap you wear it once and throw it away. But there are also all sorts of wonderful crease- and dirt-resistant fabrics, bearing strange and spacey names like Zetak, Nymo Uvr, Fiber X-6. In the kitchen, you make eggs, bacon, cereal, and toast in the electronic oven, which never gets hot, and pour water, which is always at the boiling point, from a tap over the sink into your coffee machine. Your husband comes to the breakfast nook with his newspaper (time hasn't changed that habit), which has been printed on your home facsimile machine.

Drudgery Is out of Date

Your husband drives off to the station in one of the family's three cars. One is a long, low, wide car for long distance traveling; the second is small, light, and easily parked, ideal for city use; and the third is a smart sports car for parking at the station. The modern car is about fifty inches high. It has a pair of handgrips instead of a steering wheel, never needs re-painting, and the tires have a life-expectancy as long as the car's. Despite the great number of cars on the roads, speeds are much higher than they were in 1958 because all cars are equipped with electronic warning and automatic stopping devices which prevent accidents.

While Detroit has promoted the three-car garage, the appliance manufacturers have been encouraging each family to own and occupy two homes: an apartment in the city, where the breadwinner works four days a week, and a house in the country where everyone plays for three days.

But let's get back to you, where we left you in the middle of 1982 with the kiddies off to school and your husband tooling down the road in his snappy sports car. The breakfast dishes first? Well, either you throw away the plastic plates, cups, and saucers which you got from your molding machine, or, if you want a feeling of achievement, you wash them. You've traded in your old-style 1962 dishwashing machine and you now have an ultrasonic dishwasher-dryer which cleans and dries everything in three minutes flat and then stores the silver and dishes for the next meal.

The laundry? Your hamper is attached to your washer-dryer, which does the whole job automatically in 30 minutes, including folding the clothes, none of which need ironing. Or maybe you have one of the new ultrasonic laundry closets which don't need water, soap, or anything except money for the electric bill.

You don't have to clean the house often, because it is completely air-conditioned and is sealed. When you do clean house, you merely press the proper buttons—that is, if the dials on the self-operating vacuum, scrubber, or polisher haven't already been set for a regular, pre-determined cleaning time. All of these devices operate electronically, with no wires dragging along. They get their power from a central power core, which is located in the garage, or in a closet, and the waves come through the air like radio or TV waves.

In the living room, you are watching the self-propelled vacuum crawling contentedly back to its little home in the baseboards when the front doorbell rings. You press the button for the closed-circuit TV monitor over the front door (you have three-inch-screen TV monitors all over the house), and you see it's a salesman. You ask the salesman what he's selling, and he opens his case and holds up an electronic vacuum wand, which attracts dust and dirt electrostatically. You tell him no, thanks, you have a self-propelled vacuum.

A few minutes later, the front doorbell rings again; this time you see one of your neighbors on the doorstep. You press a button which switches on the ultraviolet radiation lamps in the foyer, you press another button which unlocks the front door, and your friend walks into the house, germ-free. You chat for a while about your respective children, then decide to call another friend to ask her if she'd like to go shopping with you. You don't have to pick up a receiver when you dial; the telephone has a microphone and a loudspeaker. Thus, you and your visitor can speak over the phone at the same time, and both can hear the voice of the person you're calling. Oh, yes, you can see her, too, because when she hears who it is, she presses a button so that you can all see one another on your telephone TV screens. She says she'll be at your house in five minutes.

Sedentary Shopping Trip

When she arrives, you discuss the things you want to buy, over cups of coffee made with your constantly boiling water. Then you arrange yourselves in the TV corner, facing the flat, six-square-foot screen hanging on the wall. It doesn't look like a TV screen; there's a landscape painted on it. When you've all decided what you want to buy, you telephone the department store and explain your wishes to the operator; then you press

(continued)

another button, the landscape fades out, and you see, in 3-D color, the furniture department. You want to look at chairs, you tell the salesman who appears on the screen. The store's camera ranges over the complete stock of chairs as the salesman discusses styles, fabrics, woods, and prices. You choose one, and delivery is promised for the next day.

There are other aids to shopping, too. Whenever you are watching commercial—as opposed to subscription—television, and you want the product being advertised, you simply press a button on your remote control panel. The order is received at the station and forwarded to the store or manufacturer, and you get delivery the next day. No rushing right out to buy.

The supermarket in your neighborhood sells practically everything. You don't have to carry or push your purchases; all you do is insert your coded key in a slot. When you check out, your bill is ready, and by the time you reach your car, your purchases have been loaded into it.

One of your friends has told the department store operator that she wants to look at walls for a living room. The salesman shows her a variety of changeable panels which snap onto the framing beams of a house; she can order them finished in paper, fabric, wood, or plastic, in any design. When she gets tired of them, she can trade them in for new ones. You aren't interested in these walls, however, because your house has electroluminescence. This means you can change the color scheme in any room simply by twisting a dial which modulates the electric charge sent through phosphor, a chemical which has the property of color changeability. (As early as the 1950's, Westinghouse built a room illuminated in this fashion, with no bulbs, tubes, or light fixtures, and began working to bring down the cost of this process.)

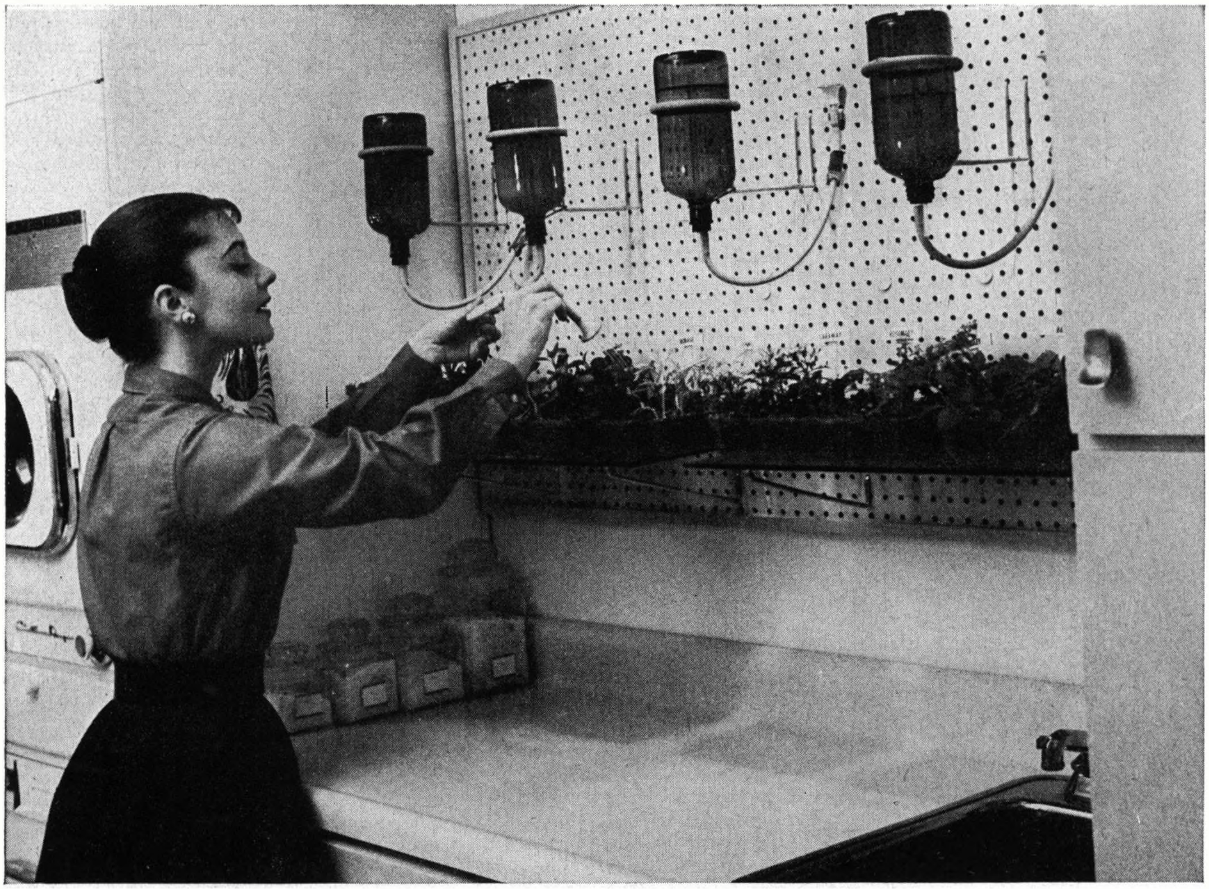
Home to Mother

School is about to let out, so your friends leave to meet their children. Before they go, the three of you make a date to meet tomorrow afternoon at one of their homes to watch a pay TV performance of a new Broadway hit. Your children, two boys and two girls, come home. The boys announce they have a Scout meeting (where they still learn how to make fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together), and the girls want to visit friends. You drive them to their destinations, and then, on the way home, you decide to call your mother on your car TV-telephone. You get her in an instant, chat for a few minutes, and then decide on the spur of the moment to visit her. It will be several hours before the children and your husband come home, and though your mother lives in Florida and you in a Chicago suburb, she's less than an hour away by jet planes which travel at a speed of Mach 2, or twice the speed of sound.

Back home shortly before six o'clock after a pleasant tea with your mother, you open the front door by pressing your thumb against the scanning lock, which is attuned to the fingerprints of members of your family.

You decide to catch up on your correspondence and are speaking into the

Charles Nelson



HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW? In your dream kitchen of 1958: a dirtless herb garden. Just sprinkle it with a solution of water and Hyponex, a powder containing all nutrients needed to grow sage, savory, rosemary, and thyme.

John Merhant

CHRIS J. WITTING, Vice-President of Consumer Products Divisions at Westinghouse, shows atomic power plant (background) and electronic oven. "By 1970," he predicts, "electronic ovens will be as commonplace as light bulbs."

microphone attached to the typewriter which responds to the spoken word, when your children and your husband come home. While your husband mixes cocktails—he could do it electronically, but he prefers to use his hands—you ask him if mushroom soup, roast turkey, hashed-brown potatoes, and lemon meringue pie will do for dinner.

He says it will, indeed. You go to the kitchen, take the prepared food out of the freezer, and put it into the electronic oven, which thaws and then cooks it, even browning the turkey. This takes about three minutes, but before you join your husband for a Martini, you take a packet of powder from a large assortment in a filing cabinet, pour it into a vent, and press a button. By the time you return to the living room, the faint but unmistakable and delicious odor of roast turkey is in the air. "Dinner," says your husband fondly, "smells wonderful." The smell comes, not from the electronic oven, which emits no odors at all, but from the powder, which is burned like incense and wafted through a vent to the living room, or to any other room in the house. You also have roast pork powders, Southern fried chicken powders, bacon powders, powders for anything you cook.

Subconscious Schooling

After dinner, the whole family sits in front of the large TV screen on the wall and watches several electronically recorded tapes which your husband has brought home with him. (These tapes may be rented or bought.) After the children are asleep—you check by switching on the closed-circuit TV monitors in their rooms—you press buttons that start their individual learn-while-sleeping machines. Tapes distributed by the school are played through speakers in the children's pillows, and into their subconscious minds go the lessons for the day. In the morning their teachers will examine the tapes for the coded marks which prove they have been played.

And so the day comes to an end, and pleasant electronic dreams—in three dimensions and natural color, of course—to you, dear.

Author's note: I showed this manuscript to a psychiatrist friend and asked what effect he thought all this button-pushing homemaking might have on a woman. "Even today," he said, "many women are disturbed about their role in the home, because all the labor-saving devices make them feel unnecessary. The appliance manufacturers are deeply concerned with this problem, too. They are taking the drudgery out of housework, they say, to provide more time for family life, cultural pursuits and hobbies."

My psychiatrist friend shrugged his shoulders. "We'll see," he said. "If all, or most of these things, come to pass, what I see in store for the woman of 1982 is oodles and oodles of time to lie on a psychiatrist's couch, which will tend to make her even more flabby. That'll mean she'll have to spend a couple of hours a day in a gymnasium in order to keep her figure. But of course she'll have plenty of time for that." THE END

SEPARATE VACATIONS

More and more couples are trying the holiday-trip-sans-spouse, and finding that a little judicious absence can make a happy marriage even happier

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

The notion that middle-aged male escapists are the principal exponents of the "separate vacation" idea is refuted by the people who sell the tickets. Travel agents report that women who "go it alone"—that is, take vacations without their spouses—outnumber the males by at least three to one.

Whether they are genuine "loners" like Henry Thoreau and Greta Garbo, or just want to rest their eyes from the routine of familiar faces, the "separatists" are a growing cult, despite the tidal wave of preachments about family "togetherness" which are designed to make any solo tripper feel like a heel.

Travel agents recently told officials of the American Express Company that women clients show no remorse when making arrangements for a separate vacation trip, but most of them do volunteer explanations. The standard pitch is that the everloving breadwinner is too busy winning bread and can't take the time for the Caribbean or Hawaiian cruise or the nice long European tour the little woman craves.

The girls are *tres gai* about their solo expeditions to faraway places and make much better lone sojourners than their husbands, say the agents.

They come home with great bales of foreign-bought bargains, which are, of course, essential for filling attic storage space which might otherwise go to waste. If there has been a small romance along the way, the memory goes into the closet along with the hand-carved shoehorns.

Paris and Havana are the favorite destinations of the male monotourists. They rarely say why they want to travel alone, but if the agent winks when he hands over the ticket the customer usually winks back. A leading travel agent in Elizabeth, New Jersey, says that he has sold many cruise tickets to men traveling alone. He's no psychologist, he says, but he admits what the steamship officials refuse to admit: that on most cruises, female passengers outnumber the males by four or five to one.

Even with this happy ratio, says the agent, by the time the ship is two days out of port the average unfettered male is nibbling his nails and trying to find three other fellows to get up a poker game. He recalls a writer client who took off gaily amid the bright streamers. After two days, he radioed his wife to join the ship at Havana. Half of his male clients, he says, quit at the first port of call.

Call of the Womanless Wild

While many husbands like the feeling of freedom separate vacations afford, there are other good reasons for taking them. Some men achieve rejuvenation of mind and spirit in the thunderous solitude of a northern lake. Youth flows back into unused muscles and the office pallor is replaced by the ruddy glow of health. Just doing ordinary camp chores can be a tonic. There are a hundred little things to think about and remember, but no major problems, no distracting bells and traffic lights, no chirping juvenile voices to pound like tiny mallets on the temples and rob the brain of thought.

This is the easiest kind of separate vacation for a man to propose to his wife. Women, for all their possessiveness, can understand a man's desire for a brief brush with the rugged life.

The husband may come home from such a trip with muscular miseries which weren't on the program, fling himself into bed with a "Boy, I could sleep for a week," and go snoring off into happy dreamland. But the chances are he will be up bright and shining next morning; he will be happy with his fresh orange juice and percolator-made coffee; he will be a pleasant companion instead of the sullen person who left home two weeks earlier; and he will leave for his job brightly curious to know what's new.

Monkmeyer

A WEEK OR TWO OF FISHING, game hunting, communing with nature or just plain loafing away from the family has a miraculous effect on the average husband's disposition.

The wise wife, who has studied her hero's idiosyncrasies much more minutely than he suspects, will note these signs with satisfaction. She will know that the separate vacation was a good thing for him. Husbands' vacations can be good things for wives, too, if they have the good sense to find responsible supervisors for their children and take themselves off for a few days of shopping, movie viewing, or visiting with relatives while their husbands are away.

Should a Wife Tag Along?

Some women have attempted to combat their husbands' urge to take separate vacations by learning to share their love of outdoor sports. Usually the wife's enthusiasm is forced, although a surprising number have discovered that they really do enjoy fishing, shooting, skiing, sailing, and skin diving once they have acquired some skill.

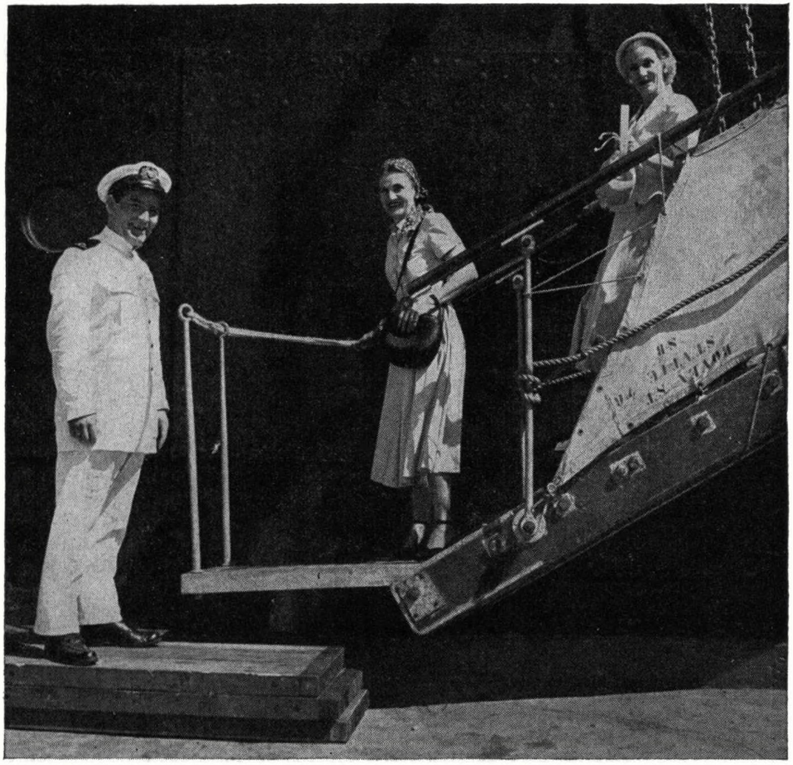
Women who take an interest in masculine sports almost invariably apply themselves diligently to the task of learning, according to an official of Abercrombie and Fitch, a leading New York sporting goods store. A woman who becomes interested in fishing, he says, will concentrate on the project until she knows all about lures, tackle, species of game fish and their habits. Her husband may be surprised (and perhaps annoyed) to learn that she knows the fundamentals better than he does.

Whether it is wise for a wife to pursue perfection in her husband's sports is another question. Some psychiatrists feel that the man whose wife tops him consistently at his favorite recreation will lose interest and perhaps turn to other activities where she isn't likely to compete. He may, for example, get the notion that chasing his secretary would be more fun than chasing a golf ball.

The propaganda for family vacations has been overpowering. Magazines, newspapers, radio and television, religious organizations, women's clubs, and the PTA all hammer insistently on the theme of keeping the family glued together like the laminations in a baseball bat.

This is strictly an American idea. People in other countries exercise a great deal more individual independence, and there is no evidence that there are any more broken homes in those lands than there are in America. There is, in fact, some basis for the suspicion that there is altogether too much togetherness in American family life and that the everlasting reiteration of this one-note symphony may be having an effect exactly opposite to that which the do-gooders desire.

Some women question the wisdom of putting the everyday routine of home life on the road. They know that kids are kids, whether at home or in an automobile, and that, no matter how much he loves his children, the average work-weary husband will not get much pleasure out of chauffeuring the little tyrants around the country.



Merrim—Monkmeyer

CRUISES TO HAWAII, the Caribbean and other romantic places are popular with women tourists traveling alone. They outnumber men on cruises by four or five to one.

The same line of thought has led many modern wives to the conclusion that even their own precious company may not always be the best vacation medicine for the object of their affections. If he is like the average American male, he will be picking up the heavy bags, opening doors for her, taking her coat, pulling back her chair, lighting her cigarette, running down to the drugstore for lipstick or bobby pins, and doing the innumerable other little chores that fall to the lot of American husbands. Normally, of course, the guy is a happy slave to these conventions, but a brief hiatus might do wonders for his disposition.

Some people feel that separate vacations mean broken homes or divided families. Psychiatrists and psychologists seem to have a fixed notion that a desire for a separate vacation must have a neurotic basis. They insist that, in ideal marriages, husband and wife must wish to be in each other's company constantly. If the desire isn't there, they claim, there is something wrong. There's trouble ahead, they warn, for the man and wife who find brief separate vacations stimulating or relaxing.

One Family's Formula

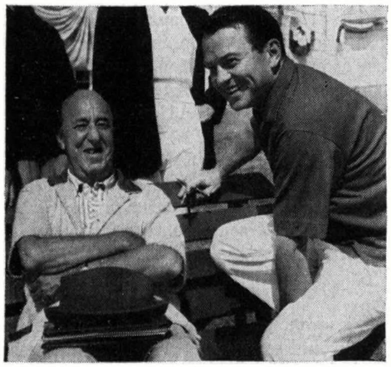
I know a young couple whose experience would seem to refute this idea. They have been happily married for about twelve years and have four fine children. During the last few years (since the older children have been able to care for themselves) they have followed a simple vacation plan which seems to work very well. The two older children go off to camp for a month. That gives them a rest from home life, permits them to make new friends, and gives them a sense of independence and responsibility. The smaller children spend a week with their grandparents, which pleases the grandparents and gives the children a change of scene. During this week, the mother usually takes a trip to the city with a woman friend, shops the big stores, sees some shows, visits the beauty parlors and has the fun of being waited on. Father keeps house alone for a couple of days, which gives him a fine idea of how valuable a wife can be, and then takes a long weekend off to fish or play golf. During the first week of the husband's regular two-week vacation, he and his wife go to a resort alone, without the children. The second week the whole family goes to the type of resort where there is some activity for everyone. There hasn't been any talk of divorce, separation or neglected children in that family.

The answer seems to be the exercise of common sense and moderation. If Americans behave intelligently, there is little danger that separate vacations will destroy that bulwark of civilization, the American home, THE END

Life Begins at Seventy

Ed Wynn joins youngsters Natalie Wood, Carolyn Jones, and the versatile Gene Kelly in the dramatization of Herman Wouk's best-selling novel, *Marjorie Morningstar*

BY JON WHITCOMB



JON AND ED laugh over the Fire Chief's reminiscences of vaudeville on set of movie "Marjorie Morningstar," where the actor is being filmed in first major dramatic role.

If you were able to lift Herman Wouk's sprawling novel, you know that *Marjorie Morningstar* is the story of the interminable adventures of a young Jewish girl who preserves her virginity through a number of encounters, most of them with the social director of a mountain resort, only to yield in the end. In the book her capitulation is due, apparently, to sheer fatigue, but in the movie the motivations and story line have been clarified considerably. A number of superfluous characters have been left out, and those that remain have been shrewdly cast to keep a movie audience awake and on its toes.

Marjorie's Uncle Samson is played by Ed Wynn, a gentleman of seventy-one years who is currently the hottest character actor in show business. Mr. Wynn is a soft spoken, courteous man with thinning hair and twinkling blue eyes. I sat with him on the wide lawn of Scaroon Manor, a resort in upstate New York where "Marjorie Morningstar" was being filmed, to discuss the death scene he was scheduled to do that night. In the role of Uncle Samson, an old man who dies after overtaxing his ailing heart by clowning at a fake bullfight, Mr. Wynn would be required to fall headfirst into the fountain we were facing. He wasn't sure he liked the idea. "There I'll be," he said, frowning, "the great Fire Chief, bottom side up and dead as a doornail!"

I wondered whether it was his first death scene. "Have you ever died before, Mr. Wynn?"

He chuckled. "Heavens, yes—in vaudeville."

I told him that his role as the radio-station operator in José Ferrer's film "The Great Man" had struck me as the most moving scene I could remember on the screen. He beamed, and laid a hand on my knee. "Young man, it's very kind of you to say so. There's a very interesting story about how that came about. After fifty-four years of being a star, I saw the curtain come down on me. I was still in demand for guest shots on TV, but I was washed up as a comic. It was a great shock to me. I'm not the kind who can sit around and do nothing. I asked my son Keenan's advice, and he put me straight. 'Pop,' he said, 'since you bring it up, you might as well face it: your funny clothes and hats and your whole comedy approach have gone out of fashion. Nothing lasts forever. Railroad tracks don't last for forty years—why should you? But there's one thing you can try.' I said, 'What's that?' (I admire my son and I set great store by his opinions.) He said, 'Acting.' Well, this was something for me to think about. I thought about it, and found that the whole idea terrified me."

No Double Take

"Then one day José asked me to come to a party. There were several people there, and we were all in José's playroom, and he had a movie script. He asked me to read a part in the script, a long speech by a man who owned a radio station. Well, it was a party, and I was among friends, and I did read it aloud. José was weeping when I finished. You know how sentimental actors are. Well, he asked me to take the script home and study it. It was a small scene but important, he said. When he called me down to the studio for a rehearsal, I was still very doubtful about my ability to handle it. But we ran through it anyway. Then I said, 'When are we going to shoot it?' and José said, 'We just shot it.' It was no rehearsal. They had put film in the camera and it was a take. The whole thing was a plot between Keenan and José. It had been planned that way for three weeks."

Up from Vaudeville

Here Mr. Wynn wiped his eyes. "Well, now I'm a character actor. It's taken a lot of effort to break down my inhibitions. All my life I've played a supposititious character, a mythical silly man, unreal and stylized. Now I have to be myself, and play real people, talking simply and without affectation. I have to try to be natural, like I am sitting here with you. Well, there was a lot of excitement over the New Wynn. People went around saying extravagant things. In two months I had seven starring stage roles offered me. Again, I went to my son for advice. With his encouragement, I did some TV parts that people liked—'Requiem for a Heavyweight,' for instance." Again he dabbed at his eyes. "I like to think," he went on, "that I can be a good supporting actor if God spares me. People are always telling me that comedy and tragedy are so closely related that it is no wonder I can do both. I disagree. Being funny is one thing, provoking sympathy and tears is quite another. Laughing and crying may be emotionally related reactions for the audience, but producing the effects requires techniques that are worlds apart. Turning into a human being after you've been a clown all your life is an enormous transition to make."

Mr. Wynn stood up, looking anxiously toward the dressing room where he was due to put on his bullfight costume. I shook hands with him, as a young mother came up towing a little boy. They asked Wynn to pose for a snapshot. He smiled and bowed. "Well, I'm a movie actor now; I'll be happy to oblige. Now, young

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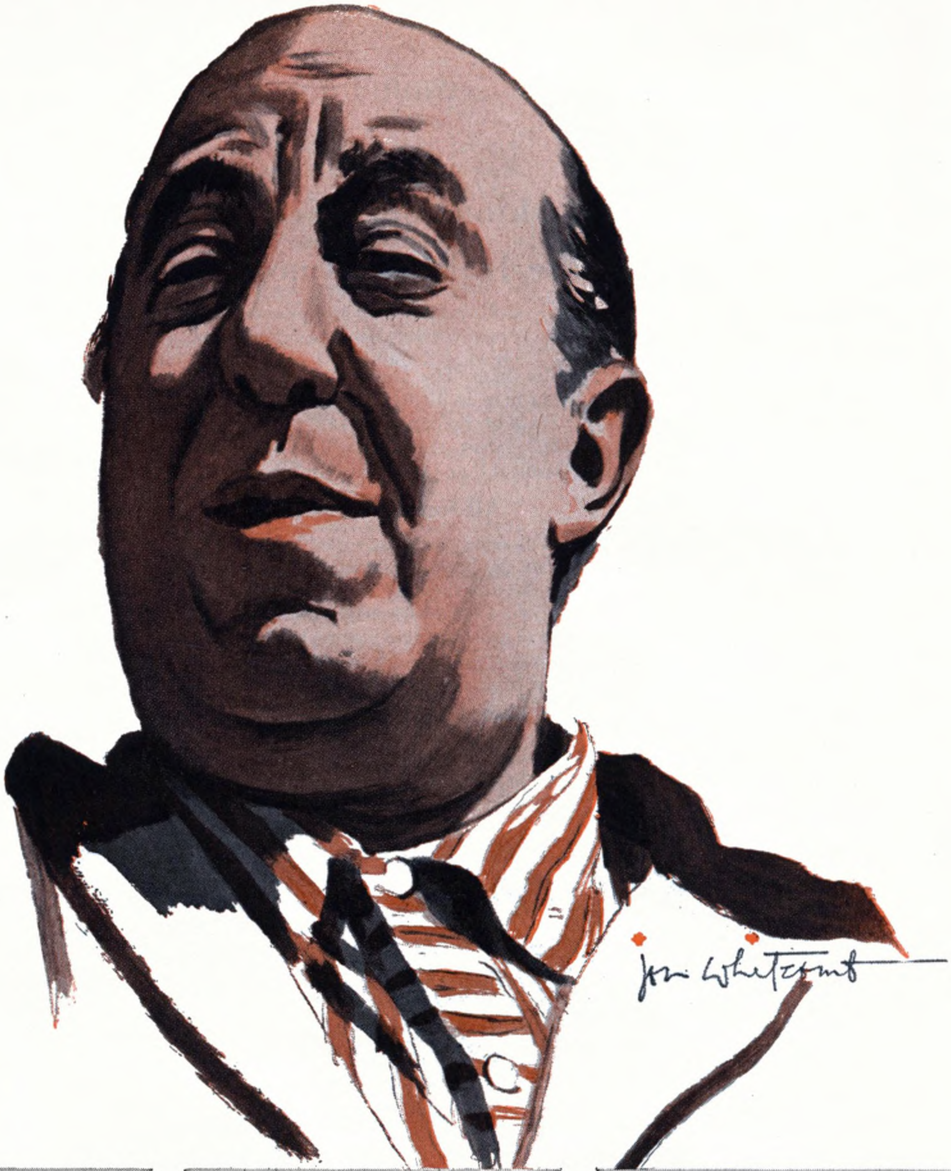
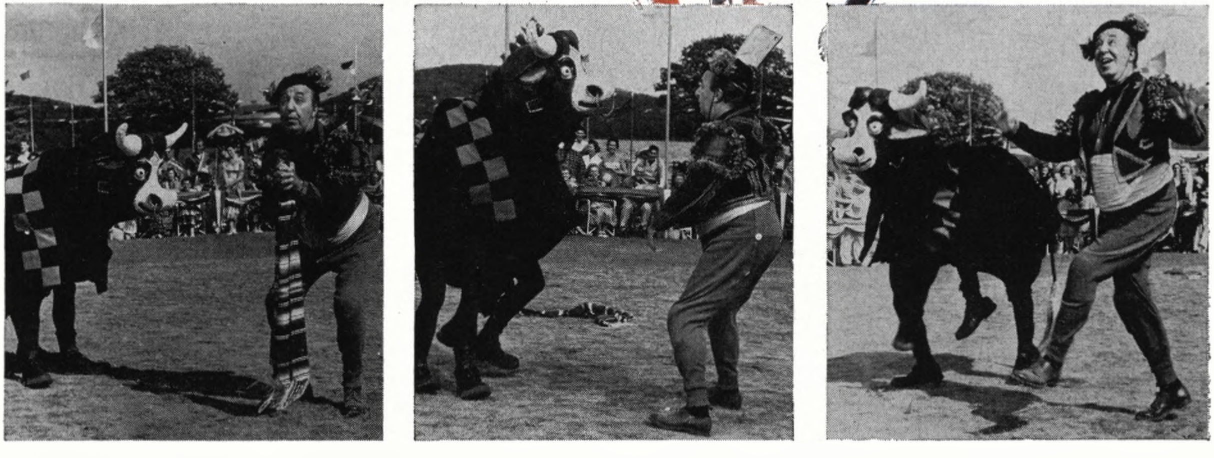




A FAKE BULLFIGHT staged for the entertainment of hotel guests by the aging Uncle Samson (Ed Wynn) ends in tragedy for the "paunchy, sweet-faced man," who overtaxes an ailing heart. Wynn made his first professional appearance in a repertory company at the age of fifteen. Now, at the age of seventy-one, Wynn has run the gamut from vaudeville comedy to straight character portrayal in serious dramas, two kinds of theatrical art which, he says, "require techniques that are worlds apart."

Even hotel guests at a fashionable Adirondack mountain resort "got into the act" with the Hollywood notables there on location

man, look right over there, and hold still for the birdie."

Three weeks after this interview, Wynn was honored by a ninety-minute TV tribute, broadcast in color over a national network. It was sponsored by The American Theatre Wing, and among the performers were Helen Hayes, Katherine Cornell, Bert Lahr, Richard Rodgers, Beatrice Lillie, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Ed's son, Keenan Wynn. This gesture of affection from his friends in show business capped a career which had begun in Philadelphia, where he ran away from home at sixteen to join a traveling stock company. He graduated from vaudeville into the Ziegfeld Follies of 1914. During his Broadway career he was sole star of eighteen productions with titles like "The Deacon and the Lady" (his first, in 1910), "The Perfect Fool," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1914," "Doing Our Bit," "Over the Top," "The Ed Wynn Carnival," and "Hooray for What?"

All-round Performer

For some shows the versatile Mr. Wynn wrote the book, music, and lyrics. In others, he was the only known manager-producer-owner-actor-composer-author-lyricist in show business history. Once he even managed to star in two shows at once, running back and forth between "Doing Our Bit" at the Winter Garden and "Over the Top" at the Nora Bayes. His "Fire Chief" character dominated radio programs during the middle thirties, and was revived briefly in 1946. In 1951 he furnished the voice for the Mad Hatter in Walt Disney's "Alice in Wonderland." During the eclipse of his fame he became used to being referred to as "Keenan Wynn's father," but at the moment there is some doubt about which Wynn is more prominent. "Marjorie Morningstar" may make Ed a star all over again.

The rest of the cast is of the sure-fire variety, too, producer Milton Sperling told me proudly. "We have Everett Sloane and Claire Trevor as Marjorie's father and mother—they never miss. And as Marjorie's friend, Marcia, we have Carolyn Jones, one of our most interesting newcomers. She's very Eve Arden-ish. Great gams. There's an animal magnetism there. We picked her after that magnificent job she did in 'The Bachelor Party.' She's slightly exophthalmic—sort of reminds you of a young Bette Davis."

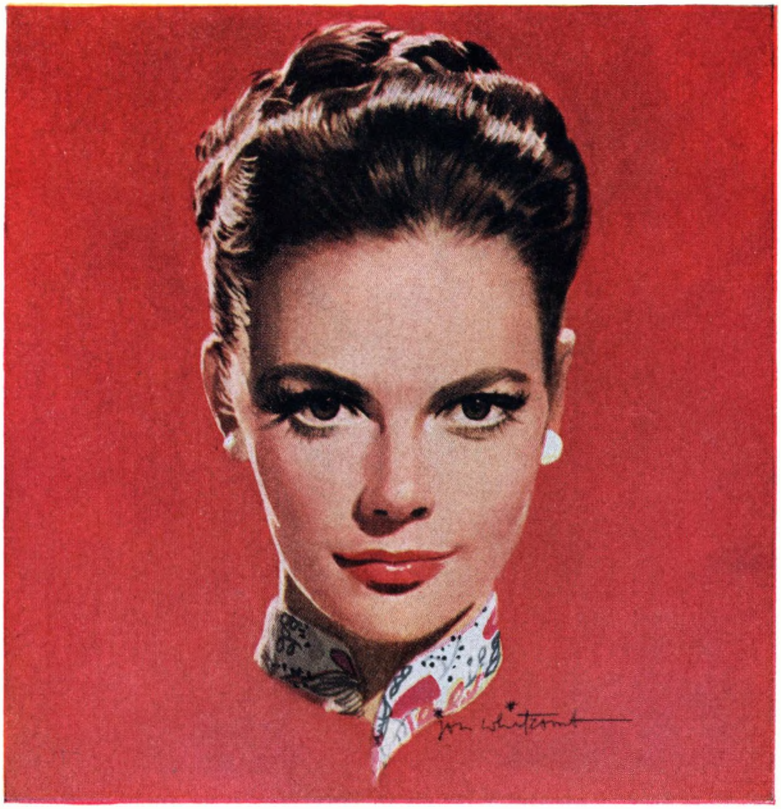
The title role is played by nineteen-year-old star Natalie Wood. In a conversation with Irving Rapper, who directed many of Bette Davis's screen successes for Warner Bros., I remarked that I had greatly admired Natalie Wood in "Rebel Without a Cause" and asked him how she was doing as Marjorie.

"I've worked with a lot of big stars," he said, "and this girl is going to be the biggest. You've probably heard her called 'the teenagers' teenager.' In this film, you'll see a teenage star who has grown up. Talk about fire. She's got it. Nobody has ever seen this version of Natalie Wood." A cameraman came up to us, and Rapper walked off with him. Over his shoulder he called, "Check me when the lists come out."

Hazards on Location

Over lunch, Carolyn Jones confided that rural New York State was not exactly her cup of tea. "Too much water around here," she said, looking coldly at her coffee. "I'm allergic to anything wet. In one scene Natalie and I were supposed to upset a canoe in Schroon Lake. The whole thing was hideous. They had to do my part with a double." A waiter passed with a tray of watermelon. Miss Jones pointed to it grimly. "Even the desserts are aimed at me," she said. "Do you wonder I have an anxiety complex?"

Life at Scaroon Manor involved other hazards for the actors. The integration of



NATALIE WOOD, in her eighth movie for Warner Bros., is a screen veteran at nineteen. As Marjorie Morningstar, she gives a compelling performance and reveals what director Irving Rapper calls "a version of Natalie nobody has ever seen."

hotel guests and the cinema led to what might be called "Trial by Kodak"—the actors were harassed for snapshots from morning to night. Director Rapper estimated that some of the visitors with movie cameras must have shot the equivalent of several feature pictures in 16- and 8-mm. film. Although the click of a non-union shutter on a movie set is punishable by death and Chinese water torture, the union delegates were powerless to stop the Kodak tide. The paying guests were immune.

Facing His Age

Gene Kelly, who plays Noel Airman, the male lead, had some uneasy moments when CBS sent up a couple of reporters with a tape machine to get an interview with him for the radio show "Face to Face." Warner's press people were braced for the usual impertinent questions—after the success of Mike Wallace on the air, it is now the fashion to play rough—but they were nonplussed by the opening query: "Tell me, Mr. Kelly, is it true that you are really forty-four?" The star, who had spent the whole afternoon making love to a nineteen-year-old girl and reiterating a speech in which he says he is thirty-four, was annoyed. But before he could reply, a studio executive jumped in with objections, and in the end it was tactfully agreed that this question would be erased from the tape before the broadcast. Ordinarily, Gene Kelly is not sensitive about his age. In a year when Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, and Spencer Tracy are still going strong, Gene belongs in the youth division. He's forty-five. Gene was first seen on stage as one of four boys who stood behind Mary Martin as she sang "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." His break came when he landed the lead in the Broadway production of "Pal Joey," and he has been in Hollywood ever since. Like most dancers, he has a magnificent physique. Between scenes he worked out at the hotel's ping-pong tables, trimming everybody in sight.

Finding extras for the crowd scenes was, of course, no problem at Scaroon Manor, although it was the end of the summer vacation season for Adirondack resorts. After three weeks of rubbing elbows with Big Names, the guests were beginning to feel right at home before the cameras. Late one afternoon, after a long day's shooting, the director made a speech. "People in the background," he said, "you've been most cooperative. I'd like to take you all back to Hollywood, you're so spontaneous. Everybody's so *bored* out there. Now remember," he went on, "look as though you're talking and laughing—but not a sound, please. No whispering, either. Just breathe."

THE END

TAMARACK
TAMARACK

CAROLYN JONES (at left) portrays the bawdily aggressive Marcia Zelenko, who induces friend Marjorie (Natalie Wood) to join her as dramatic counselor at Camp Tamarack. Carolyn was picked for this part after her triumph in "The Bachelor Party."

GENE KELLY, as the fascinating Noel Airman, charms Marjorie with her parents (played by Claire Trevor and Everett Sloane) in a fiesta setting provided by "extras" vacationing at Adirondack resort where much of the movie was filmed.

Your Cosmopolitan Movie Guide

BY MARSHALL SCOTT

Outstanding Picture to Come

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—Hollywood's recurrent preoccupation with war generally takes one of two tacks: either it concentrates on the screwball aspects, as in the highly amusing "Operation Mad Ball" and "Don't Go Near the Water," or it presents a stirring saga of heroics under fire. In the current spate of war pictures, however, the moviemakers have been giving their attention to somewhat more complex aspects of the situation. There is, for example, "Time Limit," with its interest in brainwashing; the upcoming "Paths of Glory"; and the epical "The Bridge on the River Kwai." This Sam Spiegel production, filmed on location in the steaming hinterlands of Ceylon, concerns a battalion of British prisoners of war herded together in the jungle to construct a monumental bridge for the Japanese Army. The senior officer is Alec Guinness, the very model of a British regular army colonel. It is Guinness's contention that the English Tommy, captured or no, is a soldier first, last, and always, and a soldier of the very first rank. Guinness is determined to build the bridge and build it well, in spite of all the obstacles that are presented—the steamy climate, the unfavorable terrain, the disinclination of the P.O.W.'s to help the enemy, the cruelty and stupidity of the Japanese officers and guards. By doing so, he will prove his ragged band of captives superior as men and soldiers to their captors. As the film progresses, one can see his preoccupation with getting the bridge built grow into an obsession.

Alec Guinness, certainly one of the most expert actors in the world, gives a splendid performance in a role worlds removed from the light comedy parts which have won him his popularity in this country. Sharing star billing with him are William Holden as a brash and cynical American trapped in the otherwise all-English band of prisoners, and Jack Hawkins as the leader of a Commando unit sent to destroy the bridge. Sessue Hayakawa, one of the most dastardly of silent screen villains, plays the Japanese commander. *(Columbia)*

The Best in Your Neighborhood

ACROSS THE BRIDGE—One of the greatest modern masters of suspense, Graham Greene, has concocted a tense chase thriller about a businessman-swindler on the international run. Rod Steiger is the pursued one. *(Rank)*

APRIL LOVE—Blueberry pie has nothing on Pat Boone and Shirley Jones when it comes to all-American wholesomeness. The handsome, well-scrubbed pair share the star billing and the tunes in this story of young love. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THE GREEN-EYED BLONDE—An entirely different kettle of kids is the covey of young things in this drama of life in a girls' reformatory, which introduces young Susan Oliver. *(Warner Bros.)*

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—Quasimodo, the monstrous bell-ringer of Paris' Cathedral of Notre Dame, who was portrayed by Charles Laughton and the late Lon Chaney in previous screen adaptations of Victor Hugo's famous novel, is played this time by that excellent actor, Anthony Quinn. Gina Lollobrigida plays the part of the beautiful Esmeralda on whom he lavishes his hopeless love. *(Allied Artists)*

THE JOKER IS WILD—This account of the raucous career of night club comic Joe E. Lewis, from its violent, near-tragic beginnings in gangster-operated Chicago speakeasies to his present position as the King of the Copacabana, is scarcely a biography-in-depth, but it does provide a spirited vehicle for that younger veteran of the saloon circuit, Frank Sinatra. Mitzi Gaynor, Jeanne Crain, Eddie Albert and Jackie Coogan are some of the notables who surround the star. *(Paramount)*

LES GIRLS—Beginning in the present tense with a libel suit in a British court, this picture shows, via flashbacks, three entirely different versions of the romantic involvements of a trio of dancing girls with troupe-leader Gene Kelly. The action takes place as the troupe goes twinkling through a series of European capitals, tossing off some excellent dancing and some indifferent Cole Porter tunes en route. Kay Kendall is the most amusing of the girls; Kelly is expert as always; and there are fine contributions by Mitzi Gaynor and Taina Elg. *(M-G-M)*

MY MAN GODFREY—This updated version of one of the best of the comedies of the thirties remains an entertaining business, with David Niven outstanding as an unfrocked diplomat turned butler, and June Allyson as the young lady of the manse in which he buttles. *(Universal)*

OPERATION MAD BALL—Ernie Kovacs makes a smashing movie debut in this wacky farce about the efforts of a group of enlisted men to join forces with the officer-nurses in tossing a dance. The TV comedian is an uproariously obnoxious captain, Jack Lemmon is the leader of the enlisted men, and there is good work by Arthur O'Connell, Dick York and the new Mrs. Bing Crosby, Kathryn Grant. *(Columbia)*

THE PAJAMA GAME—An expert transposition to the screen of the high-spirited, tuneful Broadway musical stage smash of a couple of years back. Doris Day slips nicely into the otherwise original Broadway cast, headed by John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney. *(Warner Bros.)*

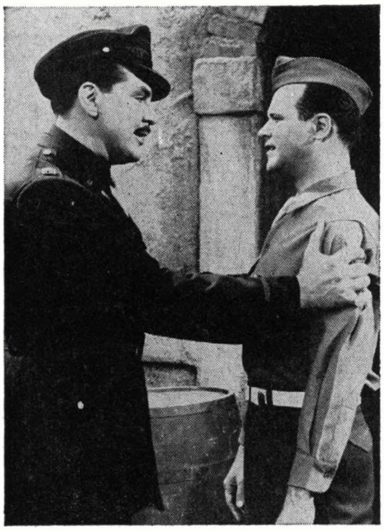
PAL JOEY—Sinatra is splendid as John O'Hara's fast-talking, "mouse"-hunting honky-tonk drifter. The plot has been cleaned up a bit and a number of the great tunes have been replaced by others from the Rodgers and Hart songbook, but, comparisons aside, it's an excellent musical. Not in Sinatra's league, though, are his leading ladies: Rita Hayworth as the society dame who takes him up, and Kim Novak, the loveliest but least alive of the chorus mice. *(Columbia)*

THE SAD SACK—Jerry Lewis as a G.I., David Wayne as his squad leader, and Phyllis Kirk as a G.I. psychiatrist, work up a satisfactory amount of broad fun in this farce suggested by George Baker's famous World War II *Yank* cartoon character. *(Paramount)*

SAYONARA—Marlon Brando is starred as an American jet pilot on "rest and rehabilitation" leave in Japan in this elaborately handsome Joshua Logan production of James Michener's bitter-sweet variation on the "Madame Butterfly" or "East is East and West is West" theme, with a beautiful nisei, Miiko Taka, as the Japanese dancing girl he comes to love. Red Buttons, erstwhile knockabout comic, scores as a tough G.I. married to another Japanese girl. *(Warner Bros.)*

SING, BOY, SING!—Tommy Sands, a ranking member of the teenagers' singing hierarchy, makes his debut in this expansion of a television drama, which may have been suggested by the career of the most eminent rockabilly roller of them all, Elvis Presley. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

SLAUGHTER ON TENTH AVENUE—The exciting story of Assistant District Attorney William Keating, the "man who rocked the boat" in an investigation of New York's waterfront violence, is the basis for this drama. Richard Egan plays the crusading Keating, Mickey Shaughnessy an honest longshoreman, Walter Matthau the boss hoodlum. *(Universal)*



Ernie Kovacs (left) and Jack Lemmon in a scene from Columbia's "Operation Mad Ball."

THE SUN ALSO RISES—The mood and bite of the great novel of the "lost generation" may not be captured in this Darryl F. Zanuck production, but it is nonetheless a worthy job of moviemaking. There is a magnificently riotous fiesta in Spain and a fine performance by Errol Flynn. The other leads—Tyrone Power and Ava Gardner as Jake Barnes and Lady Brett, Mel Ferrer as Robert Cohn, and Eddie Albert—are somewhat less than satisfying. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

THREE FACES OF EVE—Joanne Woodward, a comparative tyro, pulls off a remarkable *tour de force* in this dramatization of the psychiatric case history of a triply-split personality. She slips from sexy slut to timid housewife and back, before emerging as her true self. Lee J. Cobb is the psychiatrist who helps her realize herself. *(Twentieth Century-Fox)*

TIME LIMIT—This tense account of the prosecution of a decorated American Army officer who turned collaborator after capture in the Korean War asks some extremely difficult and troubling questions about the limits of human endurance and the nature of patriotism. Richard Widmark is excellent as the prosecutor. Richard Basehart as the accused and Rip Torn as a fellow-prisoner and chief accuser also turn in fine performances. *(United Artists)*

THE TIN STAR—Henry Fonda as a reluctant gunslinger helps rookie sheriff Anthony Perkins come of age in what would be called on television an "adult" Western. *(Paramount)*

THE END

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Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

FOUNTAIN OF LOVE

Its waters could bring a man success in love and happiness to a woman. He determined to buy the magic fountain and ship it back to Texas. That was his second mistake

BY CECILY CROWE

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY

Back on the main road, Austin found the car was riding at an angle, and he got out to investigate. The Ferrari had a broken spring.

"Shoot!" he complained mildly, for he was an easygoing, understating young man. He should never have gone bucketing off the road to inspect that olive orchard. He stood a moment, tall in his high-heeled boots, resettling his Stetson on his sand-colored hair and gazing about him at the glowing groves and vineyards of Tuscany. In the distance a hill-town rose, shimmering pink in the pure blue sky; or was it only another ruined castle? His map told him he was more than a hundred miles from Rome.

One of those twin-bodied trucks approached, at the customary Italian pace, boiling and shrieking along as though with its hair streaming in the wind. Vigorously Austin signaled it, and with a great deal of commotion it managed to come to a halt alongside him. A husky fellow with an Orvieto bottle poised in his fist scowled at him from the cab. Austin allowed him the usual interval to goggle at his western garb, then asked slowly in Mexican-Spanish—the closest he could get to Italian—where he might find a garage; he pointed inquiringly at the hill-town.

"*Amore!*" cried the man mysteriously but enthusiastically, with an expression of light dawning, and his menacing face broke into a white-toothed smile. "*Si!*" This was all Austin comprehended of the spate of Italian that followed. "*Gracias,*" he was able to interject at last. He started to get back into the white Ferrari; but now the Italian was loath to part with him, and Austin knew the quiz that was to follow: "*Americano?* Cowboy? Tex-as?"

Austin saluted noncommittally with a finger to his hatbrim, and, turning, folded his long limbs, tightly swathed in fine gabardine, into the car. With the climactic series of blasts he secretly enjoyed, the Ferrari left the enthralled truck-driver behind.

"*Amore, amore,*" he said, with a grimace, "*toujours l'amour.*" (On this solitary tour of Europe he had taken to talking out loud to himself.) Just when he thought he had at last put *amore* out of his thoughts it cropped up again. Wouldn't it be his luck to have his first breakdown of the trip near a town called Love?

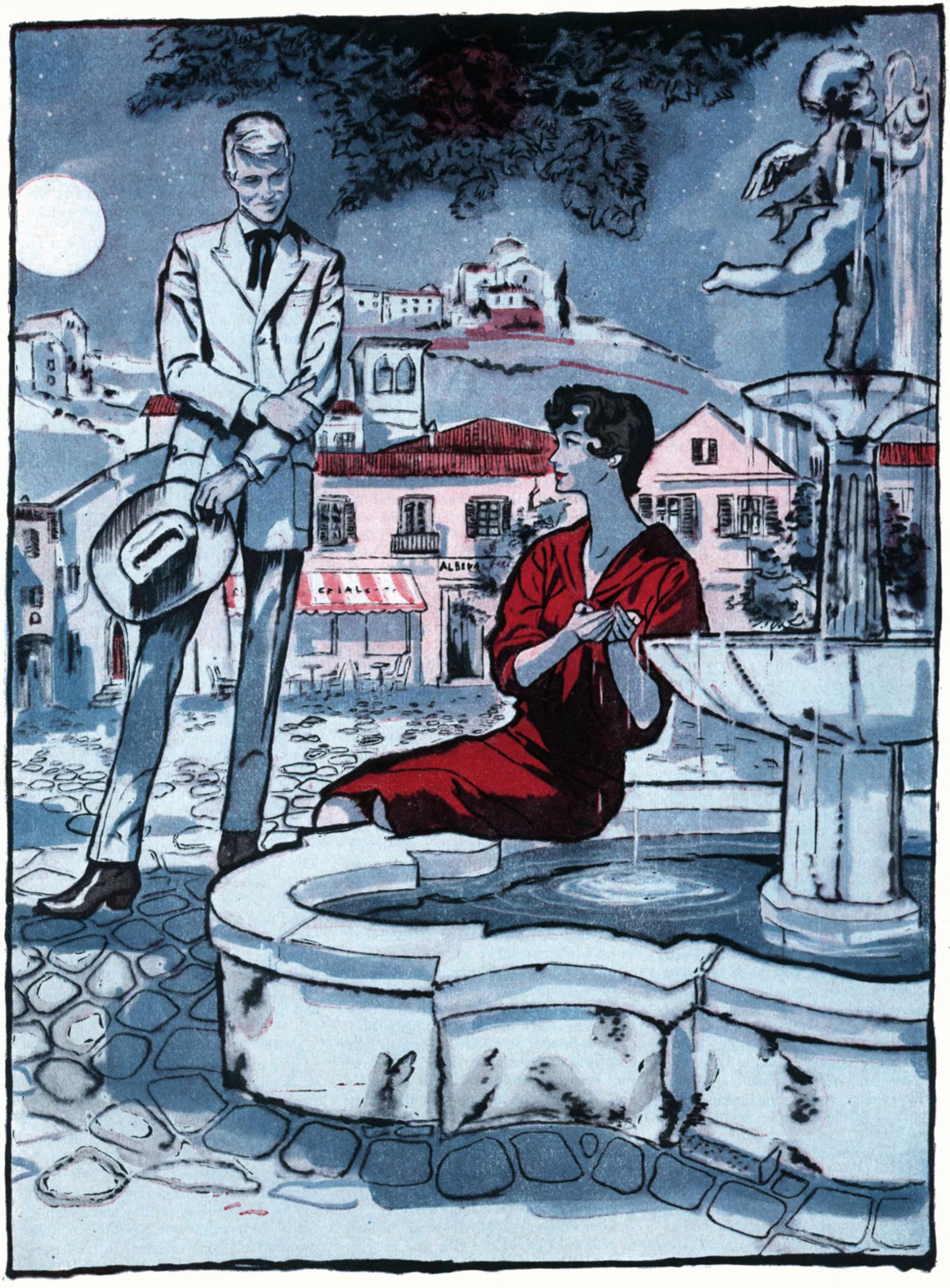
Yes, it was the name of the hill-town: AMORE, the road sign informed him. He took the fork away from the main road and began the ascent. The road climbed in a series of long zigzags, and the crippled Ferrari strained tipsily around the hairpin turns.

The town was not pink, in fact, but entirely and toweringly walled in terra cotta brick; squinting up at its eminence, Austin knew from recent experience with antiquity that it must be very old. He passed a brown-robed monk on a donkey, also going up, and a troupe of schoolchildren guided by a long-skirted priest. The children were greatly diverted by Austin's appearance, and they broke into a gallop after his car. The heavy arched gate, which was barely large enough for a cavalier on horseback, admitted the Ferrari, and he left the potent sun behind. A steep, narrow, cobblestoned street led him farther upward, and finally he came out into the *piazza.*

Austin got out, resettling his Stetson—the nearest he ever came to making a nervous gesture. His lean, perpetually sunburned face, his stance, his walk were relaxed and self-contained. He was not a cowboy but a geologist; he located oil for other people, and in the process he located a good deal for himself.

The square was empty; it was siesta time. A marble fountain coated with pale green lichen played quietly in the center, under a grove of sycamore trees, and beyond, over many flights of steps, there rose a terra cotta church, its square bell tower basking in the vivid sunlight. "Nice," he murmured in his conservative way. "Mighty nice."

But now the schoolchildren, out-distanced only a yard or two by the donkey, plunged into the square and made for Austin. They came to a dead halt around him, panting and grinning, as if he were their prize. Austin grinned back; even



"Why do you drink from the fountain?" he asked. "For love," she answered simply.

the Mexicans at home didn't produce such pretty, large-eyed, rosy-lipped children. And now beaded curtains around the square parted and the proprietors and shopkeepers poured out; shutters opened and heads emerged over geraniums, and, as in the first act of an *opéra bouffe*, the square suddenly came to life. Austin found himself surrounded by a beaming multitude.

"*Americano?* Tex-as?"

One small boy gently placed an inquiring finger on Austin's hip, and Austin raised his hands in the universal sign of surrender; laughter broke out. A priest pushed through the crowd, his spare young face flushed and smiling, his breast heaving. Between gasps for breath a melodious welcome poured from his lips.

But Austin had to shake his head. "*No entiendo usted, Padre*," he said in Spanish. "*No comprendo.*"

"Ah." The priest considered. "Beata," he said, resting his hand on a small boy's shoulder, and in a flash the boy was gone. "*Beata parla inglese*," the priest explained, smiling and nodding. Everyone smiled and nodded.

"Co-ca Co-la?" someone suggested ingratiatingly, and Austin was conducted to an outdoor table before a modest hotel. With sign language he invited the priest to partake with him, and then the eager children, and eventually the entire laughing populace.

A quiet fell upon them while they waited for Beata, and the fountain could be heard softly murmuring. The atmosphere was harmonious, and even though he couldn't converse with anyone Austin was perfectly at ease. He searched the cordial faces around him; they seemed to possess in common a confident, untainted sweetness.

"*Ah, Beata sta venendo!*" And the crowd parted.

From under a distant arch a young woman appeared, walking without haste behind the boy. She wore a white linen suit, nicely cut, and next to it her skin was honey-colored, her short hair neat, dark and shining. It was the incline of her head, as she walked gravely, that was arresting; there was something about it that made Austin think of a novice nun, possessing all innocence and all unearthly wisdom, vulnerable in one sense and utterly invulnerable in another.

He was reminded, with a pang, of Gwendolyn, who walked with her head thrown back, her blonde mane floating behind her, as if she were preceded by banners—Gwendolyn, late as usual, crossing the lobby of the Shamrock, the lounge of the country club, as if she owned the world . . .

He rose, holding the Stetson across his breast. The priest introduced Beata ("Beata della Francesca"), and Austin introduced himself: "Austin Marshall, ma'am."

And now he was looking into gray eyes, dark-fringed, the largest, the softest he had ever seen. "Can I be of any help to you?" She spoke English easily.

"Thank you, ma'am. I've broken a spring on my car. Is there a mechanic here who knows Ferraris?" She smiled faintly; she wore no lipstick and her slender lips were the warm rose-color of the town. "I believe all mechanics in Italy know Ferraris."

"Of course, ma'am." He grinned. "I didn't think. That was like asking if a mechanic in Texas knows Cadillacs."

Her smile widened. "Yes." She had a pleasing economy of words and movement. "I will guide you to the garage."

He thanked her again, bowing, and then turned and thanked the priest. Then he assisted Beata into the car and invited the boy, who, almost suffering with pride, squeezed in between them. Off they went, slowly, with half the town trouping alongside and behind.

It turned out, of course, that a new spring must be sent for, and that there was no possibility of its arriving before the next day.

Suddenly Austin found himself impatient; he never lost his temper, but this was the way he felt instead of losing it. All at once he felt he must get out of this seductive town of Amore. Love had hurt him, still hurt him, he realized, and somehow the atmosphere of Amore and its disarming people was reopening the wound. He must get away, to Rome.

He took out of his pockets not *lire* but twenty-dollar bills, one after the other.

But the mechanic turned his face aside as though embarrassed, smiling and shrugging. Beata moved away quietly, motioning to the onlookers to depart.

Astounded, Austin stared at the man; he couldn't remember when anyone had refused his money. The man gave him a helpless, limpid look, commiserating. And with a rare flush on his cheekbones, Austin had to return the money to his pocket.

Tight-lipped, he allowed Beata to lead him back to the *piazza*. "Few Americans stop here," she told him, as if to pacify him. "Everyone is in too much of a hurry to get from Florence to Rome." Dryly she added, "And the gates are too narrow for Cadillacs."

She arranged for his lodging at the hotel, and with a last little smile, half sympathetic, half mocking, left him.

After supper—a superb meal, he had to acknowledge, of *gnocchi*, veal in wine sauce, and the tenderest of melons—he went to his room and looked up Amore in his guide book. It received scant notice. There were the usual dates (parts of the walls were Roman) and a brief description of the church (fourteenth century), and then he read: "In the square there is a fountain of unknown origin popularly supposed to possess a charm—"

An excited knocking on the door summoned him. Signora Benini, wife of the proprietor, motioned him to descend; he was wanted.

In the harshly lighted room below, which served as restaurant, bar and lounge, a large man in black awaited him with quivering eagerness; over his soiled, bulging waistcoat he clasped a bouquet of roses wrapped in paper lace. The whites of his eyes showed all the way around as they lighted upon Austin.

Beyond, at the bar, sulked a jet-bearded youth in blue jeans, with bicycle clips about his ankles, a get-up which Austin was able by now to recognize as that of the scooter-riding young European intellectual.

Lunging forward with little sliding steps, as though he were on skates for the first time, the fat man crossed the room and fell upon Austin in a monumental embrace. After some scuffling during which they regained their balance, the fat man stood back and proclaimed, "I am the mayor to Amore! I am here to become sure to offer all what is possible to making you happy and gay, so you will be taking away impressions which should remember to you the thoughtless hours spent in Amore. You will be doing me a favor of letting me know if anything, anything at all, you will be desiring, and to allow me of doing service to you!" And triumphantly he pressed upon Austin the bouquet, already wilted by the fervor of its donor.

Austin bowed and made a simple, serious speech of thanks.

The mayor was transported. He mopped the sweat of emotion from his brow. "And now allow me of presenting at you my son, Ramon!" The youth at the bar raised his black brows and barely nodded. "He was attending to the University of Perugia! A son of great beauty and promise!"

Austin gave the son of beauty and promise his cool, appraising eye; sullenly the young man stared back. *Probably votes the straight Communist ticket*, Austin conjectured, amused.

He motioned the mayor to the bar and ordered wine for everyone, including Signor and Signora Benini, who were engaged in the background in the pleasant local practice of smiling and nodding. Shyly the townspeople, smelling another celebration, began to steal in, and once more Austin found himself standing treat to the populace.

The room filled with jubilation and

smoke, someone began to play a trumpet, unaccompanied, and Austin slipped away.

The square was hushed by comparison. Overhead, stars filled the sky. The bells of the church were finally silent, and the muted music of the fountain could again be heard. Austin strolled forward. The low marble basin was perhaps six feet in diameter, and in its center was a conventional cherub, life-size, with a chipped nose, holding on his hip an urn which constantly overflowed.

On the far side of the fountain, seated on the marble rim, was Beata, her head inclined as though listening. He watched her dip her hand into the water and lift it, cupped, to her lips.

"Good evening," he said softly. "Tell me, what is the charm of this fountain? What is its water supposed to be good for?"

She looked up. "For love," she told him simply.

He came around to her side. "For love?"

She smiled. "It is supposed to open the heart. A drink from this fountain is supposed to bring a man success in love and a woman happiness."

He asked if he might sit beside her.

"Of course. You are more polite than any American I ever knew!"

"We Texans, ma'am—"

"I know." She was laughing. "You Texans do everything bigger and better."

"How is it you know so much about America, and speak English so well?"

"I went to Radcliffe for a year."

"But then," he persisted, "begging your pardon, ma'am, I'd think you'd find this town mighty slow."

Her great luminous eyes rested on him gently. "Oh no. I have much to do here. My father is the doctor and I assist him. The town is very poor . . ."

Her voice faded, and he was aware of sadness in her face, dimly lit by the lights sifting through the sycamore leaves. If she was unhappy in love he didn't want to dwell upon it, both because love was a sore subject with him and because he didn't like to think of Beata's being unhappy; it was none of his business.

And again he felt angry at being trapped in this town. Keeping himself to himself these past months, he had found a kind of static contentment; now, in Amore, he couldn't seem to avoid that sore subject for a moment. . . . Could it be that Beata was trapped here, too?

"And you," she asked, "is this a sightseeing trip, a holiday for you?"

"Partly." And he felt another pang . . . Gwendolyn tossing her hair from her shoulders, pouting her adorable lips, lifting her bosom in a sigh: she wasn't sure after all that he was right for her; maybe they shouldn't go through with it; she had cold feet at the last minute. "I don't know, Austin-honey, I'm thinking maybe you're the kind of man who will expect too much of me. Maybe you're a teensy bit old for me. Maybe we should think it over a little more. Nicky Bonselle wants to marry me, too. Maybe he's more my type." For Gwendolyn, inadvertently perhaps, was always honest. . . . And he had had the reservations for their European honeymoon in his pocket . . .

"I came partly on business," he said. Briefly he told her of his profession. "My business over here was to try out a new French twin-jet. It will save me a lot more time than the DC-3's."

"A jet airplane? You bought one?"

"One for myself and one for my company."

"My word! You Texans."

His own good-natured laughter rang out in the star-canopied square, making him seem suddenly younger than his thirty-one years. "My word," he echoed. "You Texans."

She watched him, amused. She said, "I have a feeling you have not laughed like that in a long time."

He caught his lower lip in his teeth, turning to her; if she had been a man he would have put her at once in her place. And yet her understanding humbled him. He said, "I've never known anyone like you before."

In her graceful way she was silent. On an impulse he bent and scooped up a palmful of water. He drank it; there was nothing unusual about its taste. He turned to her again.

She was looking at him as if from a great distance, and her eyes were filled with tears.

Without warning from within himself, he bent and kissed her lips. When he drew back, her face was unchanged, the eyes still looking at him as if from far away, still sparkling with tears. "Beata, you're in love with someone, aren't you?"

She shook her head. "No."

"But you are unhappy; you drank from the fountain."

"Yes."

"Beata," he heard himself saying, to his own helpless amazement, "could you love me?"

She sat perfectly still. "What are you asking me?"

And, dazed, he heard himself answer, "I'm asking you to marry me." She rose, slowly, and he rose too. He grasped her hands. "I mean it, I'm in earnest, I'm not joking. I think I could make you happy."

She was smiling again, and dry-eyed. "Either the fountain has worked its charm on you, or you are very lonely." She withdrew her hands.

Her words brought him instantly to earth. Empty-handed, he clenched his fists and turned away, his cheeks smarting.

Gently she told him, "I am considered engaged to Ramon, the mayor's son."

"*That—!*" But he held his tongue; it had humiliated him enough already.

"Ramon is not what he seems," she said. "He is unsure of himself. He needs love. And I am weak and human enough not to want to be an old maid. Good night, my friend." And she left him.

For a long moment, his hands still clenched, he stood staring at the fountain. He felt he had tasted all there was to know of bitterness. "It is supposed to open the heart . . ." He laughed.

But then he sobered; what if there really was something to it? What if—he caught his breath; he laughed once more. What an outlandish idea! He turned and strode back to the hotel.

The party was still in progress. Austin was greeted with singing Italian endearments, and arms were flung about his neck. At a far table, his hands clasping his glass and his elbows close to his sides, Ramon held forth in undertones to friends of his own generation.

Austin made his way to the mayor, whose moon-face streamed with the sweat of good fellowship. "I have business with you," Austin told him, motioning him to come outside.

"*Buy* the fountain!" The mayor sank down on one of the round outdoor tables, which exactly fitted his round posterior. "But it is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible," Austin said, "if you can afford it."

"But what will you be doing with the fountain? Sending it to Texas?"

"That's the idea."

"But, my dear Mr. Marshall, the fountain is the very heart of this town!"

"The town is poor. You are a practical man, Mr. Mayor. Surely the charm of the fountain is only superstition. I'll give you twelve thousand for it—dollars, not *lire*."

"Twelve thou-sand dollars!" The mound beneath the soiled waistcoat heaved with agitation, the handkerchief was applied again to face and neck. "This is more than seven million *lire*, yes? Amore would be rich! No more the mayors of the other hill-towns would be looking down their noses to me. What a *festa* I would be showing them!" Hastily, with a quick lick of the fat pale lips, he offered nobler considerations: "It would be paying for the doctor's clinic, a new school—"

"A wider gate for Cadillacs," suggested Austin, with a smile. He indicated the boisterous bar. "Do you want to talk it over with the others in there?"

The mayor gave him a delicate smile. “Well, Mr. Marshall, perhaps it is being a good time, while they are all busy at drinking wine, to reach an agreement first, and I will tell them about it after.” The narrowed eyes focused now on Austin. “Nothing is impossible if you can afford it. Ten million *lire*, Mr. Marshall, and the fountain is yours.”

Once more Austin threw back his head and laughed. “You are more practical than I suspected, Mr. Mayor.”

The fountain had been sold! The news spread through the village overnight, and the people were divided into two camps. Mrs. Benini was noticeably hostile and served him an inedible breakfast, but Mr. Benini obsequiously removed it and served him a fresh one.

In the square a little crowd, gathered around the fountain, was being addressed ferociously by Ramon—whether pro or con, Austin could not tell. He rather thought the cynical youth would favor dollars over sentiment, and he was right; Ramon caught sight of him over the heads of the gathering and saluted him with an upthrust fist and a flash of beard-framed teeth. One or two cheers broke out, and a violent quarrel immediately ensued. An old man wept into his bandana, but a woman carrying an infant rushed to Austin and, to his embarrassment, seized his hand and kissed it.

He made his way to the mayor’s office for final arrangements, and then went on to the garage. The mechanic was just finishing the Ferrari. Had the needed spring been fetched during the night? The man greeted Austin effusively, rolled his eyes and blew kisses of approval into the air. Perhaps in the more commercial atmosphere of this morning he had regretted his refusal of Austin’s bribe; perhaps now a tip was in order. With some amusement Austin watched the mechanic snatch the bill and pocket it in a twinkling, as if the sooner the base thing was out of sight the better.

And at last Austin was free to leave Amore.

He had to pass through the square once more, on his way to the gates. The quarreling and speech-making were over and the crowd had dispersed.

He put on the brakes suddenly and stopped; why had he thought he could leave without saying goodbye to Beata? She stood alone in the square, gazing at the fountain, and, hearing the sound of his heels on the cobblestones, she turned and faced him.

They were silent a moment, her great gray eyes resting on him searchingly, as though reappraising him. In a low voice she cried, “Please do not do this!”

“It’s done, ma’am.”

“Then I must believe you are arrogant, and heartless, and childish. Already the town has changed, divided against itself —on one side greed, on the other fury.”

“In other words, I’ve shown up human weakness.” He stepped closer. “Beata, I can’t stand for you to look at me like that! The fountain didn’t work for you, did it? Beata, I made the mayor put it in writing that half the money is to go to your father’s clinic.”

“So I heard. We should be grateful.”

A flush appeared on his cheekbones. “Goodbye, Beata.” But he looked back, hesitating, obeying the same impulse that had led him into such folly the night before. “Beata, I’ll never forget you.”

“And I will never forget you.” Her eyes had not left his face; they held him with unrelenting reproach. “Bear this in mind, Austin: you cannot buy love with ten million *lire*.”

He felt then an unaccustomed stinging in his own eyes. “No,” he answered softly, “I couldn’t buy love at any price. Maybe that’s why I need a charm.”

“Then did you buy the fountain because you believe in it? You believe it will work for you?”

“I aim to find out.” He turned and walked away to the white Ferrari.

Mrs. Sylvia Starr, wearing a gossamer bed-jacket with a white mink collar, her silver breakfast tray on her knees, was talking over the phone to her daughter Gwendolyn, two bedrooms away under the same roof. When they were both at home in Texas she consulted every morning with Gwendolyn in this fashion; Gwendolyn had her own private telephone number and Mrs. Starr simply dialed it. When they were on good terms they were apt to sound like auctioneer and dealer, plotting behind the scenes, realistic and unabashed; but when Gwendolyn was uncooperative and they fell out, they sounded like queen and princess, elaborately refined and observant of the amenities.

Gwendolyn had flown in from New York during the night, and her mother’s call had awakened her at eleven. All mature curves in her ruffled, little-girl nightdress, she drawled sleepily, “Mother-honey, how *sweet* of you to call me so early.”

Mrs. Starr ignored Gwendolyn’s ominous civility; she held a newspaper in her hand and her face wore a purposeful expression. A divorcee of long standing, she had to use her wits to maintain her position and Gwendolyn’s among the truly well-to-do of Texas; fortunately her wits were razor-sharp. “Did you have a good time in Southampton?” she inquired, marking time. “You saw Nicky Bonselle, I suppose.”

“Mother-honey, I’m real-real tired. I would *prefer* not to discuss Nicky now.”

“Social register or no, you are wasting your time on him. I’ve said it before and I say it again. He is nothing but a broken-down New York millionaire. *One* million! It’s laughable.”

“*You* laugh,” yawned Gwendolyn. “I think he’s cute.”

“The trouble is, darling, that you do *not* think, and I have to do it for you. I’ve got news for you.”

“It will keep, Mother-honey.”

Mrs. Starr persisted: “About Austin Marshall.”

Gwendolyn’s voice came noticeably to life. “What about him?”

“Well, he’s back. There’s an interview with him when he landed at the airport, by Wanda Wanderlust, all about how Europe compares with Texas and so on. But at the end he told her he was bringing ‘something special’ from Italy, and Wanda asked who for, and Austin just, quote, ‘smiled mysteriously,’ unquote. And Wanda concludes, quote, ‘Hint to a certain socialite glamour girl: Austin is a Texan, and Texans never give up!’ unquote. You don’t deserve another chance at him, darling, but it looks as if the door is still open. Millions and millions, and you threw it all away!”

“What sort of something special, do you suppose?” mused Gwendolyn in a dreamy voice. “Maybe a cute little old sports car . . .”

“Now you begin to make sense.”

“Of course, Mother-honey; I’ve got *you* to think for me. Oh lord, I guess I better get up and do something about my hair. A certain socialite glamour girl looks more like Daisy Mae.” There was a momentary pause, and her voice was dreamy again. “You know, I’ve missed Austin, and that’s a fact.”

When he had become engaged Austin had abandoned the old Marshall ranch house and built for Gwendolyn a splendid modern dwelling, the last word in functionalism. A third of the swimming pool was enclosed by glass and contained an island with a tree and exotic plants; it was actually the lower part of the drawing room. The remaining two-thirds curved out-of-doors in an artful but apparently haphazard shape, and at night the whole could be softly lighted both above and beneath the water. At the far end of the pool there was a long shuttered dressing pavilion, painted, at Gwendolyn’s request, a pale pink.

“We will move the pavilion,” said Bruce Easterland, with a wave of his heavily cuff-linked wrist. He had an intimidating way of addressing his clients which made them almost ashamed to open their mouths. But he had decorated the homes of everybody who was anybody in Texas, and none of his clients could “visualize" as he could. "We will move the pavilion to the other side of the pool and create a *living* setting in its place. Cyprus trees! Pink camellias! And *lots* of ferns. Against such a setting the fountain will look absolutely regal!"

"I don't know about the water supply," said Austin. "I may have to put in another well."

"Oh, you engineers," said Bruce, dismissing him with some inaccuracy, and resumed his visualizing. "We will paint the fountain pale pink, to match the buildings, and put floodlights on it, colored lights that will change automatically. And you must have a big party and invite *everybody*, and have a symphony orchestra behind the bushes ready to burst out with 'The Fountains of Rome,' and at a given signal the lights will go on and the fountain will begin to play. Oh, I'm *very* excited about this!"

"Pink?" asked Austin, rousing himself from doubts about the water supply. "Paint it pink?"

"But certainly! We will marbleize it, of course. But it must match; you can't just have it plain. And if you will forgive my reminding you, pink is Miss Starr's favorite color."

"Maybe you're right. What I'm worried about is the water supply."

"Yes, so you have said. Now, when does the fountain arrive?"

"There's been some delay; it seems they had a little trouble getting it through the gates of the town. It arrives in New York by boat next week, and the van should bring it a week after that."

"Then we must move the pavilion at once and get started with the planting."

"We'll see about the water supply first," said Austin quietly, and Bruce, glancing at Austin's face, discovered he knew when not to open his own mouth.

Gwendolyn, late as usual, came out into the patio of her home where Austin waited for her. She was dressed in western riding gear which fitted her figure snugly, and the bright sunshine shimmered in her floating hair. "Austin-honey!" She went straight to him, stood on tiptoe and kissed his cheek.

His face colored, and his arms quickly closed about her waist.

"Oh, Austin-honey, you're not mad with me any more, are you?"

"Nobody could stay mad with you, Gwendolyn. You're too—" he searched for a word "—too natural."

She smiled captivatingly. "And besides, I'm pretty."

"And fresh, too," he added.

She laughed. "Oh, you're just the same old Austin! You always make me feel like a bad child."

He was prevented from confirming this by the entrance of Mrs. Starr, striking in an elaborately embroidered cashmere sweater and a skirt to match, wearing a thin sideways smile to match her sideways coiffure. She gave Austin her hand, all but buried in gold bracelets and bangles. "How are you, darling? Welcome home! How was Europe?"

"It was mighty nice, ma'am. It was—"

But Mrs. Starr's eyes, like those of so many people who have trapped themselves into hearing about someone else's trip, glazed. "Darling, you must tell me all about it sometime."

"I took a lot of colored slides. Maybe you'd like—"

"Of course, darling, I'd adore to see them. You're flying Gwendolyn to Mill Fletcher's barbecue, aren't you? You'd better get started; it's hundreds of miles." She gave them her sideways smile again, and her aquamarine eyes were brilliant with satisfaction. "It seems so natural to see you two together again. Run along, darlings!"

Gwendolyn linked arms with Austin and they crossed the patio to an exit into the drive. "I'm glad we've got a long ways to go—we've got so much catching up to do. I just can't picture you in Europe! Did you have lots of glamorous dates in Paris? Did you meet any of those ravishing black-haired Italian girls?"

Beata's haunting face, as he had left her, came immediately to his mind. "I prefer blondes," he said softly, frowning a little.

"Oh, Austin," cried Gwendolyn irrepressibly, "is this it?" She had come to a halt before the white Ferrari. "Oh, Austin-honey, it's a dream! Is this the something special you told Wanda Wanderlust about?"

"No, it is not."

"You are smiling mysteriously. Austin, you know how I hate to be kept in suspense!"

"So do I," he said, with a grin and a meaningful glance. Pouting, Gwendolyn flounced into the car.

"You haven't changed a bit," she said crossly, with a toss of her glorious hair.

From the beginning the fountain presented difficulties. There was a delay in New York, and finally Austin had to fly up to see to the fountain's transfer to the van. The water supply, as Austin had feared, turned out to be inadequate to keep the fountain running constantly and still supply the spacious house, the pavilion, the pool, and the sprinklers on the grounds. On his return from New York Austin found the new well completed and the pump installed, but the water was curiously muddy; they could only hope it would clear in time for the party.

When the fountain itself arrived they discovered that the ancient leaden urn had broken loose and split open.

Bruce Easterland was disappointed with the whole thing—the unimpressive size of the fountain, the marble with its green scum still clinging to it, the chipped-nosed cherub. "It's so *ordinary!*"

He suggested that the urn be replaced with something more spectacular, which would not only spout a circular cascade but could be lighted from within—something, perhaps, in pink alabaster . . .

"We'll repair the old urn," said Austin, in the manner which caused Bruce to shut his eyes and capitulate. "Otherwise it might not work."

"What do you mean? What might not work?"

But Austin declined to explain. If the charm was to work for Gwendolyn and him, it must do so without any advance publicity or power of suggestion.

Now the area around the pool seethed with activity. Invitations for the party had been sent out and people from all over Texas as well as from New Orleans, New York and California, would be coming. Landscape architects, carpenters, painters and plumbers worked feverishly to meet the deadline.

With some misgivings Austin watched the fountain being painted pink and "marbleized": even the cherub got a double coat. He hoped it would please Gwendolyn, but in his heart he asked Beata's forgiveness.

"What is going *on* over at your house?" complained Gwendolyn. "Why can't I just peek? Listen, the *Dallas News* says it's a statue. Is it, Austin? Is that the something special? Oh, Austin, honestly, you're real-real mean! Sometimes you're just like a *rock*, and that's when I think we'd never get along together, in spite of all those—"

His arms captured her. They were in the Ferrari in her drive; he had brought her home from a dance at the club, and in a filmy gown she was more alluring than ever. "All those what, sweetheart?" Her hair seemed to him to smell of Texas and sunshine and the blue skies of spring.

She pushed him away. "All those millions! Well, don't deny it; you do think I ought to have some respect for them, don't you?"

In spite of himself he was laughing. "I love the way you call a spade a spade. No, I never thought you were the kind who would marry me for money."

"I just might, you know."

"I want you to marry me for myself, Gwendolyn." And he added in a faraway voice, strange to her, "For love."

Suddenly she leaned close and twined her arms around his neck. "Oh, Austin-honey, you're really handsome. You're really real-real sweet." The touch of her lips made his head spin; this was how she had enslaved him in the first place, and convinced him he must have her for his own . . .

After a long time they drew apart. "Now," she asked breathlessly, "now will you tell me what the something special is?"

"No," he gasped.

She got out of the car and slammed the door without saying good night.

Everything was in readiness for the party; in half an hour Austin's guests would begin to arrive.

It was a perfect starry night, and the grounds were softly illuminated, the lights above and within the pool turned on. Flowers, tastefully arranged, blossomed everywhere. The symphony orchestra from Dallas was quietly tuning up behind the new shrubbery. Within the house a famous small jazz combination was set up, and a larger, equally famous band was stationed by the outdoor dance floor. There were four bars and a number of lavish buffets, both inside and outside the house, and a whole steer was roasting over the barbecue pit. Half a dozen popular singers were on hand to entertain, as well as a lissome, expensive-looking dancing couple from New York, and several television and movie comedians.

The fountain, under spotlights, was shrouded in pink lamé embroidered with brilliants and pearls.

It looked rather like a fancy teepee, thought Austin, surveying it from the pool's edge where he waited for his guests. Would the fountain itself, when it was unveiled, be an awful anticlimax?

It was a far cry from the *piazza* of Amore. With an unexpected ache in his heart he pictured it as it had stood under the sycamore trees, green-scummed, modestly murmuring, with a look of being cherished. And Beata's face came back to him, as it had so many times and as he had known it would, the reproachful eyes following him everywhere. Had she married the bearded son of the mayor by now? He wondered if Beata still had faith in the charm of the fountain, or had ever had faith in it. He thought then, without knowing why, that if she believed in it, he could, too.

A festive blast from an automobile horn came from the driveway, and the party was under way. The dance orchestras began to play, bartenders went into action, and the house and grounds filled and overflowed. There was a resplendent show of gowns and jewels and furs, and here and there a man in dazzling western evening dress towered over his brethren in mundane white jackets.

Everyone tried to peek under the embroidered lamé, but Austin stood guard and laughingly fended them off. "Not till midnight!" he told them.

Mrs. Starr approached, wearing her set, sideways smile. Her gown and jewels matched her eyes, and her narrow figure was altogether elegant. "Gwendolyn is coming along later," she said, in answer to Austin's query. Her aquamarine eyes smouldered. "*With* Nicky Bonselle. Darling, what on *earth* made you invite him down?"

"He's a nice kid," said Austin, with a confident grin.

"Darling, you *are* still fond of Gwendolyn, aren't you?"

"I'm still fond of her."

"Then you should keep Nicky away from her. They get along much too well together." And leaving Austin somewhat disconcerted, she joined the throng.

The party wore on with increasing gaiety. The singers sang, the professional dancers danced, the comedians were funny. Austin had looked at his watch for the eleventh time and found it to be a quarter to twelve, when Gwendolyn at last appeared on the arm of Nicky Bonselle.

"Hi, Austin-honey!" she cried, down the length of the pool, and dragged Nicky forward. He was an attractive youth with dark hair and eyes and an amiable face; he shook hands courteously but he was plainly ill at ease. Gwendolyn hung on his arm with both hands and her face was suspiciously flushed.

"Nicky and I," she caroled, coming right to the point as usual, "have been warming up at the club with champagne. Buckets and buckets!" She burst into laughter. "Look at Austin's face! I told you I'd make him mad."

Nicky ran a finger around his collar. "It's my fault; I didn't realize—"

"It's *not* your fault," said Gwendolyn. "You are being noble. You tried to stop me but I got the bit in my teeth. It's Austin's fault, that's whose, for being such a rock. He just *makes* me want to misbehave!" And suddenly her blue eyes filled with tears.

As if roused from a dream, Austin wondered whether the whole affair—transplanting the fountain, striving to win Gwendolyn, the party itself—was not a colossal absurdity. Sick at heart, filled with dread, he wished he could call everything off.

But just then Gwendolyn spied the tent of pink lamé and he knew it was too late. Her face lighted up again. "Oh, Austin-honey, I clean forgot about the something special! Is that it? Is that really it?"

"That is it," he said joylessly.

Mrs. Starr appeared from nowhere with a cup of black coffee. "Drink this," she commanded Gwendolyn between her set lips, "*if* you know what's good for you."

Promptly Gwendolyn gulped it down. "There!" She flung back her cloud of hair and smiled angelically into Austin's face. Her shoulders were bare and her Paris frock of ermine-trimmed blue satin became her enchantingly. Her blue eyes were quite clear. She giggled irresistibly. "Now can I see it, Austin-honey?"

A little crowd had begun to gather around them. Excitedly Bruce Easterland rushed up to say everything was ready for the unveiling.

With a helpless sound, much like a groan, Austin drew Gwendolyn into the circle of his arm and gave her the cord which would withdraw the pink lamé. Nicky and Mrs. Starr stepped back into the crowd, and the traps of the dance orchestra made a flourish for silence. For an instant the grounds were hushed. Flowers and lights and gowns were reflected, motionless, in the pool.

Austin had had a little speech prepared, but now all he could say was, "Go ahead, sweetheart." Then suddenly the concealed symphony orchestra burst forth in sonorous magnificence. Gwendolyn pulled the cord and the pink marbleized fountain of Amore was revealed.

There was a chorus of dubious *oh*'s and *ah*'s and half-hearted applause. Gwendolyn turned open-mouthed to Austin. "Is that it? A fountain?" She gulped. "Well, I mean, it's real-real cute, but—" The guests were beginning to drift away.

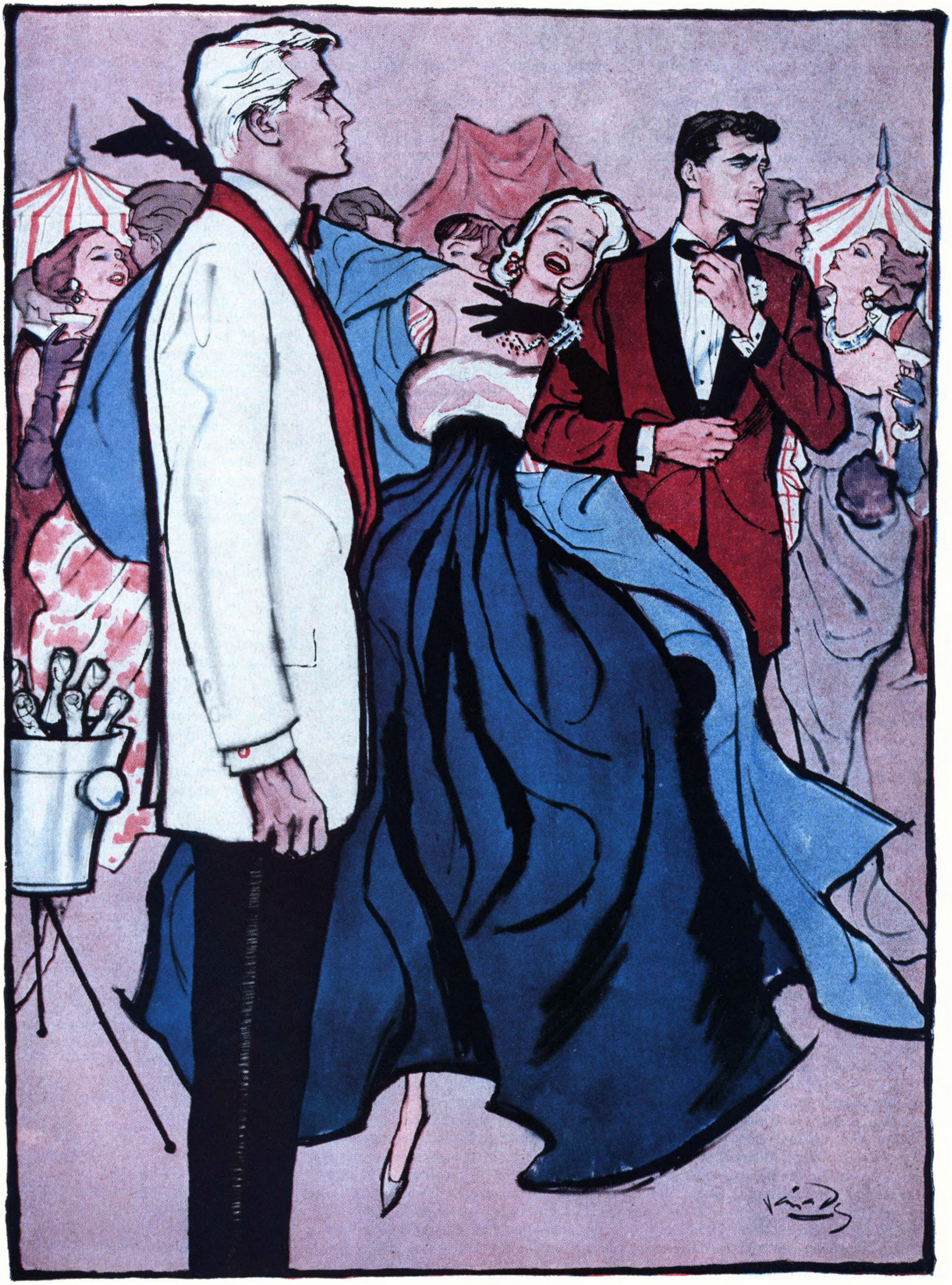
"Wait!" Austin cried, holding up his hands. "Please wait!" The crowd paused. "Wait till I turn it on! Gwendolyn must be the first to drink from it, and then I want to tell you its secret." His guests exchanged puzzled glances.

"Oh, I'm sick of secrets," wailed Gwendolyn, but her mother, close by, hissed at her to be silent.

A waiter brought a single gold goblet on a tray. Bruce clapped his hands as a signal and colored lights began to play over the fountain. Austin stepped toward the shrubbery and turned on the tap. There was an ominous gurgling and churning in the plumbing. Gwendolyn made a hopeless face at Nicky Bonselle.

In the next instant muddy fluid began to spout from the leaden urn, muddier than ever before, and the horrid churning and gurgling grew louder. Then with an explosion the fountain erupted, the leaden urn was blown off, and as Gwendolyn screamed, the fluid, now inky black, showered forth in a geyser.

What followed was pandemonium. There was a disorganized scramble to retreat. Bruce, wringing his hands, howled, "Turn it off! Turn it off!" It could not be turned off. Nicky was trying



"Darling," Gwendolyn cried. "I promise I'll be good. Let me see the surprise"

in vain to mop Gwendolyn off with a silk handkerchief. And through it all, the screams and the confusion, the symphony orchestra played majestically on.

Her fists clenched at her sides, Gwendolyn confronted Austin. "Is this your idea of a joke?" she shrieked. "Is this your something special? Look at me! My dress is ruined. I'll never get this stuff out of my hair. I hate you, I hate you forever!" And she wheeled and plunged through the crowd to the house.

Stunned, Austin gazed up at the black spout and said, as if he were talking in his sleep, "It's oil."

"It's oil!" The word was passed around, and a great surge of laughter and applause rose. Wasn't it just Austin's luck? Right in his own back yard! It could only happen in Texas! The uproar grew, whoops and cowboy yells filled the night, a snake dance began around the pool.

The party was a success after all. Mrs. Starr cornered Gwendolyn in a powder room where she was trying to wash her grease-stained face.

"You are going back out there," said Mrs. Starr, trembling, "and beg his pardon."

"Are you crazy? Never," sobbed Gwendolyn.

"It was oil, you idiot. He struck oil."

Gwendolyn turned her stained face from the mirror, her mouth agape.

"It was going to be a present to you, wasn't it?" continued Mrs. Starr. "Your own oil well! Are you going to throw that away, too?"

"My very own oil well," murmured Gwendolyn. Her eyes were beginning to shine.

"Forget about your appearance," said her mother, "and go out there and take back what you said before it's too late."

Gwendolyn found Austin at last, seated on one of the folding chairs vacated by the musicians behind the shrubbery. The symphony orchestra had packed up and departed, and the dance bands were playing again. The sounds of revelry indicated that the party would go on until morning.

She sat down beside him. "I'm sorry, Austin-honey. I'm sorry for what I said."

"I'm sorry, too," he told her lifelessly. "I'm sorry about your dress. I'll get you a new one, a dozen new ones if you like."

"Why, it's nothing, honey. I didn't mean what I said. I thought it was a mean joke. I didn't know it was oil."

He studied her, smiling a little. "But you know now."

"Why, yes. Mother told me." She clapped her hand over her mouth. "There I go again!"

"Yes. You're incorrigible. And I never could stop liking you."

She snuggled close. "Then everything's just the same again!"

"No," he said quietly, without moving. "Not exactly. You were right, Gwendolyn, we never could get along together. I haven't been nearly as honest with myself, or with you, as you have been."

She sat back and looked at him with serious blue eyes. "Well, I guess I did try to be."

"You've known all along the difference between love and fondness, as well as I know it now. Listen, Gwendolyn, if you know where to find love, go to him, and don't let your mother stop you."

She giggled. "Nicky, you mean."

"You take your Nicky and run."

She jumped to her feet, delighted. "Maybe I will!" She hesitated. "But what about you, Austin? You sound sad."

Slowly he rose. "I've just learned a lesson, that's all, one I had coming to me." Whatever the lesson, he seemed to have accepted it. Something unrealistic that hadn't sat well in his artless face, perhaps something childish and arrogant, had left it. "Gwendolyn, I'll deed you that well as a wedding present. Then maybe your mother will be reconciled."

"Oh, Austin-honey, you're real-real sweet!" She flung her arms about him and kissed him. But before she left him she paused once more. "Austin, you said the fountain had a secret. What is it?"

"It was only a superstition." And in that strange, faraway voice, tinged now with irony, he said, "A drink from that fountain is supposed to open the heart. It's supposed to make a man successful in love and a woman happy."

Gwendolyn smothered a laugh. "Poor Austin! It clean backfired on you, didn't it?" And she was gone.

The gates had been widened; there was room for both fountain and Cadillac. It was May, and the tourist season was not really under way, but as the white Ferrari climbed the steep street, Austin noted signs that Amore hoped to attract at last some of the tourists hurrying from Florence to Rome—a new filling station, a restaurant, posters advertising a *festa* in June ("See the City Called Love!"). The street in general had been spruced up. Shutters were drawn, for it was three o'clock, and almost no one was about.

Getting out of the car, Austin forced himself to turn and face the grove of sycamore trees. In the space once occupied by the fountain a solitary pipe rose from the ground, with a faucet that dripped forlornly. It was a sad memorial.

But perhaps they had been too busy getting ready for tourists to care. Yes, the town of Amore had changed. Where once it had been cheerfully indigent, uniquely beguiling, with the air of being unspoiled, it now had a businesslike atmosphere, its eye sharpened, so to speak, on the American dollar; its new prettiness came close to being self-conscious, like a movie set. The very heart of the town, as the mayor had put it, was missing.

The young priest who had first introduced Austin to Beata came hurrying down the church steps, his head bowed. Austin crossed the square to intercept him.

The priest raised his head and stared. "I knew," he said, "you come back some day." Perhaps in anticipation of sightseers, he had learned a little English. "Welcome to Amore," he said, but Austin would have preferred the dulcet greeting in his native tongue.

"Father," said Austin, resettling his Stetson in the old, uneasy way, "I want to see Beata, Beata della Francesca."

"Oh, yes, Beata!" The young priest smiled and nodded. Had he failed to correct her last name out of courtesy?

"Is she—would she be at her father's clinic?"

"O, si, clinica, si!"

"Would you show me the way?"

But the priest put two fingers in his mouth and whistled. And presently from around the corner came running the same boy who had produced Beata in the first place.

The boy's face broke into a wide grin as the priest informed him of his mission. Quickly he climbed into the Ferrari. "First right," he said with authority. Even the child had been infected, Austin thought; already he was a professional.

They drew up at length before a neat narrow building of terra cotta. The boy hopped out and opened the car door for Austin. Then, with a cherubic smile, he held out his hand. Austin did what was expected. The boy examined the coins carefully, and smiled again. "I watch car," he said, and settled himself on the sidewalk in the shade of the Ferrari.

Holding his Stetson across his heavily beating heart, Austin rang the bell by the entrance.

It was Beata who opened the door.

She was wearing a white smock, and her face went almost as white. There was a vibrant instant of silence. Yes, her eyes were as large as he had remembered, as beautifully lashed.

She was the first to find her voice. She dropped her eyes, and without smiling said, "Will you come in?"

She led him down a white corridor smelling of antiseptics to a little room with a desk and telephone which was evidently her office. She motioned to a chair and seated herself behind the desk.

Softly she said, "Why did you come back? Did you come to see how your first visit affected the town?" Now her great eyes fixed him with the sadness he remembered, the look that had haunted him for so long. "Did you come to see what ten million *lire* has done to the city called Love?"

"Go on," he said. "I want to hear it. I want you to put it all into words."

"Perhaps you would like me to show you about the new clinic? Three floors, we now have, five more beds, a surgery, a new delivery room. My father would no doubt appreciate your approval. He was very grateful for the medicines you sent."

"Go on."

She rose suddenly and went to a window overlooking a little garden. "No," she said at last, almost steadily. "There is already too much rancor."

He got to his feet. "I came hoping to make it up to you, Beata, but I realize I can't undo what I've done; I'd never deserve your forgiveness."

She turned, and her eyes rested on him again. Without hesitation she said, "I forgive you," as if forgiveness were a simple thing compared to bringing about the need of it. The telephone rang. She lowered her eyes again. "Unless you would like me to show you about the clinic, I must get back to work." She took up the receiver.

Quietly Austin made his departure. He hadn't said at all what he had come to say, but perhaps it was just as well. Only one thing cheered him: Beata was not wearing a wedding ring.

There was a commotion in the square. People were running toward it from all directions. The van had arrived. Austin had seen it loaded in Naples the day before and then driven on ahead. He stopped the car in a corner of the square.

The populace crowded and surged around the van, standing on tiptoe, interrogating the driver. "*La fontana!*" someone whispered, and the word was taken up softly: "*La fontana! La fontana!*" as if a raised voice might dispel the possibility. The driver descended, pushed importantly through the crowd, and flung back the rear doors. A great heart-felt sigh arose. It was true; they could see the cherub in the smaller crate.

The fountain had come home.

With a cry expressing all the remorse of the worldly and gratitude for reprieve, a woman fell to her knees. The old man wept into his bandana once more.

But it was pink, someone exclaimed. It had turned pink! For some reason this became a source of general hilarity. Perhaps during the past months laughter had been restrained in Amore. "Beautiful," they cried, embracing one another. "Much more beautiful!"

Then someone caught sight of Austin and pointed; it was too late to escape.

The mayor, thought Austin, was in danger of melting away. He had waxed fatter during the winter, and his tears were channeled into a great variety of creases and folds. With passionate admonitions and counter-suggestions the men of the town had worked all afternoon and part of the evening to re-install the fountain, and now the mayor was telling Austin, who had lingered to take care of the final expenses, that the men would accept no reward for their work. "It is being a labor of love," he sobbed.

Austin, the mayor, and the priest were seated in the Benini restaurant which had been alarmingly re-decorated with purple curtains and orange artificial flowers.

The ceremonies in the *piazza* were at last over. When the fountain had begun playing again the mayor had been called upon to make a speech; he had implored Austin to make one too, but Austin had taken cover in the Benini hotel. Fireworks intended for the *festa* had been set off, the bells had rung, and wine had flowed free. In fact it was decided that no greater event could ever be celebrated, that this was the *festa* and to the devil with the tourists; the posters would be recalled. At midnight there had been a general pilgrimage to the church to offer thanks, which had a sobering effect, and the celebrants had finally straggled home.

"We were thinking too much of business," said the mayor penitently, wiping away his tears. "Is it not so, Father? We were having nothing but scheming in our heads. Mr. Marshall, you are bringing us back to our senses."

"And you, Father?" asked Austin. "How do you feel about the fountain? Is it sacred or profane?"

"It is—what you call—non-denominational," said the priest, getting the word out with a triumphant smile. "I prayed that you bring it back. It belongs in Amore."

"Yes, it is being the old Amore again!"

"What about your son?" Austin asked. "Why wasn't he here tonight?"

"Ramon?" The mayor threw out his hands incredulously. "You are not hearing of it? He is being in the movies! An American film which is making in Rome. They were needing his beard. He is playing at the role of a—how do you say—centaur, centurion? It makes no difference. He is already rich! Was I not telling you he is a son of promise?"

Once again Austin stepped out into the quiet, star-canopied square. Once again the fountain murmured. And there, too, was Beata.

She looked up as he approached. "I hoped you would come."

"I hoped you would be here." He sat down on the marble rim beside her.

"Why did you not tell me? Why did you let me speak as I did today?"

"I wanted you to."

She smiled a little. "You needed me to say what I did?"

"Yes."

"I understand." The musical sounds of the water held them silent for a moment. Then gently she said, "It didn't work for you, did it?"

"Of course not. You warned me it wouldn't."

"Oh, no! I warned you that you could not buy love. That is very different."

"Then you think the charm does work?"

"It works if you want to believe it does. That is the way with all faith. What you believe is what is true for you."

Anything is possible, he had told the mayor, if you can afford it. "I believed, without realizing it, that whatever I wanted I could have—without really knowing what I wanted. You've taught me a great deal, Beata."

She watched him, smiling, with the distant expression in her eyes. "You have taught us a great deal. Amore was willing to sell its soul, and you have given it freely back. It is a lesson we won't forget."

"I'm sorry it's pink," he said. "I tried to have the paint removed but the marble had absorbed it. Maybe it will wear off in time. Or I could have an expert come down from Florence—"

She laughed softly. "You are waving your wand again. You haven't reformed at all!"

He grinned. "It's going to be hard to break the habit."

"Besides, everyone loves it pink."

"Love, love. I love you, Beata."

She sat very still.

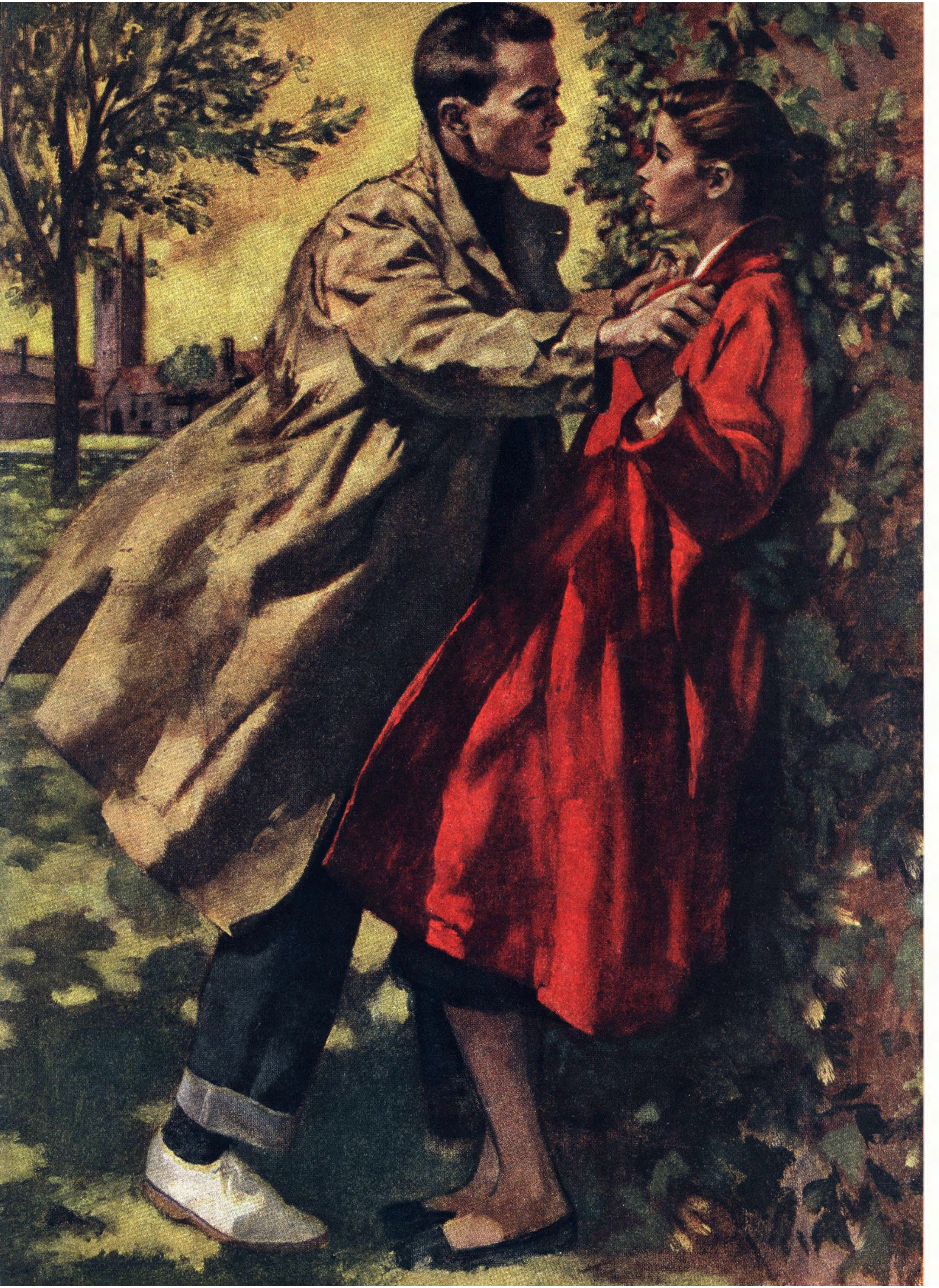
"I'm leaving tonight. I'm going back to Rome. But I want you to know I wasn't just carried away for the moment, that night when we sat here before. I meant what I said. I don't know if you're still engaged to Ramon or not, but I want you to know I've never stopped loving you."

She turned away, her hands clasped tightly together and trembling.

"It's all right," he said, rising. "I'll go now. I didn't mean to upset you." He stooped and drank once more of the water. "I wish with all my heart for your happiness." And he strode away.

He was just getting into the Ferrari, when he heard her footsteps running to him, running in a way that made him turn and open his arms to her.

Then all that could be heard in the square was the melodious sound of the fountain playing. THE END



THE GENTLE RAIN

Alone, in pride and pain, she shut out everyone who wanted to help her. Only a miracle could break through the wall of bitterness and heartbreak around this beautiful young girl

BY NANCY BURRAGE OWEN ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LIDOV

Mary Randall drove slowly along the tree-lined road which wound through the campus, not seeing the golden trees shimmering in the early morning sunlight or the vines clutching at the stone walls, but trying instead to notice everything which might be important on this crucial, this dreadful day. And it should be such a wonderful day, she thought, as it was for me—brimming over with excitement, with the promise of new things beginning! Not tense, not fearful . . .

For just a moment she let herself look at her daughter, sitting beside her. She looked like any pretty college girl—fresh, glowing skin, soft brown hair curling about the lovely face. Except that her shoulders were too rigidly, stiffly erect, and the beautiful blue eyes which had once been the sparkling, shining mirrors of so many emotions now wore the vague, expressionless look of the blind.

Oh, Beth, she longed to cry. Beth . . . But whatever she said would be wrong, and it was too late for words now. Nothing anybody had said for fifteen long months had dented that terrible pride of Beth's which would not let her carry a cane, or have a dog. So that now she had to make it all by herself. She *can't*, Mary thought with panic stabbing her chest. And I can't make her do it. I promised I would, but I can't!

She bit her lip hard, almost savagely, and looked back at the road. She must *not* think, and she *must* keep on schedule. Thank heavens it was early enough so that the campus had not come alive yet. She glanced at her watch. It should be seven-thirty when she reached the crosswalk, so there would be half an hour for Beth to get from the car into the room where the exam was to be given. Actually, it had only taken ten minutes to get there last night, but Beth had to be safely in the room before the rush began. Still, she probably shouldn't have allowed so long . . . it would be terrible for Beth to sit alone and wait . . .

Oh dear, here was the crosswalk! There was the Liberal Arts Building—looking miles and miles away, but actually one hundred and five steps straight down this walk. It was such a big campus, so many buildings, and two thousand freshmen for Beth to run into, to battle her way through . . . Mary's heart beat rapidly, alarmingly, but she remembered to put on the brakes slowly. "Here we are," she said. She watched Beth grope in her pocket, checking its contents for the twentieth time. Lipstick, comb, handkerchief, the registration card she might need. But no mirror, any more.

"We're right by the walk," Mary said. "Get out, honey, and I'll hand you the typewriter."

No movement from Beth, no word. What if she wouldn't get out? I can't open the door and shove her. But if she doesn't, we're lost. "Open the door, Beth. You don't want to have to hurry."

There was a little gasp, and the defenseless mouth trembled. "I *can't*, Mother!" For an instant, the voice shook, pleaded—but then, at once, the voice became defiant. "It's useless, Mother. Give it up!"

"I won't give it up!" Mary said. "I've gone off and left your father and your brothers to get along all by themselves. I've paid a month's rent on the apartment. Dozens of people on the university staff have done dozens of things to make it easier for you. A thoughtful junior has come back to school a week early to read you the freshman English test." She took a long breath. "Now *open the door and get out*."

For a terrible minute nothing happened, and then the door opened and Beth got out, awkwardly, and stood there, facing south instead of east. She looked so lost, so pathetically lost. Mary slid across the front seat, taking the portable typewriter with her. She put it in Beth's left hand.

"It's heavy," Beth said crossly. "I want it in my right hand."

"You need your right hand to open the door," Mary said. "And it isn't heavy. Now remember just how we went last night, and don't hurry. I'll be here waiting for you at noon." Very gently, she turned Beth around, and got back in the car, shutting the door firmly.

Beth took three steps and turned around. "Mother?" There was desperation in her voice now, and Mary's heart lurched.

"Yes, dear?"

"Is my lipstick smeared?"

"No," Mary said. "You look lovely."

"Not that it matters," Beth said, turning and walking away with slow, measured steps. Mary put the car in low and drove off, through the campus and out onto the street, battling the tears which blurred her vision. She couldn't help it, she was crying—hard but quietly, as she had learned to do through all these long months, and all the time lecturing herself, making herself stop. Don't think. Get to work right away and keep at it—there's a lot to do. Write to Jim. Oh, she'd love to call him, to hear his voice! But she couldn't. They couldn't stand another penny of expense, and besides, let Jim be free, for a day at least, of the burden of grief. He couldn't cry as she could, and crying was supposed to help.

All it does is make me more tired, Mary thought, parking in front of the apartment house. She turned off the motor and sat there. At once her mind

"Nobody understands," she cried wildly. "You mean," he said, "you haven't guessed about me?"

started scurrying around, gnawing at the crumbs of worry hidden there . . . The college walks weren't smooth, Beth could stumble, could fall . . . Right now, she might be on the wrong walk, wandering around, terrified, lost in her dark, and too proud to ask anyone for help. The dogs—oh Lord, she'd seen dogs loping across the campus, and never once thought that one of them might jump up on Beth, knock her down! Why hadn't she thought of that last night? Every fraternity had at least one dog for a mascot . . . She'd have to rush back and see. Frantically, she reached for the ignition key.

No. She'd promised Jim faithfully that she wouldn't. "She's too dependent on you, Mary," Jim had said. "Give her a chance to get back on her own feet." That's what Miss McKenzie had told her, too. Give her a chance. No one else can fight her battle for her.

Miss McKenzie was a psychology professor, and she taught graduate students to be rehabilitation counselors, to help the blind. But Miss McKenzie didn't know Beth.

"Of course I think she can get through college," Miss McKenzie had said when Beth went to see her. "Look at her I.Q.! And we have at least a dozen blind students. Everybody's eager to help them. We have volunteer readers, and recordings of textbooks. Not enough, but many. Of course, it would be much easier for her if she'd had some special training, if she'd use a cane or consider a guide dog, and if she'd live in a dorm, so she could get back into contact with the world."

How could she explain to Miss McKenzie that Beth didn't want to be helped, that she was contemptuous of words like "therapy" and "rehabilitation"? "What shall I major in?" Beth had asked bitterly, when they kept insisting on college. "Basket weaving? Or *broom* making? Isn't that what the blind do, make brooms?" How could she tell Miss McKenzie about the pride which wouldn't let Beth accept any help, any pity—the pride which would never let her live in a dorm, which had made her cut herself off from everyone and do nothing for an entire year but lie on her bed, snapping the radio on and off, refusing to go out where someone might see her stumbling and groping, worrying about things like the part in her hair not being straight, or her lipstick being smeared?

"But that's very natural," Miss McKenzie had said, softly, after Mary had made herself confess these things. "If you were nineteen and beautiful, wouldn't you worry about such things?"

Of course she would, Mary knew. And she found herself telling Miss McKenzie about the vibrant girl Beth had been before the accident—the smartest girl in the class, the most popular, determined to be a great actress. Intense, dramatic about everything, scornful of failure, of mediocrity, and thrilled with success, so proud she was almost arrogant. They'd worried about that pride, she and Jim, talked about it the night, the very night of the accident, after Beth and Chuck had left for the prom. "It's normal," Mary remembered saying. "You can't blame her. She's riding the crest of a wave." "Yes," Jim agreed. "I guess something will have to happen to knock some humility into her."

Well, something had happened. But it hadn't knocked humility into her. Wild anger at first—a few, a very few times of clinging, pathetic need for help, but no humility. Not even any grief or pity for Chuck, who was dead. "He's better off dead," Beth had said. "I wish I were dead, too." There was just bitterness, and undying pride which kept even her family shut out. Everybody except Thumper.

"Who is Thumper?" Miss McKenzie had asked, so Mary had told her about Thumper, the baby who had come along when she and Jim had thought they were through raising a family. How afraid she'd been to tell Beth a baby was coming, thinking that a junior in high school would be humiliated to have her mother pregnant. And what a joy it had been to have Beth thrilled instead, adoring the baby. Now all that remained of the old sparkling Beth was her love for three-year-old Thumper.

"Don't worry," Miss McKenzie had said, "we won't force rehabilitation on Beth. We're not equipped for it, anyway. She will have to rehabilitate herself. All we can do is help her in a practical way. I'll arrange for an upperclassman, probably one of my juniors, to come back early and read her the freshman English test, which she will have to take just like everybody else."

And Miss McKenzie had gone about making plans with a matter-of-factness which had been somehow comforting. "It's a blessing she can type well," she'd said. "I want you to bring her to the campus the first morning and make her get to the examination and back completely by herself. The test will take from eight o'clock until noon."

Four hours by herself! "I don't think she can or will," Mary had said. "And if she gets through that, I doubt she'll ever go back. It would take a miracle. And Psychologists don't believe in miracles, do they?"

"They're not supposed to," Miss McKenzie had said, smiling. "But I've witnessed some."

Now, getting out of the car, Mary was ashamed she had said that to Miss McKenzie, who had been so kind. The trouble was that deep down, she had resented, terribly, having to admit all their problems to Miss McKenzie. It had hurt her pride. She opened the door of the apartment and stood stock still, stunned at what she had just thought. I've been so busy worrying about Beth's pride, I never once considered that it might stem right from me. And I wondered what psychology had to do with rehabilitation!

She took off her hat and gloves, put on the coffee pot. How dreadful, she thought, that our children pay no attention whatever to the fine words we preach, but insist on being like us. She thought it with a wry humor, and it gave her the strength she needed to start to work. She would hurry and press Beth's skirt, and then go to the store. Hurry was good; it kept you from thinking.

Was Beth in the right room now? Was the girl giving her the exam? Was Beth nervous, unable to find the guide keys on the tyepwriter, scared, miserable, exhausted? Or was she sitting, cold, uncooperative, not caring, and determined not to try? Oh God, she prayed, I don't ask for any big miracle today, but I think we've got to have a little one, please, just a little one.

Eight, nine, ten, Beth counted, and heard the car drive off. Mother's gone! Now I have to go on; I can't just stand here on the campus while people stare at the poor little blind girl . . . Eleven, twelve, thirteen. I can't lose count. When I get to exactly fifty steps, there's supposed to be a stone water fountain to the right of the walk that I can reach out and touch. I found it last night, but Mother was here then. What if I don't find it today? What will I do? Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two . . . What if I count wrong? What if I get off the walk? Oh, she hoped no one was watching her. She couldn't hear anyone. Should it be this quiet? There was just the sound of rustling leaves overhead—a lonely sound, a cold, dead sound . . . Thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven . . . I'll endure this morning, but that will be all. I won't go through this, day after day . . . forty, forty-one, forty-two . . . eight more steps and the fountain should be there, the check point . . . Oh God, let me find the fountain . . . forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty . . .

She stopped and felt to the right. No fountain. Nothing. Panic made her hands wet, the typewriter slipped, she clutched it tighter . . . Don't get panicky, Mother had said, a couple of steps one way or the other . . . She couldn't step backwards, she might stumble . . . She took two slow steps forward, reached again, felt nothing . . . Maybe she was off the walk—but then she'd feel the leaves, hear them rustling around her feet. Cautiously, she moved to the right, three mincing little steps; cautiously, she put her hand out, and there it was, there it was!

She was so thirsty right now she could die. If only she could get a drink. But she couldn't. She'd never find what turned it on, and besides, water might splash all over her face, or she might get turned around. Her throat felt parched. How could she ever stand it until noon?

Suddenly from behind her there was the sound of pounding feet coming up, going on by. Somebody was running! Maybe she was late. She'd have to hurry. She left the blessed security of the fountain and started shuffling along, fast. Slow down, Beth, she seemed to hear Mother say. She'd forgotten to count, and how many steps had she taken? I'll start with sixty, she thought. She must concentrate, and not lose count. The typewriter was heavy, and she felt dizzy. If she could *only* have a drink. One hundred and one, one hundred and two, one hundred and three . . . Now inch forward, so you won't stumble if your foot hits the bottom step of the building . . . *if* the building's there. One hundred and four, one hundred and five . . . Of course, the step wasn't there . . . two tiny steps, another, another . . . please . . . her toe bumped something . . . the step? Her hand searched for the handrail, found it miraculously. Three steps up, keep your balance, find the door handle. *Why* do they make doors that pull out? I'll hit myself with it, knock myself off this ledge I'm standing on, hurtle back, back, like I do in those awful dreams . . . She pulled the heavy door, lurched inside, and stood there, breathing hard.

She ran her foot along the floor experimentally. It didn't seem slippery. Now she had to find the first open door on the right, just a few steps. She walked too fast, she hit the open door with her shoulder, it jarred her. Was there anybody in the room, watching her, pitying her? It was so still. Slowly, inching her way, she finally felt the back of the chair just the way she'd done last night. She put the typewriter down and held on to the back of the chair while she sat down.

There was supposed to be a typewriter table on rollers that she could reach out and pull up next to her. She didn't even care enough to reach for it. Why on earth should she take the freshman English test? She should never have promised she'd come, never . . . She'd only done it because she couldn't stand Mother crying that way any more. But no one, not even Mother, should expect her to go through this torture, and for what? What on earth would she ever do now with freshman English? Why couldn't God give her the courage to kill herself, to end this empty existence, with nothing, nothing ever to look forward to?

What time was it? How many endless hours were there left? She wished the kind junior would stay away and leave her alone. She knew how awful it would be. They'd have this girl who was the leader type—a fine, upright, religious-type girl who would break her neck trying to act as if nothing was wrong, who would manage to slip in a few inspiring remarks about how the mind still went on working . . . the mind was a fountain of knowledge. Afterwards, she'd dash off to tell her friends about the poor blind girl she'd nobly helped. Then she'd go back to her dorm and look in the mirror, wondering whether some boy thought she was pretty . . . and she wouldn't be worrying about her mind!

Beth summoned up the icy rage, the bitterness, and wrapped it around her like a coat. She sat straight, rigid, ready, and pulled the typewriter table up roughly. All right, she thought. I'll take your silly test. I'll get a hundred. And never, never, never will I set foot in this place again.

Suddenly she heard the sound of whistling. "Singin' the Blues . . ." Was *this* the girl? Bouncy step, flat heels, *heavy* step—oh, no! She was going to be the athletic type, the hearty, cheerful type. The whistling came close, stopped.

"Hi, Beth Randall!" a voice said. A *man's* voice. *No!* They wouldn't do that to her. Not a man, to see her groping, clumsy! Mother should have told them she wouldn't let any man see her. What was that other noise, like an animal, panting? She jumped, as something wet touched her hand.

"Don't be alarmed," the man's voice said. "That's my hound dog, Watson. And I'm Sherlock Holmes."

Beth couldn't help it. She laughed. A high, hysterical laugh, as if the tension, curled too tightly, had sprung. She tried to get back into the icy shell, to draw her dignity around her. "Are you the junior who has to give me the exam?" she asked.

"That's me," the voice said. "You can see what superb English I speak. *That's me.* Say, I'm thirsty, are you? Why don't

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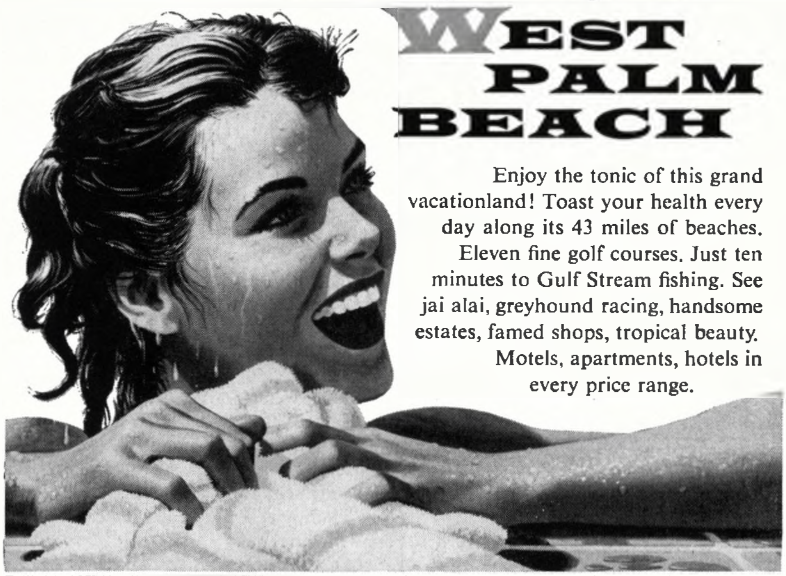

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The Gentle Rain (continued)

I get a couple of Cokes before we start?"

Oh, how *wonderful* a Coke would taste . . . and they were easy to drink, out of the bottle . . . "Thank you," she said.

"Okay," the cheerful voice replied. "Watson, come along, maybe I'll get you one, too. This dog," he said, sounding very serious, "has been a great disappointment to me. He was supposed to fight off the girls. Instead, the darned fool goes nuts over every pretty thing he sees. Come on. Watson, she'll be here when we get back."

They were gone now—Beth could hear the whistling going down the hall, fading away. She sat there, numbly waiting for the Coke, her mouth dry. She wondered what Sherlock Holmes looked like. He sounded as if he might be real *neat*, and he had said she was a "pretty thing" . . . Without thinking, she smoothed out her eyebrows. Oh, what did it matter? What boy would ever care how she looked? The old despair began to creep over her; but then she heard the whistling, the rhythmic step coming again, and she felt excited, the way she used to feel when she first met a new man who was darling, and who liked her.

"Grab the pause that refreshes," said Sherlock, and without stopping to worry about groping for the bottle, she reached out and found it. She took a long, cold, delicious swallow and sighed gratefully. "Golly, that's good," she said.

"It *was*," he said. "Watson drank most of mine. He'd drink yours, too, if you'd let him. Only thing he likes better than girls is Cokes."

She laughed. Honestly, what a name for a dog—Watson! And what a name for a man. "Is your name *really* Sherlock Holmes?" she asked.

"Nope," he said. "But you'll admit Sherlock is better than Harvey. Harvey Holmes, my mother named me, never considering what a name like Harvey might do to a poor little kid. She's basically such a nice woman, too. I guess, with all the kids she had, she ran out of inspiration."

Beth giggled. "How many children *are* there in your family?"

"Seven," he said. "And me the last. How many in your family?"

"Four kids," Beth said. "Twin brothers fourteen, and then there's Thumper."

"Thumper?" Sherlock's voice sounded unbelieving.

"Sure." She laughed. "His real name's James, but when he was a baby he beat his head against the end of the crib all the time, so we nicknamed him 'Thumper.' He's just *darling*." She was embarrassed, suddenly, at all her talking, and uncomfortable. She found the stack of typing paper she'd put on the table, put a piece in the typewriter, and felt to make certain she had rolled it up to where the rubber rollers would hold it. "Hadn't we better start the exam?" she asked, trying to be formal. The resentment came back to her at having to do this. "Not that it matters much," she said.

"That's where you're wrong," Sherlock said. Oh, oh. Here comes the lecture, Beth thought. Your mind is a fountain of knowledge. Not *you*, Sherlock. I thought you were *different*.

"The exam is important as the devil," Sherlock said. "If you don't get a good grade, you have to take bonehead English, designed for dumbbells, whereas, if you get a good grade, you get in advanced English, and then all you do is be creative. See? Simple! Any time you need help I'm available."

I'm available . . . Her heart leaped. But of course, he was just talking. She'd never see—she'd never *know* him again after today, when he didn't *have* to be here. "It was very nice of you to come back early just to help me," she said, stiffly.

"Well, I had to come back early anyway," Sherlock said. "I work my way through school playing in a dance band, and we all came back early to play for the freshman dance tomorrow night. I trust you'll be there to hear me toot my trumpet?"

"No," she said, stiffening up. "I could hardly go to a dance."

"Why couldn't you?"

His voice was gentle, but it angered her, anyway. "I should think that would be quite obvious," she said, her voice shaking.

"You mean that because you're blind you can't dance?" Sherlock said. "That's silly. You can hear the music. It would be easy for you, Beth, being a girl. Just put yourself in some man's arms and let him lead. Would you care for a little demonstration?" He began to whistle again, and she heard his feet tapping to the rhythm. Oh, golly, how she had loved to dance . . .

"No, thank you," she said, coldly. "The examination?"

"Oh, *please*," he said. Before she could assemble her wits, he was pulling her up against him. He was tall; she had to reach up to put her arm on his shoulder. And he was big—his shoulder felt big, and strong. While he whistled, they danced, and he was *right*—it was easy! But he was such a good dancer, and took little steps, and didn't whirl or push her out from him. He stopped whistling, stopped dancing, but held her still close against him . . .

"You smell so good," he said. "Like lilacs."

Her heart was pounding now, but

slowly, deliciously . . . "Lilacs!" she said, with a soft scorn. "Lilacs sound like grandmother's garden, and this perfume is *supposed* to be glamorous . . ." Oh, this was just the way it used to be, heady, fun, bouncing a line back and forth, and all the time wondering whether it was really a line . . .

"Well, it is glamorous," he said, taking a few steps. "So glamorous you'd better sit down this minute or I'll throw the exam out the window." Slowly, gently, he backed her against the chair and into it, and she felt hot shame because she was so awkward, she'd made him stumble. "Me and my big feet," he said, and then he was gone. His voice came from a distance now, and she sat there in a daze. She pulled up the typewriter table, she found the guide keys right away, she typed the number of the question as he said it and then typed the answer. She remembered to count each time she shifted, allowing for thirty lines of double-spaced typing on each page, and it went along so smoothly, she didn't even mind when she counted wrong, went past the bottom of a page, and heard herself typing on the platen.

"Recess!" Sherlock shouted suddenly, at question 30, and brought her another Coke, and sat beside her while they talked. She *had* to know more about him. "I'll bet you're good on the trumpet," she said.

"Not good," he said, "but loud. Very loud. I get carried away."

She laughed, and she heard Watson give a little "garuff" as if he were laughing, too. Sherlock told her about his fraternity, about being on the swimming team. He must be a big man on the campus, she thought. He's just being nice to me. But he's so *darned nice.* He hasn't lectured me once, or mentioned my mind, my fine mind. He asked her what she was going to major in, and she confessed that she wanted to take dramatics. "But why shouldn't you?" he demanded. "A stage is so small, so easy to find your way around on. And even actors who aren't blind have to count their steps and time each move, don't they?"

Then Sherlock asked her what dorm she was living in, and she told him she had an apartment with her mother. He sounded surprised, disappointed, perhaps, but he didn't lecture. All he said was, "Does your mother object to young men with trumpets coming to call?"

"I don't know," she said quickly. "Do you have to bring the trumpet?"

"No," he said. "But Watson insists on double dating with me. Wants to protect me, you know. I hope Watson and your mother like each other. Maybe they could sit together in the back bedroom."

She started in on the last half of the exam with heart pulsing, strong and excited, the way it used to. The questions flew by, her fingers flew surely on the keys, and suddenly it was over. "That's all," Sherlock said. "You're to leave your paper on the chair and someone will pick it up." She put the case on her typewriter, snapped it up. And then she felt Sherlock's arm help her up. "Grab your typing machine and let's go," he said. "Come on, Watson, lunchtime."

So he led her, and she did not have to find the door and open it. But then in the hall there were voices; people brushed past her, and she felt terror flood her. Everything had been all right in the quiet room, with just Sherlock; she had forgotten all the other people, staring at her, probably, bumping into her. She felt dizzy again, but Sherlock's hand was firm on her elbow, and suddenly there was fresh, bracing air on her face. "Outside," Sherlock said. "Three steps down." Not so many voices out here, but a lot of people running, and then a girl's voice calling, "Sherlock!" It was a pretty voice, almost musical.

They stopped. Beth stood there, feeling lost and foolish. "Hi, Lucile!" Sherlock said. "This is Beth Randall. And this, Beth, is Lucile Reid. Big wheel on the campus. Senior. President of practically everything. The executive type."

"Oh, be quiet, Sherlock," the voice said. "Hi, Beth. I'm so glad to know you. Do you happen to be in Wright Hall?"

"No," Beth said stiffly. "I don't live in a dorm."

"Wish you did," Lucile said. "I'm a counselor at Wright, and I'm sure if Sherlock is handing you his line, you'll need some counseling. Do you live here in town?"

"I have an apartment with my mother," Beth said brusquely. She could *feel* the pity coming from this girl, and she didn't want it. She wanted to get away now, even from Sherlock and his line. She just wanted to be home, by herself.

"If you decide to try a dorm," Lucile said, "we still have some vacancies at Wright. I'd love having you there, and I think you'd love it, too. We have fun."

I'll bet you do, Beth thought, the old bitterness choking her, making the words come out harshly. "Well, I wouldn't want to spoil your fun," she said.

There was silence for a moment and then she heard a sigh. She couldn't tell if it was Lucile or Sherlock who had sighed, but she could imagine the look they'd be exchanging now. They'd be disgusted with her—she didn't want Sherlock to be disgusted with her, but it really didn't matter. He had just been doing everything to be noble. "If you

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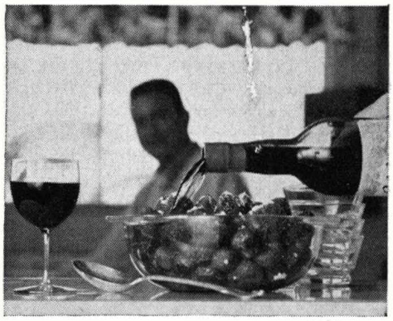

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change your mind," the musical voice said, "call me at the dorm. I hope you do, Beth."

She stood there, not saying anything, and heard the girl walk away. Then she felt Sherlock's hand on her arm again, leading her along. Suddenly he said. "Stop!" and she felt herself being pushed gently against something—it felt like a stone wall. He was close to her; she felt his hands seize both her arms. He shook her. "Why did you do that to Lucile?" His voice was angry. "She was just trying to help you."

"I can't stand people wanting to help me," she cried. "*Pitying* me . . . Why won't they leave me alone?"

"Maybe because they care," Sherlock said. "Didn't you ever think of that—that they might care? And that maybe you *hurt* them when you won't let them help? Why not show a little mercy, Beth?"

"*Me* show mercy?" she demanded wildly. "You're a little mixed up, aren't you? They're the ones to show mercy, not me. And I hate it! I hate it!"

"You want to be an actress, Beth," he said, his voice quiet now, but his grip on her arms still strong, unyielding. "You must know Shakespeare. Remember—about mercy—that 'it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,' and 'It is *twice* blessed; it blesseth him that *gives* and him that *takes* . . .' Can't you understand, Beth, that when people try to help you, you have to do your part—you have to let them be blessed as well as you?"

She was crying, now, angrily. "Oh, don't preach at me, Sherlock! Not *you*. Everybody preaches at me, and nobody knows, nobody understands, at all . . . How could you *possibly* know what it would be like to take help, to take pity, when you are blind?"

"You mean you haven't guessed," Sherlock asked, his voice quiet and steady and strong, "that I am blind, too?"

She could only gasp—stunned, disbelieving, so shocked that she clung to him. "I thought you'd know," Sherlock said. "But I suppose you haven't been blind long enough to be as good a detective as I am. You see, I've always been blind, so it's easier for me."

"Oh, Sherlock!" she said. "I'm so *sorry*."

"It's all right." How gentle his voice was now!

"Then Watson—"

"Yes. Watson is a guide dog. You ought to have one, Beth. Especially if you can get a wag like Watson. He's such good company."

"But the swimming team—how could you manage that?"

"Easy," he said. "Practice makes perfect. I have perfect form, because I can't get out of my lane in a race. Of course, occasionally I hit my head on the end of the pool, but it's a well-built pool, it can take it."

"Oh, Sherlock!" She was half laughing, half crying now. "But the test—how did you read me the test?"

"I didn't," he said. "I memorized the questions. Lucile helped me."

"It must have taken *hours*," she said. "You couldn't have done all that just for me."

"Just for you," he said. "But it didn't take long. You'll find you get so you can memorize in a darned big hurry. Anyway, I forgot a couple, so I just made some up."

Laughter bubbled inside her again. Then she remembered what he'd said about Lucile helping.

"This was all planned, then," she said. "Having another blind student give me the exam, and Lucile coming along."

"Yes," he said. "We wanted to help you. But one thing we didn't plan."

"What?"

"The way I feel about you," he said. "As if this might be—well, the beginning of something. Do you feel it too, Beth?"

"Yes," she said, breathlessly. "Yes."

"We can't get serious," he said. "Not yet. We need other people, you and I, especially you, this first year. You'll date a lot, Beth. You're very beautiful."

"But you can't see me!"

"I can feel it," he said. His voice was husky, now. For a second, she felt his hand run through her hair, touch her cheek.

"Oh, Sherlock," she begged, clinging to him, "I *need* you!"

He held her off. "No, you don't," he said. "But let's have a rendezvous every Thursday night. We'll meet each time at a different place, so you'll learn to find your way over the campus. The rest of the time, you're on your own—only let people help you, Beth." His voice became businesslike. "Come along. Watson will escort us back to the walk, and you go meet your mother."

Mary sat in the car, biting her lip, consulting her watch again. Twelve-fifteen, and still no sign of Beth! Something dreadful must have happened. It was clouding up, going to storm, and the leaden gray sky seemed to portend some awful thing. She jumped out of the car, started down the walk, and then in the distance she saw Beth coming, walking in her slow, uncertain way. She couldn't let her make it all alone now. She ran swiftly down the walk to meet her. Oh, poor baby, she thought, if it was too terrible, I won't make you go again, you can come home . . .

She could see Beth's face now, but she couldn't tell a thing from her expression. Beth was concentrating, counting. "Beth!" she called.

"Oh, Mother!" Beth surrendered the typewriter, took her arm gratefully. Mary led her to the car, helped her in, shut the door. Did she dare ask how things went? Well, she had to know. She started the motor. "How did it go?" she asked finally, hating the false cheerfulness of her voice.

"Oh, Mother!" Beth said, her head resting on the back of the seat. "So much happened, so *much*—Mother, I hate to make you change your plans, but you'll have to. When we get to the apartment, I'm going to phone a girl I met. She wants me to live in Wright Hall. She's a counselor there."

Mary was so startled her foot went down on the accelerator and the car leaped ahead. She didn't know what to say—but she wouldn't have been able to speak, anyway. "I want to do it right away," Beth was saying eagerly. "And I want a guide dog . . ." She laughed. *Beth laughed!* "Mother, you don't know it, but you almost had to baby-sit in the back bedroom with a dog named Watson. Oh, Mother, it was a man who gave me the test, the most wonderful man . . ."

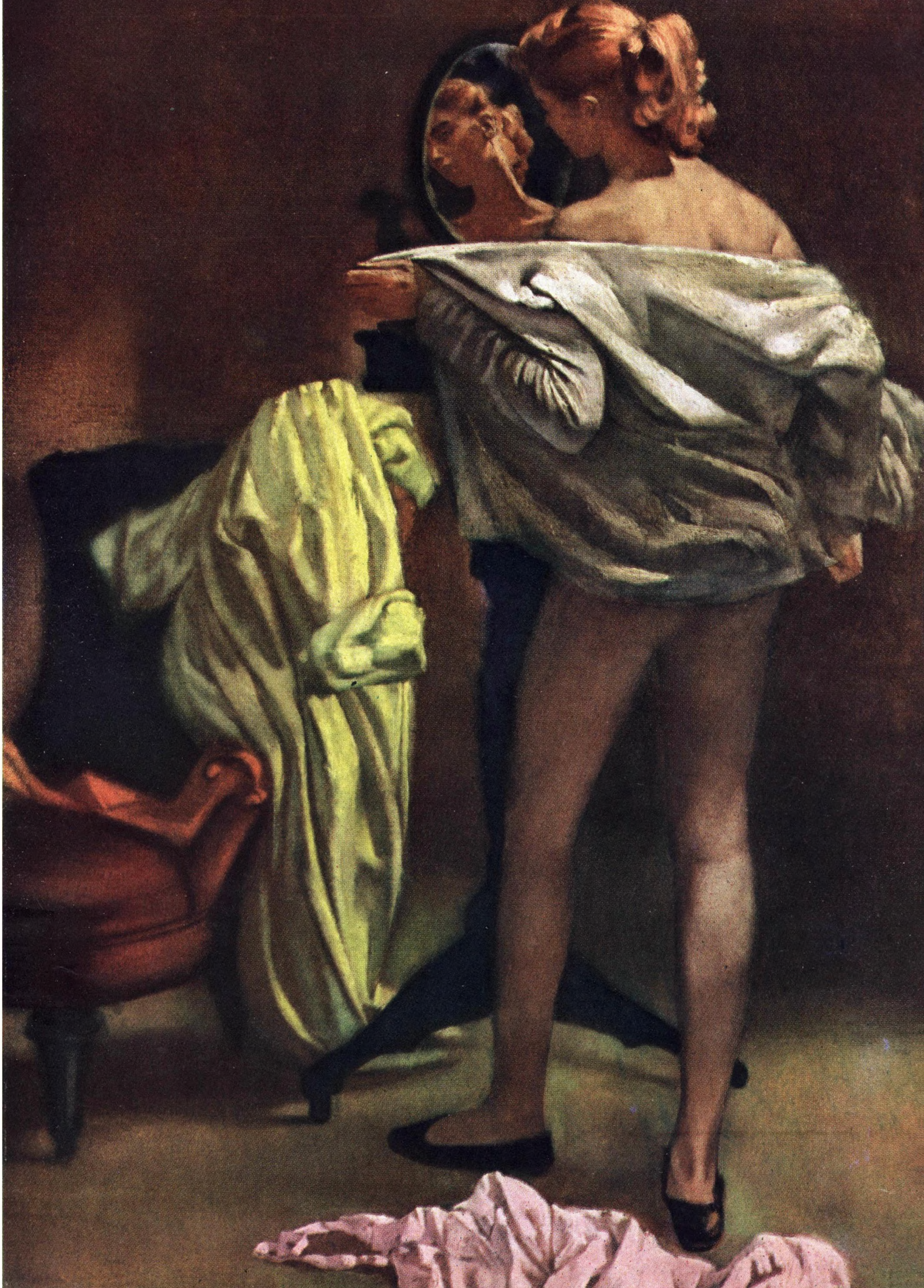
Bewildered, almost drunk with relief, Mary swung the car around the corner and stopped in front of the apartment. The rain was starting to fall now. "Let's hurry inside, honey," she said. "It's raining."

Beth got out, stood there, her hands outstretched. "But it's a gentle rain," she said, quoting softly. "'It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.' I'm *going* to be a great actress," she said, her head held proudly. "I can, you know."

Mary stood there, watching Beth with her face uplifted to the rain. And I only asked for a very *little* miracle, she thought. I didn't dare dream that I could have Beth back, alive again . . .

The rain fell steadily, washing the dead leaves away, into the gutters, dripping softly from the eaves to the grateful, thirsty earth. And now Beth was weeping, groping with shaking hands for Mary, burying her head in Mary's shoulder. "Oh, Mother!" she said, brokenly. "All of a sudden, I remembered Chuck. He's *dead*, Mother. I feel so *sorry* for him—he can't feel the rain or smell lilacs or fall in love . . . oh, Mother!" THE END

Then she'd go back to the dorm and look in the mirror, wondering whether she was pretty.



A TASTE OF CHAMPAGNE

After forty-four blameless years he'd set off for Paris with a bag of stolen money and a beautiful dream. It was my job to see it didn't come true

BY ALLAN SEAGER ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

Mme. Apprin had sent me a telegram. It was absolutely imperative that she see me, and now I could hear the groan of the old elevator and the concierge's ratty little Pomeranian who tried to stop the elevator every time it passed his floor by barking at it. Left to myself I would not have picked the Select out of all the hotels in Cannes. It is near the railroad station, not the Mediterranean, and it is the trains, not the languid hissing of the waves, that keep you awake at night; but I was on a tight expense account, and the visitor rising toward my room with so many barks and groans was making it tighter.

I heard her heels in the corridor, then her knock. I opened the door, shook hands, and let her in. How do you tell a woman's age? I am thirty-three and I thought she was a knock-out, but I knew she was older than I. She might even have been old enough to be my mother. My room held one chair, which I offered her, but she wouldn't sit down. She paced back and forth, letting off a stream of French. Although she didn't go so far as to say so, she considered me a monster.

I learned my French in the Army. Spoken, it is slow but precise, and I have a good Parisian accent. I said, "Why?"

She flung up one arm as if justice were hanging from the chandelier. "Why?" she repeated, and off she went again, feet and tongue. I did not understand that a woman has to live, that to live a woman must have more than bread and coffee. A woman needs other things in order to live and I was monstrously depriving her of them. She sounded as if she were being forced to take in washing, but if her shoes cost less than ten thousand francs, I'll eat them.

"But I pay you seventy-five American dollars a week and this is not the tourist season," I said.

"You have paid me seventy-five dollars a week for one week," she said.

"I'll pay you seventy-five dollars this week also."

"I found the man you were looking for, a feat impossible for you, an American, a foreigner."

This was true. I had been looking for a man and she had found him. That was what I had hired her for. I didn't think it had been too hard. I doubted if she had ever been out of Cannes in her life. She knew every cafe, tea shop, and hotel lobby like the bills in her purse.

"That is why I employed you, to find this man. Come, Madame, what is it you want, eighty-five dollars a week?"

She stopped again and drew herself up, I guess you would call it. I'm not sure about the muscles involved but the effect was deep scorn. "He has offered me five thousand dollars—American—to go to Istanbul with him."

"But you have an agreement with me, written, signed," I blurted.

"But it was not notarized. It is not legal."

"You do not intend to honor it? You are leaving my employ? You are going to Istanbul?"

She did not draw herself down; she collapsed a little. Lines appeared in her face. "But, m'sieu, I am a poor woman." This I did not believe. She was too well-dressed, and in slack times like these, she probably spent her time monkeying with some roulette system and, what's more, making money with it. "You do not think five thousand dollars—American—is too much for a woman to ask—a poor woman who has only herself to provide for her?"

I wanted to think. I said, "Have some liqueur, Madame." I took out a bottle of Grand Marnier and some glasses. It would have been rude to drink standing. She sat down.

After she had finished the liqueur, she said, "What have you decided, m'sieu?"

Feeling a little like a pane of glass, I said, "I can't pay you five thousand dollars . . ."

"But naturally," she said sympathetically.

"I can't follow you two to Istanbul . . ."

"Certainly not."

"In Istanbul you will eat pieces of rather old lamb cooked with vegetables. You will eat boiled wheat."

She shrugged. "Even if I do—but I won't. The great hotels of the world have French cuisine. It is only civilized."

"And you will stay in a great hotel?"

"Obviously."

"When will you leave?"

Already her loyalties, such as they were, had shifted from seventy-five dollars a week to five thousand. Something changed in her face. It became secretive. She shrugged. "When he wishes . . ."

I stood up. I was going to have work to do.

"Our little agreement, m'sieu. There are two days I have worked this week. It will come to twenty-one dollars and forty-three cents."

She was amazing. She had even figured

I saw her hurry to his hotel, five thousand dollars' worth of greed in her lovely eyes.

the mills. I counted it out in U. S. money and she tucked it away.

"You are a good type, m'sieu. I regret that it is not you who has the five thousand dollars."

I wanted to say that, if I had, I wouldn't blow it on her, but she was a beautiful woman with the confidence of her looks. It was a compliment. I bowed. We shook hands. I opened the door and almost at once, far below, the Pomeranian started yapping her out.

I could have taken the whole matter to the French police and asked them to extradite the man she had found for me, but there were objections, tedious and complicated. France is a highly centralized country. Everything must go through Paris. Speed was important, and I knew that the French were still a little leery of long-distance phone calls. The voice at the other end, especially if it is as far away as Paris, tends to fade in and out like a bum radio, anyway. It would be quicker to handle it myself.

I got down to the street only half a block behind her. I followed her down to the Croisette and along the sea front as far as the Carlton.

There are palm trees in front of the Carlton. It is one of those big frosted-cake hotels built long ago when the British were chic and war was unthinkable. Rolls-Royces breathe softly in its driveway. It takes poise to go up to it on foot. She not only went up to it; she went in and the doorman bowed slightly as she passed. There must have been some enormous tipping going on.

When I thought she had had time enough to take the elevator, I went in. I said to the desk clerk, "You have a William J. Peabody registered here?"

When you sign a hotel register in France, it is like signing a police blotter. They want your name, passport number if you are a foreigner, purpose of visit, where you came from and where you're going. In twenty minutes the card you sign is in the nearest police station.

If you wish to remain a private person —if, for instance, you are a fugitive criminal—you memorize your passport number and give a different name every time. (It would be rudeness in a hotel clerk to ask to *see* a passport.) My man was Peabody here; he had signed Thomas U. MacIvor in Paris, Philip Small in Lyons, and his real name was Bert Hay. When the different names you have signed above the same passport number reach Paris, a terrible snarl results and it takes weeks to untangle it. The only catch is that you must not plan to make an extended visit in France, and that was why Mr. Bert Hay was going to Istanbul.

Madame had told me Peabody was his Cannes name. The clerk said that Mr. Peabody was not in his rooms. Did I wish to leave a message? I thanked him and said no. I thought for a moment of going up to his rooms and talking Mme. Apprin into letting me hide so I could pop out and catch him when he returned, but I was afraid that in her present fever of rapacity she might turn me in to the police. No, she was going to have to lead me to him.

Immediately I checked the airlines, steamship lines, three freighter offices, and the owners of a couple of private launches. No William J. Peabody or Mme. Apprin had yet taken tickets to go to Istanbul or anywhere. I doubted that Mme. Apprin would give a false name. She was French, and the French have such scorn for their police that only if involved in a grand crime will they bother to dissemble; and going to Istanbul for five thousand dollars is not a grand crime. It is a lucky break.

I felt fairly easy in my mind, but I ate lunch in the Carlton dining room to stay close to them. It is almost impossible to eat a light lunch in a French restaurant of any standing. After fifteen or eighteen kinds of *hors d'oeuvres*, a trout, and a *poularde de Bresse*, I had only some cheese and coffee, but when I spoke to the room clerk again, he told me Mr. Peabody had checked out. That is what comes of making a god of your stomach.

It is also what comes of not being a real detective. The insurance company had sent me on this job because I could speak French and they felt that since Mr. Bert Hay was not a professional criminal, the language was more important than the know-how. I had read a great many detective stories and I was full of confidence, especially since they had assured me an amateur like Hay wouldn't know how to cover his tracks.

He had covered them pretty well, I thought. I made all my air, rail, and water contacts again but nobody had seen him. I hired a car and drove down to the Italian border. No Americans had come through that day at all. The ride back from Ventimiglia to Cannes is one of the most beautiful on earth and I enjoyed every minute of it, but at the same time I was practically certain I was going to lose my job. It was hard to believe anything unpleasant could happen at Antibes or Villefranche, but I could see my job floating away from me on the blue waters like a life preserver. I couldn't imagine where Bert Hay had taken Mme. Apprin.

When I did think of it, I nearly plunged off the road into the sea. Here I was driving a hired Citröen. Why couldn't he have hired one, too? He didn't have to go to Istanbul immediately. He could lose me in France. (I was sure that the beauty of the five thousand dollars had induced Mme. Apprin to tell him I was looking for him.) I drove to one of the big garages that rent cars. Although such things are commonplace, they had never heard of an American gentleman traveling with a Frenchwoman, not even after I had laid out a bright new hundred-franc piece to refresh their memories.

I went to the desk of the second garage. They were very courteous but lacked the information I wanted to uncover. On my way out I asked the man at the gas pump. He displayed the customary polite blankness at first. Then I passed the hundred-franc piece and a miracle occurred. Yes, a French lady had rented a 4 CV Renault only this morning.

"Was there an American gentleman with her?"

"Not with her, exactly. He waited across the street and only got into the car when I was filling it with gasoline."

"Did you happen to hear them mention a destination?"

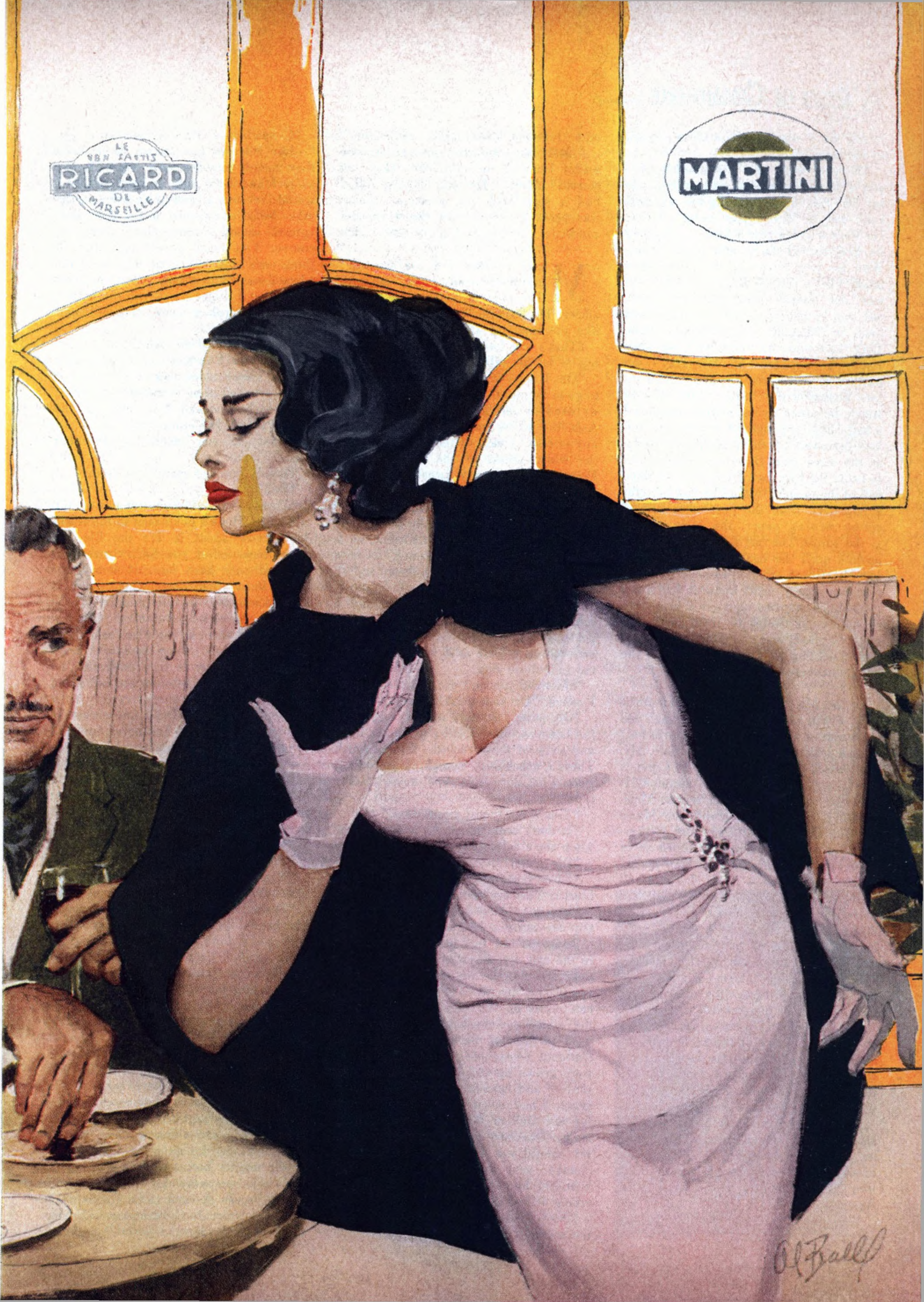
A film covered his dark Mediterranean eyes and I flashed the second hundred-franc piece. He said, "They were speaking about hotels in Aix."

I thanked him, we shook hands, and I got into my car and drove to Aix. It is about forty miles. There is a very wide main street shaded with plane trees. I stopped there and looked up the principal hotels in my guide book. There were two big ones, the Roi René and the Riviera. My quarry was at neither.

I had to determine where to look next, and I thought I might as well have a drink while I was thinking. I went back to the main street, picked the cafe nearest my parking place and found a table in front of the building. Thinking of the expense account, I did not order whiskey, which I wanted, but beer, which was cheap. It tasted good. I had made a list of the hotels I would visit, and I was taking my second sip of beer when I had my lucky break.

Mme. Apprin, talking volubly, was being seated two tables in front of me by Mr. Bert Hay. I had never seen him this close, but I had seen dozens of photographs and I noticed that he had grown a neat gray mustache that made him look distinguished. He sat down at her right.

She rose like a cobra out of a basket and spat out her farewell.


LE VRAI PASTIS
RICARD
DE MARSEILLE
MARTINI
Al Buell

facing me. I was not quite close enough to overhear them.

The pair were like a motionless tree and a fluttering bird. I cannot honestly say Mr. Hay was devouring her with his eyes, but he didn't take them off her. He wore a green tweed jacket, a foulard tie, gray flannel slacks, and brogue shoes. With his new mustache he looked very much like a retired British colonel. He was one month over sixty-five years old, and he had worked for a small town bank in Michigan for forty-four years. They had told me you could set your watch on workdays by Mr. Hay's departure for the bank. He had wound up this unspectacular career with a gold watch, bestowed by the management, and a bag containing eighty-five thousand dollars bestowed by the management only, in the sense that they had trusted him to bring the bag back from the post office full of the money. Instead he had brought a bag back from the post office full of cut-up writing paper, the same weight to the ounce. The bag had not even been opened until the next day, thereby giving Mr. Hay a twenty-two-hour start before the management knew it had been robbed. Twenty-two hours is a long time if you spend twelve of them on a six-motored plane, and undoubtedly Mr. Hay was chuckling in Paris by the time the bank discovered its loss.

At last Mr. Hay shook his head. As if a tack had been thrust through the seat of her chair, Mme. Apprin half rose, a look of anguish on her face. Mr. Hay raised the palm of his hand, put it down, and spoke for two minutes. It was like watching a silent movie. Mme. Apprin's face was as mobile as Marie Dressler's, only beautiful, and expressions of extreme pain fled across it at ten-second intervals as Mr. Hay spoke. At last there was a crisis. I could tell by Mme. Apprin's eyebrows—they went halfway up to her hairline and stayed there. She rose slowly like a cobra coming out of its basket, spat out two words, and slithered away among the tables.

Mr. Hay said, "Marie-Claude!" in a commanding voice, but she did not look back. They had quarreled.

Mr. Hay played descending arpeggios on the marble top of the table with the fingers of one hand. His face had not changed, but he looked lonely and I thought maybe now was the time to go over and speak to him.

"You're an American, aren't you?" I said, trying to make it sound as stupid as possible, palming myself off as one of my lonesome compatriots who think they have a right to bust up any other American's privacy.

He looked up spryly, cocking his head sideways like a robin. "Sit down, young man. Join me for a drink, won't you?"

I took some whiskey, and before the waiter had left the table, Mr. Hay had started talking. He *was* lonely. "Just had a fight with my mistress." There was pride in his use of the word and suddenly I understood more about him.

"Matter of fact, I guess she ain't my mistress any more," he said. He was no longer the British officer. The Middle West hung in the air like the smell of absinthe.

"That's too bad," I murmured, wanting to let his talk flow.

"Oh, I don't know's it is. I wanted her to go to Istanbul, Turkey. Constantinople, we used to call it. I wanted to look at Asia. But no, by Judas, she wasn't having any of that. Afraid of the food, afraid of the beds, afraid of the weather. The French are a pretty provincial set of people, come to think of it. Yes sir, I offered that girl five thousand dollars if she'd go to Constantinople with me but I couldn't get her to leave France, so I turned her off with a thousand."

"That's a lot of money, even so," I said.

"You bet it's a lot of money, and I robbed a bank to get it." His face was perfectly sober but his eyes were screwed up a little as if he didn't expect me to believe him.

"How did you and she talk together?" I asked. "Do you speak French?"

"Oh, sure. I studied it every night for the last year or so. Had a grammar book and some of those records. It's not hard. There's one thing, though, I never ran into. What does '*sale type*' mean? 'Dirty type'?"

"That's the literal translation."

"It don't seem much for a girl to say when she's as mad as she was."

"It's pretty strong in French."

"Dirty type, hm," he said and looked bleakly past my shoulder.

"You must have been counting on this trip for quite a long time," I said.

Twice as old as I was, he looked me in the eye, sly, shrewd, and I felt rather than saw that he was amused. "I was a vestryman, twenty-nine years. I served two terms on the school board, one on the water commission. My wife and I used to read to each other out of the *National Geographic* after the children were grown up and gone. We were married—" and here he sighed "—forty-four years. I had saved out some gold pieces for our Golden Wedding, but she died. Heart. One day she was wondering what we should eat for supper to make a change, next day she was gone. You wouldn't know how that is, would you, young fellow like you?"

"No," I said. I felt uneasy somehow, not so right as I had been.

"It was like—" He stopped and thought "—like the way people say it is when they cut off your leg, only worse. It was as if I had been split in two. Nights I would feel her, a kind of an ache, in the other bed. Get up, turn on the light, bedspread smooth, she wasn't there, of course. You can't stand that kind of thing very long, not at my age, so that's when I started to think, and it occurred to me that I might's well rob the bank."

"You did rob a bank, then," I said falsely.

"Oh, I robbed it all right."

"But why? You had had an honorable career. They trusted you."

He brushed that consideration aside and nearly knocked his coffee off the table. "Why? The other life."

"What do you mean? What other life?"

"You a married man?" he said.

"Yes."

"Then you should know what it is, the other life. There's not a man in the world don't know about it. It's the life you might have led if you hadn't married."

I had only been married four years but I knew. Sometimes when the kids were screaming in the middle of the night, I would look out of the window with one of them in my arms and think how I might be doing research chemistry. But a baby is very powerful; no test tube can compete with a baby and I didn't think about chemistry very often or long at one time. But I knew what he was talking about. It had never occurred to me that it was a common phenomenon —I always felt guilty about it.

"Yes. I know what it is," I said.

"Now, you understand, I married out of choice. So did you. If we'd wanted another life, we could have had it."

"Yes."

"But you always wonder. Don't you?"

"Yes. And when it turned out that you were alone, you felt you'd earned it."

"Earned it? No." He looked down at his hands. "I'd kept the notion of it with me, I don't know why. It was right there handy." He looked at me. "Earned it? Hell, no. I thought it was the only way to forget her. Turn myself into another man, you see? Live out all the other things as if I'd never been a husband at all."

Since I wasn't applying to the French police, I would have to persuade him to return home with me; so I thought I might as well get started. However, I was thinking, too, that I wasn't cut out for detective work. None of the mighty hunters I had read about had any sympathy for the hunted. I said, "So you decided to be a criminal."

"I didn't *decide* to be a criminal. You think anybody does? I never thought of it one way or the other. I just needed money, a lot of it, and the problem was how to get it."

He looked at me for a second calmly, as if he felt he had already said too much. Then he grinned. It was pride again. "Well, here we are, away off in the south of France. There's an ocean and half a continent between us and that bank. I guess it won't hurt to tell you."

"Don't if you don't want to."

But he had started. It was too good to keep. I was probably the first person he had told it to. "There's a factory in the town where I lived. Quarter of a million weekly payroll. Now, for the last fifteen, twenty years, I been going from the bank to the post office every Thursday morning in a police car to pick up the money. It came registered mail, all cash, in three canvas bags. Used to scare me to death. I never carried a gun and if anybody'd wanted to surprise the policeman, he could have swiped the money easy enough."

"Mr. Hay, when did it first occur to you to take the money?"

"After the funeral I wore a black band around my arm for six months. The neighbors'd bring me food, baked beans, scalloped potatoes, and they asked me over to watch TV so I didn't have to sit alone evenings. After I took off the band, they quit, as if you throw away the grief with a little piece of cloth. Then I thought, What am I going to do with myself? And I found I'd had that notion of the other life like an old postcard in my pocket all the time. That's when I decided. I started studying French."

"The other life was in France."

"Where else? If you'd never made a mistake in a trial balance, gone to church every Sunday, and wiped the dishes every night for forty-four years, you'd want pretty women, champagne wine, roulette-playing, and palm trees. Wouldn't you?"

"Yes, maybe I would."

"I was sixty-four then. Retirement age is sixty-five. I had about a year to lay my plans. So I got all the travel folders for St. Petersburg, Florida . . ."

I knew he had. They had told me how they had found them all carefully strewn around his house, but I thought some surprise would be proper. "St. Petersburg, Florida?"

"Sure, throw 'em off the track. I talked to all the old people that had ever been there, asked 'em all sorts of questions. I even practiced pitching horseshoes until everybody in town was sure I was going to St. Petersburg."

"That was pretty smart." It had been, too. My bosses, the insurance company, had combed St. Petersburg for two days.

"Well, it run along till the day before I was to retire, and that night they gave me a little farewell supper in the Baptist Church basement, and the president gave me a gold wrist watch, sign of faithful service." He shoved up his sleeve and showed it to me. "That was on Wednesday. I said I was going to take a noon plane to Florida next day, and there was a noon plane, too. What they didn't know was that there was also a noon plane out of Willow Run straight to Paris. So I told the president I'd stay in harness right to the last, pick up the payroll money same as usual, finish out my half-day."

"But how did you get hold of the money?"

"There wasn't anything much to that. About six months before, one Thursday, I said to the postmaster, 'Jim, just out of curiosity, how much does this eighty-five thousand weigh?' And he put the bag on the scales, so I knew. I bought enough writing paper, a little at a time, and I had to order some new money bags for the bank so I kept the old ones. The day I left was a cold day and I had my bagful of writing paper in my topcoat pocket. They have big pockets in topcoats. Now I always sat alone in the back seat of the police car. I guess I did it because it looked kind of stylish. Anyway, it wasn't any trouble to switch bags behind the policeman's back, you see."

"How could you be sure someone in the bank wouldn't open the bags of writing paper before you'd gotten away?"

"Never had," he said. "They always opened 'em Friday, payday." With a shock I felt what it was like to live in a small town. If, out of the iron force of custom, they had never opened the bags on a Thursday, they never would.

"I suppose you had gotten your passport some time before."

"Yes. Our town's not the county seat. You get your passport from the county clerk. I didn't think they'd get around to calling on him for a few days, and a few days was all I needed."

I shook my head as if in wonderment, and there wasn't too much "as if" in it, either. "That's a very interesting story, Mr. Hay . . ."

"Think it is myself, kind of."

". . . but what are you going to do now? Go to Istanbul by yourself?"

He took a sip of his cold coffee. "Well, no," he said and looked me straight in the eye. "I sort of figured on going back with you. You're a detective, aren't you?"

"Well, uh, yes."

"For the insurance company, sure." He nodded his head toward Mme. Apprin's vanished form. "She told me you were on my trail and we had to get out of Cannes. We came up here to argue, and I still don't know whether I lost or won."

His calm flabbergasted me. "But what about the other life you were going to live?"

"Oh, I'll have another life all right. You insurance fellows'll see to that."

"No. I mean . . ."

"I know what you mean. You mean the life I'd planned. W-e-l-l, I'll tell you. You live too long. That other life stuff is just romancing. For forty-four years I had my mouth all set for that first drink of champagne and when I got it, humph, it just tasted kind of sour. And that Marie-Claude. Golly, she was a pretty girl but if I'd hung around with her, I'd have gone broke in another month or two. I was just a walking gold mine to her, hardly human at all. Now I'll tell you something for whatever good it may do you. If you got any private notions of doing anything else but what you are doing, give 'em up, get rid of 'em, or else, when you get around to doing it your champagne'll taste sour, too, and you'll feel like the fool I am."

"Beware of what you wish for in youth or you will get it in middle age," I said.

He grinned. "You just make that up?"

"No. It's a French proverb."

"And I had to come all the way to France to act it out. Well, you said it. You believe it. Just take care that twenty or thirty years from now, you aren't looking for a France, or whatever it is."

He was cheerful all the way back to New York. We played old-fashioned rummy, not canasta, in the ship's lounge afternoons, and at night he took a lively part in the activities, once winning a twelve-dollar pot in the bingo game. He was so cheerful he bothered me and I asked him about it, why?

"Why? Because when this trial's over, I'm going to have something to do. I won't have to sit in an empty house and think. That's a big thing when you're an old man alone in the world."

However, like crime, nearly half a century of blameless life will catch up with you and if he thought he was going to have a long, comfortable prison term, he got fooled. I was present as a material witness at his trial. Half the citizens of his town turned out as character witnesses—doctors, lawyers, ministers, members of clubs his wife had belonged to, high-school students, and, to my astonishment, officials of the company whose payroll he had lifted. There was a genial air about the occasion. Everybody was glad to see Mr. Hay back again, and you would have thought he was being tried for overparking. Although the judge, by the statute, could have given him a ten-to-twenty, he gave him only a three-to-five, and I have recently had a contented letter from Mr. Hay. He is working in the printing shop at the penitentiary and seems to be having a fine time. THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

Riot at Willow Creek

Grace had been lush and sexy. Every man who felt a secret guilt about her was blindly joining the murderous mob to avenge her strange death

BY JAMES McKIMMEY, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEAVER

People gathered quickly and everyone wanted to go upstairs and look, but in the end only five people saw the body lying in the room on the second floor of the Willow Creek Hotel.

Later, there was quite a crowd waiting on the street when they brought the body down the stairs and placed it in Hugh Seltz's black mortuary van. In all the history of Willow Creek nothing like this had ever happened, and within fifteen minutes after the mortuary van rolled away from the hotel, Mabel Hickory's board at the telephone office was lighted up from top to bottom.

That was on Wednesday.

It was the previous Monday when the stranger drove into town.

The stranger sighed, inspecting the dusty old village blazing under a high summer sun, hoping that he could at least find a decent hotel and some decent grub. They were all hick towns down here, he was thinking; if the company would only let him have a territory over there in eastern Iowa, why it would all be different.

And while Al Jackson drove slowly into town, sniffing with distaste the aroma blown by a hot breeze from the livestock pavilion behind the movie house and wondering why he never had any luck in this world, George Cary, publisher of the tri-weekly *Willow Creek Standard*, sat at the counter of the Willow Creek Hotel Coffee Shop, quietly enjoying another typical noontime meal.

It was cool in the coffee shop; the chrome and white leather of the booths seemed somehow detached from the old, gray look of the little town. Music by Shorty Rogers was, at that moment, playing from the jukebox at the end of the room.

To George's right, at the counter, sat Joe King, lessee of the gasoline station on the east edge of town. To his left was Willy Turner, sometimes unemployed and now a general employee of the grain elevator at the south end of town.

Behind the counter was Grace Amons, the waitress, her full figure showing well beneath a blue nylon uniform. And coming in from the kitchen, carrying a case of pop, was muscular seventeen-year-old Chuck Beaman, son of the sheriff, last year's athletic star of Willow Creek High and reported by the state's sportswriters to be the best potential back the Big Seven would see in years.

Behind, seated in a booth, was Roger Cook, son of the vice-president of Willow Creek's Community Bank, nineteen years old and summer vacationing between his freshman and sophomore years at the university two hundred and fifty miles away.

Across from Roger Cook was his summer guest and fraternity brother, last year's pledge captain in the Sigma Beta house, a twenty-one-year-old resident of Hollywood, California, where his father, a former native son of the Midwest, was engaged in the motion picture industry—William R. Alstair's son, Buggie.

It was a typical, matter-of-fact noon hour for George Cary, and it was this typical matter-of-fact quality that George had honestly come to enjoy.

Twenty-three years ago, when George was twenty-two, just graduated from the journalism college of the university, Willow Creek had seemed just an ordinary, rather dull Midwest village—a temporary substitute for something much better in the future.

But now, with the settling of years, Willow Creek and its daily activity had become something else, indeed; there was in it, now, a decided feeling of contentment most of the time, a feeling of surety due mainly to its absolute predictability.

Still, there were certain excitements in Willow Creek—Grace Amons, for one. And George, despite a firm, if idealistic, determination, since the loss of Julia fifteen years before, to remain chaste in the manner of a man who had been deeply and irrevocably in love with his wife, would have been the last man in the world not to have understood the intent, hot-blooded attention given to Grace by every male in the room.

Willy Turner, for example—a stocky youth of twenty-four—was hunching his thick shoulders over the counter, small black eyes alight, and saying, "What's new, Grace?"

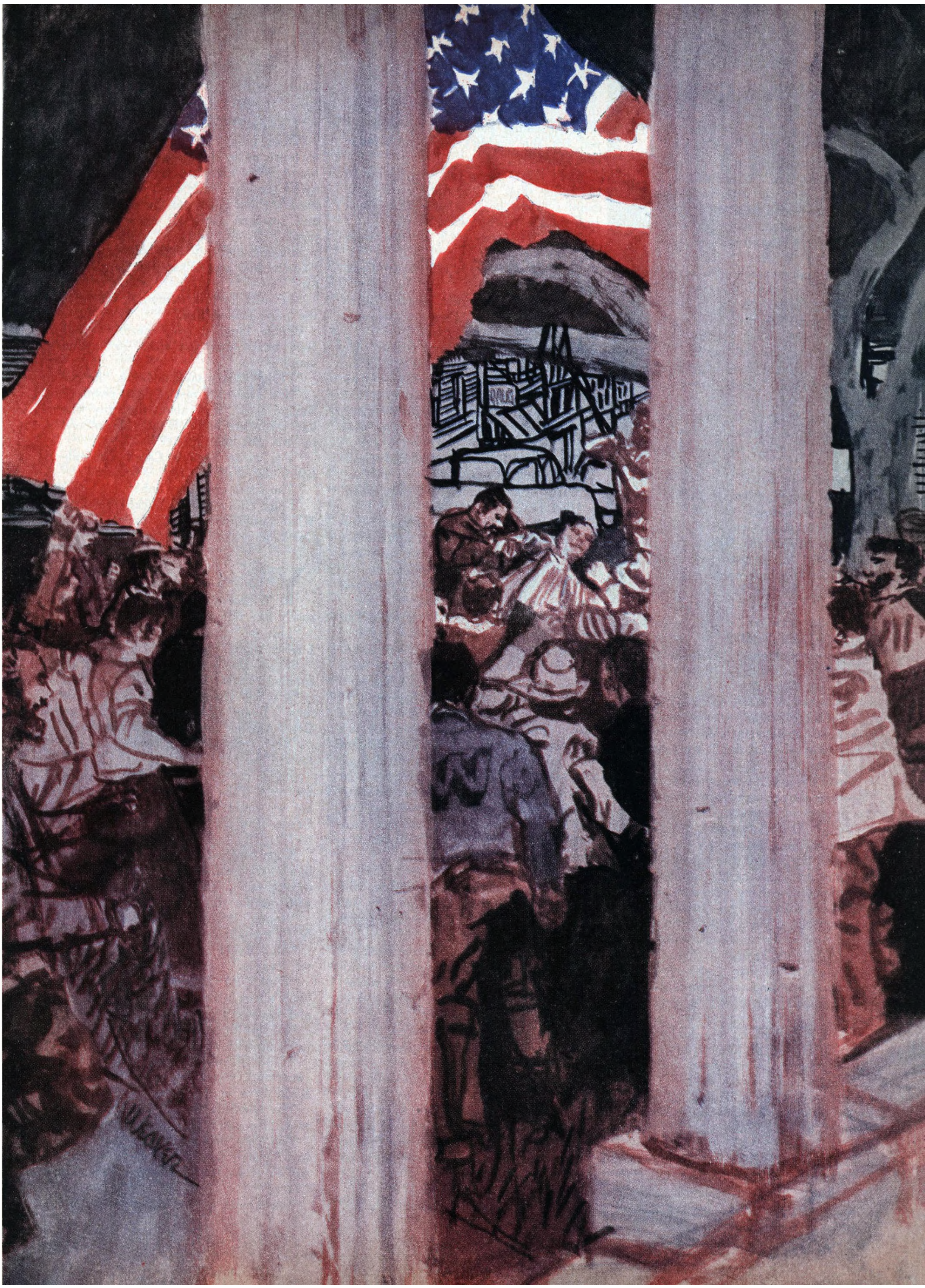
"I found a horse in my bathtub this morning, Willy."

"Oh, yeah?" After taking time to think up a smart answer, he added, "I ain't a horse, but I wouldn't mind waking up in your bathtub, Grace."

"Oh, cut it out. What'll you have?"

"You really want to know?" Willy asked, suddenly grinning.

The mob took up the cry, "Hang him." He could feel the savagery, the wild excitement, the thirst for blood.


WEAVER

"I've got an idea, only I'm fresh out. What else will do?"

"I might settle for a hamburger."

"You'll have to," Grace said.

George went on with his sandwich, amused, and just then the stranger in Willow Creek that morning, the salesman, Al Jackson, entered the room.

In the mirror behind the counter George watched Jackson swagger across the room and sit down. "Well, well!" he said to Grace in a rasping, brassy voice. "Hello, beautiful, where have you been all my life?"

Grace dropped a menu in front of him. "Right here in Willow Creek, mister, just waiting for you."

The man laughed loudly. "Well. I'm glad you waited, honey, because you and I are going to make some beautiful music together."

"What'll you have?"

"Wheat cakes, sweetheart, and some of your best coffee."

The room now, George realized, was absolutely silent. Joe King's eyes flickered toward the stranger, then back to his sandwich, a look of irritation on his face. Willy Turner appeared genuinely angry.

But the stranger failed to notice. "Say," he said loudly, "my name's Al Jackson. I represent Farm Equipment, Incorporated. Going to be around the countryside for the next three or four days!"

When there was no response, the salesman went on, unperturbed, "Say, is this town dry or what? I didn't see a bar the whole way in."

"Partially dry," George said at last. "You can get package liquor at either of the drugstores. Beer at the pool hall."

"Well," Al Jackson said, "that's better than nothing."

Grace brought the man his late breakfast, and he began eating furiously and dedicatedly. Joe King paid his bill and walked out with one final distrustful look at the salesman. Then Willy Turner stood up, glaring at the man, throwing down change for his sandwich and walking heavily out of the shop. George followed, smiling faintly and wondering what exactly was going on in Willy's mind right now . . .

And Willy, climbing into the borrowed new Oldsmobile of his employer, Curt Black, gunned the car down the street, swearing silently and volubly.

That guy! Coming in and acting like he owned Grace or something! Who did he think he was? Talking to Grace that way!

And then, as he thought back to Grace, Willy's anger subsided somewhat. His mind cleared of pure fury, and he kept remembering just how Grace had looked. Well, he hadn't gotten too far with her yet, but she couldn't hold out forever, and then . . .

When there was a lull in business in the coffee shop, Grace came around the counter to the booth where Roger Cook and Buggie Alstair were sitting.

"Hello, fellows. Sorry I kept you waiting."

"We just wanted Cokes," Roger Cook said.

"That's what I thought, Roger," Grace said to him politely. "How are you, anyway?"

Roger smiled. "I'm fine, Grace." He was glad that he'd lost a good deal of his former shyness—but then, who could remain too awfully shy after that first year of pledgeship in the Sigma Beta house?

"And how are you—" Grace said "—is it Buggie?"

"Buggie it is." Buggie smiled confidently. "Just fine, Grace."

"Plain Cokes, fellows?" Grace asked.

"Just plain," Roger said.

As Grace walked away, Buggie studied her movements carefully, a half smile on his lips; and Roger also gave one long, if more guarded, examination.

"Man, tell me," Buggie said, "have you ever fooled around with that?"

"Me?" Roger asked. "Why, sure. You know it!"

Roger laughed lightly. He was aware that Buggie, who knew him pretty well, did not take seriously what he'd just said. But that didn't make any difference.

The whole point of his good feeling was simply that he was enjoying Buggie's stay. He'd never thought, when he'd first pledged Sigma Beta and known Buggie only as the whip over the pledges, that he would ever enjoy being around Buggie. Yet everything was coming off just fine, and he was still a little proud that Buggie, who was a pretty big man on campus, had come home with him.

Grace served them their Cokes, said, "There you are, boys," and walked away with the same generous amount of movement.

Buggie, smiling and relaxed, pushed a coin into the jukebox selector beside him. "Say, what was that guy's name? That big one with the shoulders and no neck. Looked like a pig."

"Willy Turner?" Roger asked.

"Willy Turner," Buggie repeated, shaking his head. "Did you see his face when that cornball of a salesman over there tried to go to work on Grace?"

Roger nodded. "He's kind of wild, all right. I mean, there were a lot of people around here a few years ago who thought maybe he wasn't right or something, but he's not so bad now."

"Why? What did he do?"

"Well, he cut this pregnant dog up."

"He what?" Buggie said incredulously.

"Doug Berry, who's got a farm south of town, came up along the creek and found Willy and this dog Willy'd hung up by the legs. Willy'd cut the dog down the front and taken out the unborn pups and smashed them all against a tree trunk."

Buggie suddenly started laughing. "You're kidding! What did he do that for?"

"He said he just wanted to see what the pups looked like."

Buggie laughed once more. "Crazy! How dumb can you get? He's wild, man!"

"Yeah," Roger said, nodding, "he is."

"How about the rest of those people?" Buggie said. "How about that guy who had the white hair? What's his interest in this fair metropolis?"

"You mean George Cary? He publishes the *Willow Creek Standard.*"

"The local crusader, huh?"

"I don't know if you'd call him that. What would you crusade for in Willow Creek, anyway?"

"Yeah," Buggie said, nodding. "What would you crusade for in Willow Creek anyway? Do you really like this town, Rog, old man?"

"Like it?" Roger said. "I don't know. I never thought about it, I guess."

Buggie shook his head. "This is the damnedest town I ever saw."

"It's not Hollywood, I'll admit. But then," Roger added, grinning, "it's got Grace Amons. You can't get around that."

"Yeah," Buggie said, turning his eyes toward the counter.

Buggie continued to stare at Grace reflectively. Then he said, "You know, I'll bet we could have some real fun with Grace. How about it? Shall we give it a try?"

Roger laughed. "That's all I need. This is a small town, Buggie. Grace has quite a reputation. You just can't get away with certain things here."

"Roger," Buggie said, smiling genuinely, "I thought you were a big boy now."

"Ah," Roger said, irritated, "knock it off, Buggie."

"Well," Al Jackson said to Grace, "how about it, beautiful? How about you and me waking this burg up tonight?"

"I'd love to," Grace said, "but I've got to sit up with my poor mother."

"Yeah. Oh, sure! Only if you get bored, sweetheart, you know where to find me. Right here in the hotel."

The salesman walked out, and Roger said, "He got a long ways, didn't he?"

"No class, no style," Buggie said, smiling. "Watch this, old man. This is how we do it at Hollywood and Vine. Oh, Grace!"

Grace came around the counter again.

"Grace," Buggie said, holding up a dollar bill, "would you mind changing this?"

"Sure," Grace said casually. She got the change from a pocket of her uniform and handed it to Buggie, letting her hand brush his.

Buggie put a quarter in the selector and leaned back, smiling. "You pick out the records, Grace."

Grace cocked her head, then leaned forward, so that her face was very near Roger's. Roger felt suddenly quite warm. "There." She punched three selections, straightened and began moving her shoulders with the music.

"Grace," Buggie said, "I really wish my dad could see you. He's in the picture business, you know. He'd have you in front of the cameras in ten seconds."

"How many girls have you told that to, Buggie?"

Buggie grinned. "Not a one before you, Grace."

All three of them laughed, and Roger could see that Grace was pleased. That warmth stayed inside him, and his optimism about what Buggie wanted to do suddenly increased.

"Listen, Grace," Buggie said. "We've been thinking things are pretty dull right now. We were wondering if you had any ideas."

"Ideas?" Grace said. "I thought a pair like you two would be just full of ideas."

"Well, now, Grace," Buggie said, "we are. But we're not certain they match up with yours."

Again, Grace cocked her head and moved her shoulders with the music. She looked very calm, almost sleepy, but inside she was feeling a rising excitement. Ideas, he had said. And she was getting some.

At first, this morning, Grace had not even remembered her visit to Old Doc Granger's office. There had been Chuck Beaman sneaking into her room, and all that. And even later she didn't hurry dressing. It always did take her a long time to wake up completely.

But finally she tried to think more about what Doc Granger had told her.

She hadn't been surprised to hear she was pregnant. But when Doc had told her about her heart, well, that had been completely confusing. Why, it was obvious there was nothing wrong with her; all she had to do was look at herself in the mirror. Doc, she decided, was just getting funny in his old age.

Still, dismissing her bad heart did not solve the problem of the baby.

Of course, she didn't know whose it was. Maybe it was Chuck Beaman's. But maybe it wasn't. Anyway, she knew that she would sure have to wind up married and all. The trouble was she was not sure just how to go about it.

But now, here in the coffee shop, a whole new pattern of thought had suddenly opened up for her.

This boy, Buggie, was kind of cute at that; he was from Hollywood, and his father was some kind of a big shot out there. But Grace was not positive about how far she could get. There was something about Buggie that made you know it would be pretty hard to put anything over on him.

Well, then, Roger Cook. He was something different. She'd known Roger for quite a while. Moreover, she knew she attracted him. That had always pleased her, because Roger was different. Kind of like his father, who was so tall and refined—and important, too, being vice-president of the bank.

Of course, Roger's mother didn't like her, Grace knew. Mrs. Cook always seemed to kind of look down her nose at all that joking and stuff all the fellows did when they were around Grace, as though it made her sick or something.

But now—well, maybe that would help everything, actually. Couldn't you just see their faces if Grace were to walk up to Mr. and Mrs. Cook and say, "I'm pregnant—your son is the father"?

Grace had never schemed in her life, but now everything seemed very clear. Mr. and Mrs. Cook might offer her a very great amount of money to leave town and keep Roger out of it. And she would, and have the baby, and then she could keep right on going. Maybe she could get to Hollywood after all, on her own, free and clear.

"Well, Grace?" Buggie said. "Have you got any ideas?"

Grace gave one sidelong glance at Roger. "Well, why don't you boys just come up to my room tonight? Two-twenty-two." She lowered her voice slightly. "If you could bring a bottle, it wouldn't hurt anything, would it?"

Just then a tall, wide-shouldered older duplicate of Chuck Beaman walked into the coffee shop. He glanced around, then waved heartily at the booth where Buggie and Roger sat.

"Hello, boys! How are you, Grace?"

Buggie nodded politely and Roger said, "Hello, Sheriff Beaman."

"I'll be with you in a minute, Sheriff," Grace said, and now she was remembering her date to go to the movies that night with Chuck Beaman. Well, she thought, dates started and ended pretty early in Willow Creek; she could get rid of Chuck early.

She said to Roger and Buggie softly, "Why don't you make it kind of late? I mean, after ten or so?"

"Why, sure," Buggie said.

Then Grace returned to the counter,

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and Buggie grinned at Roger. “You see, Roger? Nothing to it.”

It was blazing hot when Roger and Buggie, in Buggie's new convertible, drove away from the hotel. Six blocks down the street, they met an old Cadillac. Roger waved, and the man in the Cadillac, an elderly man who was smoking a pipe, waved back.

Doc Granger felt good. As soon as he got home and picked up his luggage and fishing tackle, he would be on his way to the first vacation he'd taken in ten years. It would be short, but he needed it. Of course, he was used to the work, and he didn't mind that. But he was always mixed up too closely with his patients.

Like Grace Amons. He hadn't been surprised about her being pregnant, but he was still bothered about that bad heart.

Well, now he was going fishing, and Dr. Clements would have all the headaches for a few days. Maybe he could have another talk with Grace when he got back—make her understand about her heart, try to talk her into settling down. He would try, anyhow, but right now he was going fishing . . .

Roger Cook lived in a large, comfortable white house at the west edge of town. He had, except for his first year in college, lived in it all his life. And it seemed now, being home this summer, that things should be just the way they always had been.

Yet he realized things had changed. For one thing, as he and Buggie entered the house and were met warmly and enthusiastically by his mother—a pretty woman with only the faintest traces of gray in her hair—he no longer felt quite the same way about her devoted attentions, but rather a little uncomfortable.

And when, a few moments later, Mrs. Cook insisted that they sit down at the dining room table and drink a glass of tomato juice despite the fact that they had just consumed a Coke in the coffee shop, Roger was genuinely embarrassed.

“Now here,” Mrs. Cook was going on, “tomato juice is good for growing boys. Roger doesn't like it, Buggie, but I make him drink it anyway. Does Roger eat enough at school, Buggie?”

Roger caught a peculiar sarcastic look on Buggie's face, but then, as if the look had been an illusion, Buggie smiled quite charmingly. It was the same kind of transformation that had occurred after the fraternity initiation had ended and Buggie had congratulated Roger on becoming an active member of Sigma Beta; Buggie hadn't been so very charming before then, wielding those paddles incessantly. But he could certainly be pleasant, as he was now when he replied to Mrs. Cook. “Why, yes, ma'am. We eat very well at school, Mrs. Cook.”

“Well, I'm glad you boys eat well,” Mrs. Cook said, “because I worry to death about Roger.”

Once again Roger was embarrassed, but Buggie replied brightly, “Don't you worry about Roger, Mrs. Cook. We've got a fine group in our fraternity. We all get along swell.”

Roger relaxed, and Mrs. Cook beamed, saying, “I'm so pleased, Buggie, and it's just wonderful that Roger brought you home this summer! Now are you sure you're enjoying yourself?”

“Why, yes, ma'am! You bet I am, Mrs. Cook. I'm really enjoying myself!”

“Well, that's just wonderful, Buggie. And now you boys will have to excuse me.”

When she had hurried off to the kitchen, there was a moment of silence while Roger felt pretty grateful about how nice Buggie could be, and then Buggie, looking at him across the table, a flicker going through his eyes, said, “Drink your tomato juice, Roger.”

In a way, Buggie was enjoying himself. This town killed him, it really did. And it was just as good as going home, what with the Old Man always busy at the studio or spending his time fooling around with girls. Moreover, Buggie had never felt the same about being around home after *she* left with that guy. It wasn't that he cared about *her* any more; it didn't even bother him that *she* hadn't even asked for Buggie's custody. That was a long time ago, anyway, and the whole thing was that Buggie just didn't care.

Of course, he hadn't wanted to come out here and go to school in the middle of nowhere in the first place. But the Old Man had insisted, because he'd gone to school here and he'd belonged to that fraternity and—well, the Old Man had threatened to cut off the money, so there hadn't been any choice.

But it hadn't been bad. After that first year of hazing was over and he got on the other end of it, things had picked up. And, moreover, he'd gotten a real kick out of beating the Old Man's record. The Old Man had said he was smart in school. Buggie had beaten him sideways and backwards. He'd gotten a straight A average, and three final examinations he'd taken half drunk, just to prove that it wasn't hard for him.

So it wasn't bad; even being in this dumpy town wasn't bad—in fact, it was a laugh, the way these people lived, like something out of a book, like Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, almost. Buggie was getting a real kick out of looking at them, like watching them through a microscope.

But every once in a while, Buggie wanted desperately for something to happen. Anything. Anything that would put some spark and excitement into things. It wasn't a feeling that he could figure out exactly, it was just a need that grew on him, and it had been growing on him more and more lately.

After dinner, Mr. Cook, a tall, pleasant-looking man with a lean Lincolnesque face, stated that he would have to do some more work at the bank that evening, and Roger and Buggie retired to Roger's room.

Buggie dropped on his back on the lower of two bunks in the room, and Roger sat in a maple chair he had owned for ten years.

Finally Roger said, “I've been thinking, Buggie. Maybe we ought to forget about seeing Grace tonight.”

Buggie turned his head and looked at Roger. “You must be crazy.”

“Buggie,” Roger said, “there are just some things you can't do in Willow Creek. If my parents knew—”

“Look, forget your parents and think about that liquor Grace wants. Your old man's got some stuff in a cabinet downstairs. I saw it.”

“Listen, Buggie, we couldn't touch that—”

“Why not? There's a bottle of brandy. We just take it and go, man. Your old man will never notice. We'll put the bottle back.”

“Buggie,” Roger said stubbornly, “I just don't think we're going up there at all—”

Buggie sat up suddenly, eyes angry. “You just don't think we're going up there at all! The hell we're not! What's the matter with you? Everybody else is fooling around with this dame! Why not us!”

“Buggie, listen,” Roger said, “we *can't* go over—”

“Oh, the hell we can't!” Buggie exploded, standing and pacing angrily. “We're going to!”

“Take it easy, Buggie,” Roger pleaded. “She'll hear you downstairs!”

Buggie's face was a mask of anger, his hands clenched at his sides. He glared at Roger, and then, suddenly, his face softened and his hands unclenched. “Now, look, Rog, I'm sorry. I just forgot how it is here.”

Roger spread his hands apologetically. “That's all right, Buggie. I just wish it wasn't this way myself.”

“Rog, it's all right.” Buggie strolled back to the bunk and lay down. “I understand. It might have been a lot of fun. But I understand.”

“Yeah.” Roger said sadly.

“I mean,” Buggie said, turning casually on his side, speaking very carefully, "I can see how it is, Rog, unless we could figure out how to get up there without anybody knowing."

Roger looked up. "Without anybody knowing?"

"Why not?" Buggie said. "I mean, how far is the hotel from here? Eight blocks? I'll bet we could sneak down there, you know? I mean, maybe just pick up that brandy—now I don't mean we'd drink it all up or anything like that—and sneak down to the hotel, stay a little while, and that's it."

A sliver of excitement began to grow in Roger, but he said, "I just don't know, Buggie."

"Well, look, Rog, old man. Just think about it a little while, huh? I mean, you make up your own mind, see?" Buggie grinned.

They left the house with the bottle of brandy a little after ten o'clock. Ten minutes later they arrived at the alley entrance of the hotel undetected, sneaked up the stairway, out of sight of the registration desk where Lola Hale, the owner, was checking receipts, and one minute later stepped into Grace's second-floor room.

"My God," Grace said, "you look like a couple of escaped convicts. What's going on?"

Buggie grinned. "We had a race from Roger's house."

Grace shook her head. "Well, take the load off your feet. I'll pour the drinks if Buggie will let go of the bottle."

Grace, her figure demonstrated boldly in a simple white dress, arranged three glasses and, at the same time, studied Roger guardedly. Roger looked tense. Well, she had not been certain that Roger would show up at all, and now that he had, she knew she had to make it count.

Grace distributed the drinks, then held her glass up. "Here's to it."

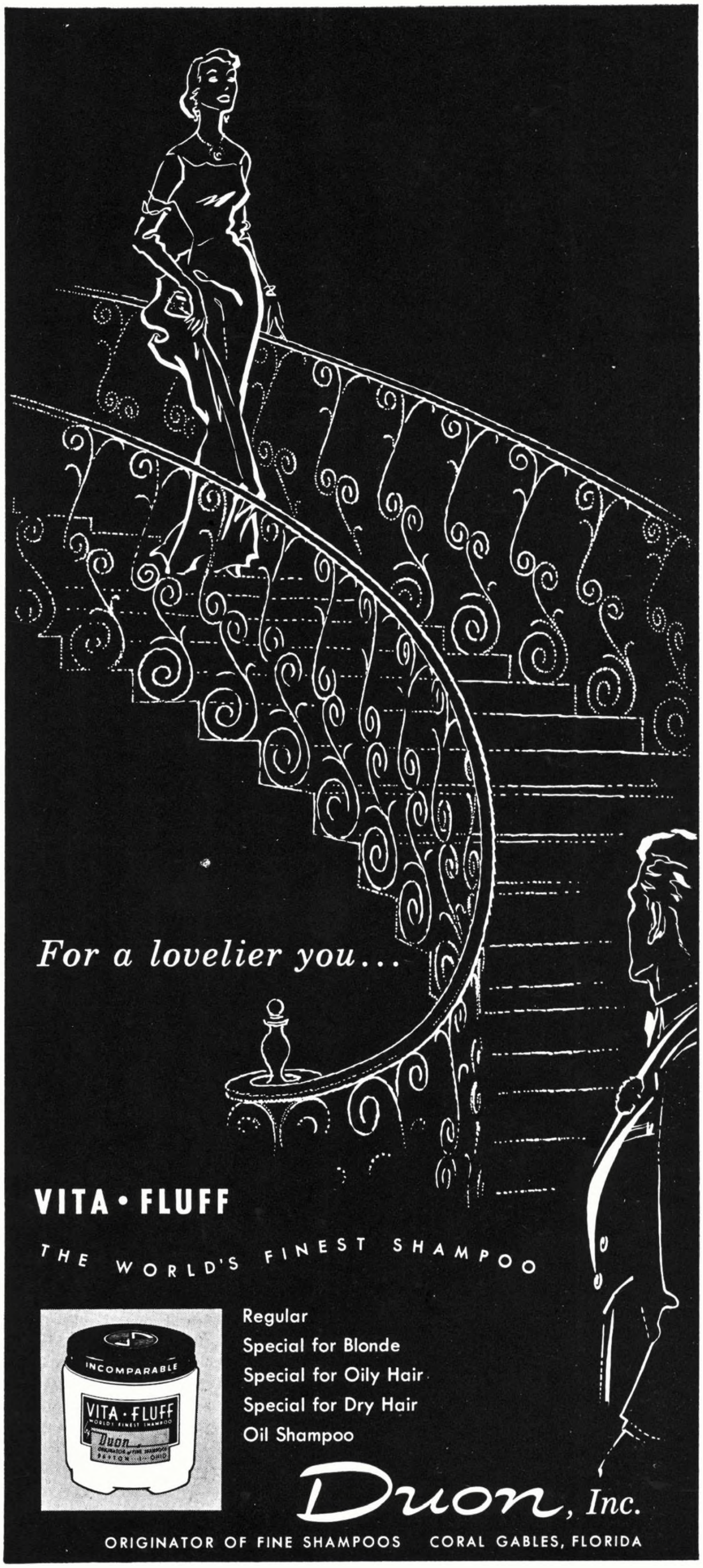
Roger took an over-large gulp of the brandy, almost choking; it was not his first drink; still, he was not used to liquor. Yet the excitement of being in Grace's room and looking at her in that white dress made him keep sipping at the brandy Grace had poured so generously, and the first thing he knew he was feeling a little tipsy.

Buggie had been telling Grace once again how well she would do in Hollywood, and Grace, when Roger finally stood up and disappeared a bit unsteadily into the bathroom, made up her mind quickly. She walked from the bureau where she'd been standing and sat down on Buggie's lap.

She let him kiss her, and then she whispered, "Buggie, Roger's getting a little tight, isn't he?"

"Why, I guess he is at that."

"Buggie," Grace said intimately,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“three's kind of a crowd, isn't it? I mean, sometimes that's not so much fun, and I really did want to have some fun. But Roger—well, you know. He's not like you, Buggie. And, I mean, gee, with Roger around and all—”

Buggie was really pleased. “Well, Grace, why don't we just get rid of Roger?”

Grace pursed her lips worriedly. “I don't know, Buggie. I mean he's a little tight now, and you never know about someone quiet like that. I don't want any trouble. Buggie, I was thinking—Roger, well, he kind of expects something to happen, you know? And I kind of—well, I feel sorry for him. Maybe if I had a few minutes alone with him. I mean, you know. That way he'll be satisfied. And then later, Buggie—well, you and I could have some real fun!”

Buggie grinned delightedly. This broke him up! What a laugh! Roger here alone with Grace! And then later, it would be just Buggie and Grace . . .

When Roger returned to the room he looked around in surprise. “What happened to Buggie?”

“He's gone, Roger,” Grace said. “He went home. He didn't feel good. It just hit him. Just like that.”

“Well, I'll be darned,” Roger said, slurring a little. “I didn't know he didn't feel good. Maybe I'd better be going too.”

“Roger,” Grace said, “why don't you just stay a little while and let me fix you another drink? Why don't you just sit down in the chair, Roger?”

“Well, holy smoke,” Roger said, sitting down, “if you wouldn't mind, Grace!”

Grace refilled his glass, then sat down on his lap and looked into his surprised eyes. “I wouldn't mind anything, Roger,” she whispered throatily. “Didn't you know that?”

When Roger and Buggie entered the coffee shop late the next afternoon, Buggie was in an ugly mood.

He just wished now, thinking back about how Roger had come lurching into the room last night with that stupid grin that gave away everything, that he'd never come to this dump. Hell, he might just pack up and get out of here and they could take the whole damned town and the whole damned state and stuff it.

But as he and Roger sat down in a booth, he knew that he wouldn't leave quite yet. All right, he'd been conned last night, just so Grace could get her fingers on Roger. So all right. She'd made a promise to him, just the same, and that was what he had left to do in this dump—see that she kept it.

“Buggie,” Roger was saying eagerly, as Grace came toward them, “I certainly appreciate your driving us to Fairville this morning so we could get that brandy and replace Dad's.”

“Just so everything looks right,” Buggie said, eyes thin. “That's all we care about, Rog, old sport.”

“Buggie,” Roger said, “I'm sure sorry you weren't feeling well last night.”

And that's a sweet damned lie, Buggie told himself, if I ever heard one.

Then Grace came up, and Buggie watched the way she was looking at Roger. He felt his temper grow.

“Gee, Grace,” he said pleasantly, “what happened after I left last night?”

It was just like he'd thought it would be. Roger's face started flushing, and a look of surprise flickered in Grace's eyes.

“Man,” Buggie grinned, “I think I walked out at the wrong time!”

Neither Grace nor Roger said a word. Buggie leaned back, lighting a cigarette carefully.

“Well, Grace,” he said, “I sure hope you haven't forgotten the date we made.”

Grace didn't like that at all, and Roger, Buggie saw with sudden amusement, looked confused and a little angry.

“You haven't forgotten, have you, Grace?” he asked.

“No,” she said, not looking at Roger, “I haven't forgotten. How about tonight, Buggie? Say earlier. About seven-thirty. In my room?”

Buggie felt a quick flow of pleasure. “Tonight's just fine with me, Grace.”

And then Grace turned to Roger. “Is that all right with you, Roger? I meant both of you, of course.”

Roger looked back and forth between Grace and Buggie. “Why, sure. I guess so!”

“I'll look for both of you then,” Grace said, and without saying any more she brought their Cokes, then disappeared into the kitchen.

Buggie half slumped in his seat, gazing outside at the sidewalk, the silent street. The sun was so hotly bright that the reflection of it against the sidewalk was nearly blinding. This lousy, stinking town, he thought. What was he doing here anyhow?

Roger was shaking his head in puzzlement. “I didn't know you'd lined us up another date, Buggie.”

“Roger,” Buggie said, controlling his voice with effort, “do you mind if I ask you to kindly shut up?”

At a little before seven-thirty Roger and Buggie walked quickly down the alley between the rear of the theater and the back of the sales pavilion, then ducked once again into the back entrance of the Willow Creek Hotel. The registration desk was empty this time, and they were upstairs and inside Grace's room swiftly, as Buggie promised himself with calm self-confidence that she wasn't going to get out of it this time.

“Well, Grace,” Buggie said, sprawling in a chair, “what do you say tonight?” Grace started to answer, then did not, and Buggie looked at Roger, who had remained standing rather stiffly. “What's the matter, Roger? You look nervous. Are you nervous, Roger?”

“No,” Roger said, shaking his head.

“Well, Roger's not nervous. Grace is not speaking. I wonder what the hell is the matter with everybody then?”

“Maybe we all need a drink,” Grace said quietly. “I thought maybe you'd bring something.”

“Actually,” Buggie said, “that brandy we brought last night belonged to Roger's old man, and what he does with it is keep it there in his cupboard all the time, and the way I get it, nobody's supposed to drink it.”

Buggie glanced at Roger, then went on: “Seeing as how you and Roger drank most of it, we had to drive over to Goofville this morning and buy a new bottle and put that in the old bottle so Roger's old man wouldn't know the difference. They sell liquor at the drugstores here in town, but you're not supposed to buy it, see? You go over to Goofville, if nobody knows you over there, and you buy it in Goofville. It's kind of confusing, isn't it?”

Grace put her hands together nervously. What Buggie was saying was confusing to her. All she knew was that they hadn't brought any liquor and that his voice sounded mean. And all of it was just increasing the uneasiness that had started this afternoon, right after Buggie and Roger had left, when she'd thrown that glass of water in that salesman's face for getting fresh.

She didn't know what was the matter with her. Ordinarily she would never have done anything like that, and when she went up to her room and lay down and cried until she couldn't cry any more, she'd done that other crazy thing of getting up and showering, scrubbing her skin until it hurt, as though it were the most important thing in the world.

It was all so mixed up, realizing she was actually going to have a baby, as though she hadn't realized it until then, thinking how it had been with Roger, how nice and right, because Roger was the way he was.

Only then Chuck Beaman had knocked on her door, and she'd stood there knowing what he was going to do, tears rolling down her cheeks, but telling Chuck to come in anyway.

Now she tried to get her thoughts and feelings straightened out, realizing quite suddenly that she couldn't afford to be mixed up any more. Now she had to do things exactly right, and so she said quickly, "I know where there's some liquor. In Lola's room. She's at the movies tonight, and she'd never miss it. Room two-forty-six. It's in a cabinet, right by the window. Do you want to get it, Buggie?"

"Me?" Buggie said. "Grace, I'm all tired out, actually. Roger, you run along and get it."

Roger hesitated a moment, then said, "All right." He opened the door slowly, trying, Buggie knew, to make it seem that he was not as worried about being discovered in the hotel as he really was.

"Take your time coming back," Buggie said.

And then Grace said, "Maybe I'd better go with you, Roger."

Buggie felt his grin disappear.

He waited for them, pacing, hands knotted. Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. Then finally they came back, and Buggie looked at Roger, then at Grace, and he knew.

He controlled himself, watching Grace uncap the bottle and pour the drinks. Then he sat down once more as Grace handed him his drink. Grace walked back and leaned against the bureau.

Buggie said, "Do you want to come over here and sit on my lap, Grace?"

"It's too hot, isn't it, Buggie?"

"Yes," Buggie said, "it's pretty damned hot."

The room was silent then, except for a hot evening breeze which rustled the drawn shade of the window that overlooked the fire escape.

Then Buggie stood abruptly. "Come in here, Roger, will you?"

Inside the bathroom, door closed, he whirled to face Roger. "So what kind of a deal is this?"

"What's the matter, Buggie?"

"What's the matter! I know what's going on. I just want to know one thing—is this something you've tied up for yourself?"

"Look, Buggie, I—"

"No, I want to know! Are you hogging the whole bit or do we look at this thing like fraternity brothers, which we happen to be? I just mean maybe you might give me the break I gave you, that's all!"

"Break?" Roger asked.

"Don't be stupid! I wasn't sick last night. When you were out of the room, Grace gave me the pitch. She said she just didn't like two guys around at once. She was going to tell you to take off, only I told her we'd get together later, and I took off instead. And so now I'm asking you. Are we going to spread this out or what? How about it, Roger?"

Roger, Buggie saw, no longer looked very happy. He looked pretty grim. There was a dark, angry flush on his lean face.

"Okay, Buggie," he said abruptly. "Sure. Take over."

Buggie grinned finally. "So okay. Fine, man."

"Grace," Roger said, as they returned, "I've got to beat it."

Buggie could see the alarm going into her eyes. "But why, Roger?"

"He just can't stay," Buggie said, smiling.

Roger hesitated, then started for the door. "So long, Grace."

"Roger, listen—"

But Roger was opening the door, then suddenly shutting it.

"Now what's the matter?" Buggie asked. "Is there somebody out there? Is that it?" Buggie groaned inwardly and then said to Grace in a stage whisper, "The point is, Grace, Rog doesn't like getting caught coming out of your room."

Roger flashed an angry look at Buggie; then his eyes grazed Grace's self-consciously.

"It's all right, Roger," Grace said. "I understand. You can stay until they leave out there—"

"Why don't you take the fire escape, Roger?" Buggie said.

"I don't have to take the fire escape," Roger retorted.

"Of course not. You just don't like being caught in here. So take the fire escape, Rog, old man. Grace understands."

Roger hesitated, while Grace looked at him imploringly, and then he walked to the window, as Buggie snapped off the floor lamp and pulled the shade. "So long, Roger," Buggie said, and Roger stepped out, face burning.

Grace turned away, her eyes moist.

Roger listened to the shade being pulled behind him, and he started making his way slowly down the steps. He felt confused and angry. Somehow he felt as though he shouldn't have run out that way. He'd seen that look on Grace's face when he'd walked to the window . . .

And then they came around the corner, a youth and a girl. They stopped right below him, going into each other's arms. Roger froze.

In the room, Buggie turned on the light and grinned at Grace. He walked to her and kissed her.

"Buggie, some other time—"

"Let's quit fooling around, shall we?"

"Buggie, no!"

The anger exploded inside him. It got into his blood and swept through him, so that he couldn't see.

"Buggie, please. No!"

She started to scream and he got a hand over her mouth, feeling her squirm wildly. It was all going haywire inside him, everything.

She got his hand away from her mouth for one second, starting the scream, and then he struck her. She stumbled back, hands clawing, and then she was falling, striking the bureau with the back of her head and crumpling on the floor. Buggie started for her again, but then the anger ceased flowing wildly inside him, and he stopped.

The next minute Roger was climbing inside, looking wide-eyed from Grace to Buggie.

"What happened, for God's sake!"

"She's just knocked out!" Buggie said fiercely. "Get away from that window and keep that shade pulled!" He walked across the room and knelt beside her, and then he saw it.

"Lord!" he whispered, and then he straightened and stepped back all in the same motion.

"Buggie—"

"Don't touch her! She's dead!"

Roger froze, the blood leaving his face. "Dead!"

Buggie whirled, grabbing Roger's arm, staring at him with furious eyes. "Now you listen to me! Because, so help me, if you don't, I'll kill you!"

"Take it easy," Roger said. "Take it easy, Buggie—" It was a stupid thing to say, but he felt as though this were a dream.

"What are you doing here anyway?" Buggie asked.

"There was someone down below in the alley—"

"Did they see you?"

"I don't think so . . . Buggie, will you tell me what happened!"

"We had a scuffle, that's all! She fell and hit her head on the bureau—" Buggie's eyes were narrow and bright, examining the room. "The glasses," he said.

"The glasses?" Roger asked dazedly.

"No man ever stands so Straight as when he Stoops to help a boy"

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"Buggie, wait a minute. We can't do that! Hell, she's dead!"

"All right! She's dead! So what do you want to do? Put your head out that window and call the whole damned town in? Nobody knows we're here. Nobody's going to know. You listen to some reason, Rog, old sport. You listen when I tell you to clean those glasses and hurry!"

Roger stood there, heart beating; then swiftly he took the glasses to the bathroom and washed them, feeling strangely that it was someone else's motion doing this, not his.

"No more time," Buggie said. "We've got to get out of here. We can't use that fire escape. We've got to go down the hall." He looked angrily at the body on the floor, then said, "Let's go!"

They moved into the hall silently, then went down the stairway to the first landing, came around the corner, and there, leaning against the banister, was the salesman, Al Jackson. Roger felt something lurch in his stomach.

"Well, hello, there!" Jackson said loudly, then leaned forward and clumsily grabbed Buggie's arm. His eyes were glazed and he smelled strongly of alcohol.

Buggie shook the man's hand from him. "Let's move!"

They reached the alley, leaving the salesman calling after them, and looked toward the bottom of the fire escape. The boy and girl were gone.

They ran down the length of the alley, staying close to the buildings, then slowed on the sidewalk. "Easy," Buggie whispered, and they moved slowly until they reached Buggie's car parked near the sales pavilion. When they were inside, Buggie leaned back, smiling, letting out his breath.

"Damn! We made it! What do you think of that, Rog, old man!"

"That salesman—"

"Dead drunk!"

Roger looked at Buggie's face, at his smile, and a cold feeling ran through him. "What's the matter with you? She's dead! Don't you understand that?"

"Yeah, I understand that," Buggie said, starting the car. "But the important thing is we didn't get caught. We've got a chance now. But we've got to be careful. We left fingerprints, that bottle of whiskey—we didn't cover everything, you know."

"You just don't get it!" Roger whispered furiously. "Grace is dead!"

But Buggie was not listening. Something was moving through him, a feeling of exultation. Damn, he thought, something has finally happened, and now it isn't dull any more!

As Buggie drove toward Roger's house, the salesman reached the second floor and stumbled drunkenly down the silent hall. Oh, he'd seen her come out of that room earlier and go wiggling down the hall!

At room 222, he stopped, grinned, and drew a small cellophane-wrapped cigar out of his pocket. He started to put the cigar in his mouth, then instead pushed the door open and stepped inside. He stumbled into the bed, almost passing out completely, dropping the cigar. And then he straightened himself with an effort, fighting the swimming blackness. "Ah, you ain't here, huh, beautiful?"

He stumbled out of the room and up the stairway to his own room, where he fell across his bed, face down, and began to snore loudly.

The lights of the Cook house were on when Buggie parked his car in the wide driveway.

"I'm not going in there!" Roger said.

"You're going in there, buddy, and now!"

They came in through the back porch, and when they reached the kitchen, Mr. Cook's voice rang out. "Is that you, boys? Oh, say, I'm glad you've come in. Come on in here, won't you?"

"I won't!" Roger whispered.

"Shut up," Buggie snapped.

Roger's father met them in the dining room. "Say, we're all here together now!" he said happily. "I just haven't been able to spend much time with you boys. Do you notice the weather has cooled off a little?"

Buggie smiled broadly, nodding very politely. "Why, so it has, sir. It's a relief, isn't it?"

"Too warm for me. Say! I've got an idea. Rather unusual around here, I'll admit. But maybe it's about time. How would you boys like to have just a sip of wine with Mother and me? Dear?" he called to Mrs. Cook in the living room. "How does that sound to you?"

Mr. Cook got out the bottle and arranged the glasses. "The fact is, Buggie, the three of us have never enjoyed a drink together before." Then he smiled at Roger. "Now I know all about college life, Roger. I graduated from the university in 1925, Buggie. I trust, Roger, that this won't be your first alcoholic drink."

"No, sir," Roger said stiffly.

And then they were sitting down in the living room, and Roger gripped his glass, wanting only to get this over and get upstairs. *Grace dead!* he thought.

"Cheers!" Mr. Cook said. And then, "Well, Buggie, how do you like it here in the small town?"

"Just fine, sir," Buggie said, and Roger stared at him in fascination, marveling at his easy casualness.

"Well, that's great, Buggie. You're a fine boy. A lot of fellows your age seem to feel they have to get pretty wild to have any fun, and I guess knowing that, well, that's why Alice and I are grateful that you and Roger can enjoy yourselves like you're doing."

"Well, we certainly have been finding plenty to do, all right. Haven't we Roger?"

Roger nodded, his nerves jumping.

"Well, that's fine," Mr. Cook said, and then the voices of his father and Buggie became a dull drone in Roger's ears. His blood kept pumping, and he kept remembering Grace's face as she lay on the floor of that room. Then finally his father was saying:

". . . so living in Willow Creek is a good deal different from living in a city, Buggie. We have our codes and our restrictions here, you know. And we all have to remember the part we play in Willow Creek's social structure. I can't do what, say, Joe Neely does. Joe Neely gets drunk every Saturday night, and I can't do that—even if I wanted to. And that is why I think Mother and I had better retire now, before I pour us all another drink! You're an intelligent young man, Buggie, and it's been a real pleasure talking with you."

Five minutes later in his room, Roger, sweat pouring down his face, turned to Buggie, who was once more lying flat on one of the bunks. "How could you do it—sit down there and talk on just like nothing had happened?"

"Take it easy, Roger, old sport," Buggie said softly, his eyes looking up at the ceiling reflectively.

"I don't get it!" Roger whispered furiously. "You don't even seem to realize what's happened—"

Suddenly Buggie swung his legs around, sitting upright, eyes blazing.

"Now you shut up for one little second, Roger, baby. I'm sick of listening to you quacking! I realize exactly what's happened. We're in deep, dark trouble, brother. So you listen to me. Somebody's got to figure out just what we're going to do, and that somebody is Buggie Alstair, do you get that? So shut your lip so I can do that thinking! Do you follow that, Roger, baby?"

Roger whirled, blood pumping inside him, and stared out the window at the silent warm night.

It was morning, and George Cary had just put on a fresh white linen suit and walked into his kitchen. A few minutes later he sat down in the breakfast nook, steaming coffee before him, and looked out the window, past the two elms and the cottonwood, to the gently rising terrace of grazing land beyond.

The sight had become familiar now,

but there were still times like this morning when he wondered at his presence here, feeling a kind of surprise, despite the passage of twenty-three years, at the incongruity of his being here at all. It was not, certainly, what he had intended. He could still remember what John Riley, then dean of the journalism school, had said when George had been elected to Phi Beta Kappa: “There have been some good journalists in this world, and there will be some more. George Cary will be one of them.”

Well, it hadn't happened, and he still did not know exactly why. Julia, he supposed, had been mostly responsible. After they had graduated and married, he and Julia had visited Julia's parents here in Willow Creek, and, well—somehow he had just not gone on. Good jobs had been hard to get, and Julia's father had offered him a loan to buy the *Standard*. And that was what he'd done.

Oh, he'd been successful, building the paper up, becoming a respected businessman in the community—but that was all he had accomplished.

George stood up, put on his hat, and decided to walk downtown instead of driving. Outside, as he walked, he caught the scent of lilac—a scent that never failed to remind him of Julia, because he could not remember ever having smelled lilac before coming here with Julia. And once again, as he'd done thousands of times, he remembered that day when Julia and her parents had been killed in that automobile accident, all three, instantly . . .

Julia, yes—that was one reason why he'd become what he was. But not entirely. After Julia's death, he could have gone on, started over. But he hadn't. Why? Well, perhaps, he thought, striding along, feeling the peace of Willow Creek, the gentle quiet of it, it was because he'd somehow grown attached to this town, just as though he'd always been a part of it . . .

And it was just then, as he reached the rim of the business district, that he saw Lola Hale walk woodenly from the doorway of the hotel, face peculiarly stiff and white, eyes veiled oddly. George hurried to her, and she blinked at him, saying, “Grace, George. Grace is dead. Somebody killed her!”

Later, when George sat down at his desk in the newspaper office, the whole thing still seemed unreal: he and Lola staring from the hall door at the sprawled figure of Grace, as Sheriff Beaman's deputy, Doug Havery, knelt beside the body and said to Sheriff Beaman. “She's as dead as she could get, all right.” Then calling Hugh Seltz. the pock-marked local undertaker who was also the county coroner. And finally watching them carry Grace out to Hugh Seltz's mortuary van.

Now, Jack Noble, George's tall, thin linotype operator, had come into the office. He wore rimless glasses, and he took them off and then blew his nose. “I'll tell you this, George; I always liked Grace, and I'd like to have about five minutes alone with that guy who did it!”

“Whoever it was,” George said.

“There isn't any doubt about that, is there?” Jack said angrily. “Comes in here and gets himself drunk! Thinks he can get away with anything! Oh, they found that cigar of his all right—who else would smoke one of those teeny things? They've got him, all right. Yanked him right out of his hotel room, still half drunk and all, and slapped him right in the sheriff's car!”

George was once again aware of realities, and anger was crowding within him, because he suddenly realized just how little he'd done that a good newspaperman should have done. He'd walked away from the hotel without waiting to find out anything more at all.

“Who, Jack? Who the hell are you talking about?”

“That salesman!” Jack said. “That rotten raping salesman!”

In Roger's room, after the news had been conveyed to them by Mrs. Cook, Buggie paced excitedly, eyes sharp and alive. “We've got it made now! That stupid joker has admitted he doesn't remember a thing! Do you realize what that means, Rog, old man?”

Roger spun around, eyes blazing. “He's innocent!”

Buggie didn't answer. He simply laughed.

Roger's mouth trembled in his emotion. “All right! You listen to this! I don't care what happens. They're going to get the straight story!”

Buggie stopped pacing, looking at Roger with amusement. “So take off, then. Tell them exactly what happened. Go, man.”

Seconds ticked by, and then, the trembling going deep inside him, Roger turned back to the window, while behind him sounded the soft knowing laughter of Buggie Alstair.

On the lower bunk of his cell in the county jail, Albert Jackson rubbed his hands together nervously. A moment later the cell door opened and Sheriff Beaman and Doug Havery stepped inside.

“Fellows,” Jackson said, jumping up, “you've gone and made a big mistake! I didn't kill Grace.”

“Our coroner,” Sheriff Beaman said, “found out something that we don't like.”

Jackson swallowed, staring at the sheriff dazedly.

“Grace was raped.”

Jackson wagged his head forlornly. “Sheriff, you've got to believe me—I drank too much, I'll admit it. I blacked out. But I wouldn't have done anything like that. Why do you think I would have done anything like that?”

“I'll tell you, Jackson,” Sheriff Beaman said. “We're not going to get rough with you. We're just going to let you sit here and think about it. Pretty soon maybe you'll start telling us the truth.”

“Sheriff, listen—”

But Sheriff Beaman and Havery had gone. Jackson collapsed on his bunk, pressing the heels of his palms against his eyes. Oh, it was all going wrong, everything! And what could he do about it? Get hold of Myra in Omaha? Have her get him some help?

No, he couldn't do that. And he couldn't get help from the company either—not after that trouble he'd gotten into outside of Fremont. So he'd fooled around a little with that farmer's wife—she'd asked for it, hadn't she? And that was what was the matter with Myra, too. Telling him he'd better stop playing around or she'd leave him and take that little tot of theirs.

No, he couldn't get help anywhere, and all he wanted to do was wait until they saw what a big mistake they'd made. He wasn't going to call in any lawyer, because the less he made of it right now, the better his chances were that maybe it would all blow over and they'd let him go.

But, oh, why did it go wrong this way? Why was he always the one on the wrong end of things? Yes, sir, he thought, tears blurring his eyes, some had it good, some had it bad. And how did Al Jackson have it? Bad—every lousy, stinking time . . .

When, later that morning, Roger and Buggie finally left Roger's room, Roger hoped only that they could get out of the house with no more than a word to his mother, but the instant they got downstairs, Mrs. Cook insisted that they come into the living room and chat a minute with her friend, Mrs. Boseley, fat and perspiring in a wilted organdy dress.

“Well,” Mrs. Boseley said, resuming. “Sam saw her carried out, and he said she had the most awful look you ever saw on a body's face—like when she died, she'd just been through something terrible. I haven't felt so awful since Hanna's funeral. How do you feel, Alice?”

And Mrs. Cook, reseating herself quietly, said, “I feel awful too.”

Roger, T-shirt dampening, glanced once at Buggie, but the only movement Buggie was making was the flicker of a small muscle along his jaw.

“Well,” Mrs. Boseley went on, “what with Grace's Pa being the only relative she had and his dying of kidney trouble like that last year, we girls in the sewing club ought to talk to Reverend Pritchard and see that Grace gets a pretty funeral. Poor Grace. And I'll have to have something new to wear to the funeral. I've got just that one black dress, and that was almost worn out when Hanna died of cancer. You never know any more if there'll be another funeral right the next week. Stars, it's awful."

"Yes," Mrs. Cook said, "it's just terrible."

It was then that Roger noticed Buggie straighten just a fraction, his eyes more attentive as he watched Mrs. Boseley.

Mrs. Boseley's face twisted. "Well, we all know that Grace was Grace and maybe not all we hoped for. But I guess the Good Lord is the one to decide about such things, not us. I do know one thing. It isn't just the Good Lord who can say as to what kind of a man it is who would do a thing like was done to Grace!"

And just then Buggie, clearing his throat politely, said to Mrs. Boseley, "Ma'am, I just want to say that while I didn't know Grace like people here in Willow Creek, I thought she was a very nice girl. And it seems to me that nobody should stand for what happened to her! I just hope that whoever did it gets punished, that's all!"

Roger stared at Buggie in astonishment, and then, with equal astonishment, realized that his mother had begun to cry. He turned and looked at her, blinking, and Mrs. Cook shook her head, sniffling.

"It's just . . ." she began, and then got out a handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes. "Poor Grace! She was such a sweet girl, really. I always liked her so much!"

It was a little past twelve-thirty when George Cary found Sheriff Grove Beaman seated at the counter of the Hiller Cafe. "Oh, hello, there, George. Looking for me?"

"I was going over to pick up the legal notices at the courthouse, Grove. Are you going back that way?"

"Right now, George."

Outside, the two men strode along, and finally George said, "What do you think, Grove? About what happened to Grace?"

The sheriff shrugged. "She was knocked around and raped."

George frowned. "You're holding the salesman. Do you think he's guilty?"

"We found that cigar of his in the room. Grace had to slap him earlier in the day for getting fresh—" The sheriff stopped, looking at George suddenly, frowning. "I think he ought to be held, yes."

They were nearing the courthouse now. "Look, Grove, aside from that cigar, have you any proof it was the salesman?"

The sheriff's eyes narrowed a little; his face turned a little sterner. "What are you trying to get at, George?"

"I'm not trying to get at anything but the facts, Grove. I've got to write a story in my newspaper about this, remember?"

"Well, you just put down what you already know, George, because that's what the folks want to hear again anyway. I'll give you whatever else I can when I'm ready. You just go along with me. All right, George?"

"Grove, I wonder if I could see Jackson?"

"Now, why would you want to do that, George?"

Anger rose in George. It was irritating to him that Grove Beaman would not understand that he was a newspaperman who had a right to know just what was going on. "I'd like to talk to Jackson," he said stubbornly.

The sheriff shrugged then, half angrily. "All right, George. Go tell Doug. He'll let you in."

It was after lunch when Roger and Buggie sat down in the pool hall and Mike Denton, the thin, veined-checked owner, came over to their table, followed by his old yellow and brown dog.

"Well, what the hell are you doing in here, Roger?"

"We just came in, Mr. Denton," Roger said grimly.

"Does your pop know it?" Denton asked, grinning, and then without waiting for a reply, "Well, he will." Then he turned to Buggie. "You're the kid staying with Roger from the university, right?"

"That's right," Buggie said, holding out his hand. "Buggie Alstair, Mr. Denton."

"Well, by God," Denton said, shaking Buggie's hand and looking at Roger, "Roger Cook in here! What'll you have, Roger?"

"A Coke, sir," Roger replied quietly.

"A beer for me, if you please," Buggie said.

Denton got the Coke and beer and returned to his bar, his dog following dutifully behind.

"Let's get out of here," Roger said tightly.

"Relax," Buggie said, his eyes moving brightly about the room.

Billiard balls clicked. Denton banged beer bottles on the wet wood of the bar, and over the din came the drift of voices: ". . . ain't anything too bad for that salesman . . . dirty . . . filthy . . . ought to be hung . . ."

Roger closed a fist. "How can you—!"

"Roger," Buggie said, smiling, "we're in a hell of a jam, do you know that?"

"Keep your voice down!"

"If it weren't for that stupid cornball of a salesman," Buggie went on lazily, "we'd be in so deep you couldn't pull us out with a truck. Thank God for the stupid cornball of a salesman, huh, Rog?"

"Shut up!" Roger said. "I keep thinking about him—"

Buggie leaned forward, still smiling, resting his elbows on the table. "How about it, Rog? Have you changed your mind about telling everyone what really happened? How about getting up on this table and making a short, revealing speech?"

Roger's face had reddened. "You're so damned sure, aren't you? You figure I don't have the guts, don't you?"

"Let me put it this way, Roger, old sport. You're in this thing up to your neck, right along with Buggie Alstair. You make one single mistake, and you've had it. We've been lucky so far, old boy. You'd better not crowd the luck. In fact—" Buggie grinned wickedly "—you'd better think about how we're going to keep that salesman on the string, huh? Because the minute he gets off, we've had it. Right, Rog, old man?"

Roger opened and closed his mouth, knuckles white over the table. But he said nothing.

Willy Turner, his friend and fellow employee, Bud Hinkle, and Willy's employer, Curt Black, walked into the pool hall.

They sat down at a table beside the one where Roger and Buggie sat, ordered beer from Mike Denton, and took long, swigging drinks.

Then Willy sat glowering, large shoulders hunched. Curt Black, with his hard, confident face, stared darkly ahead. And Bud Hinkle, leanly muscled, with a perpetual crooked-toothed grin, sprawled slackly in his chair.

Roger's stomach tightened.

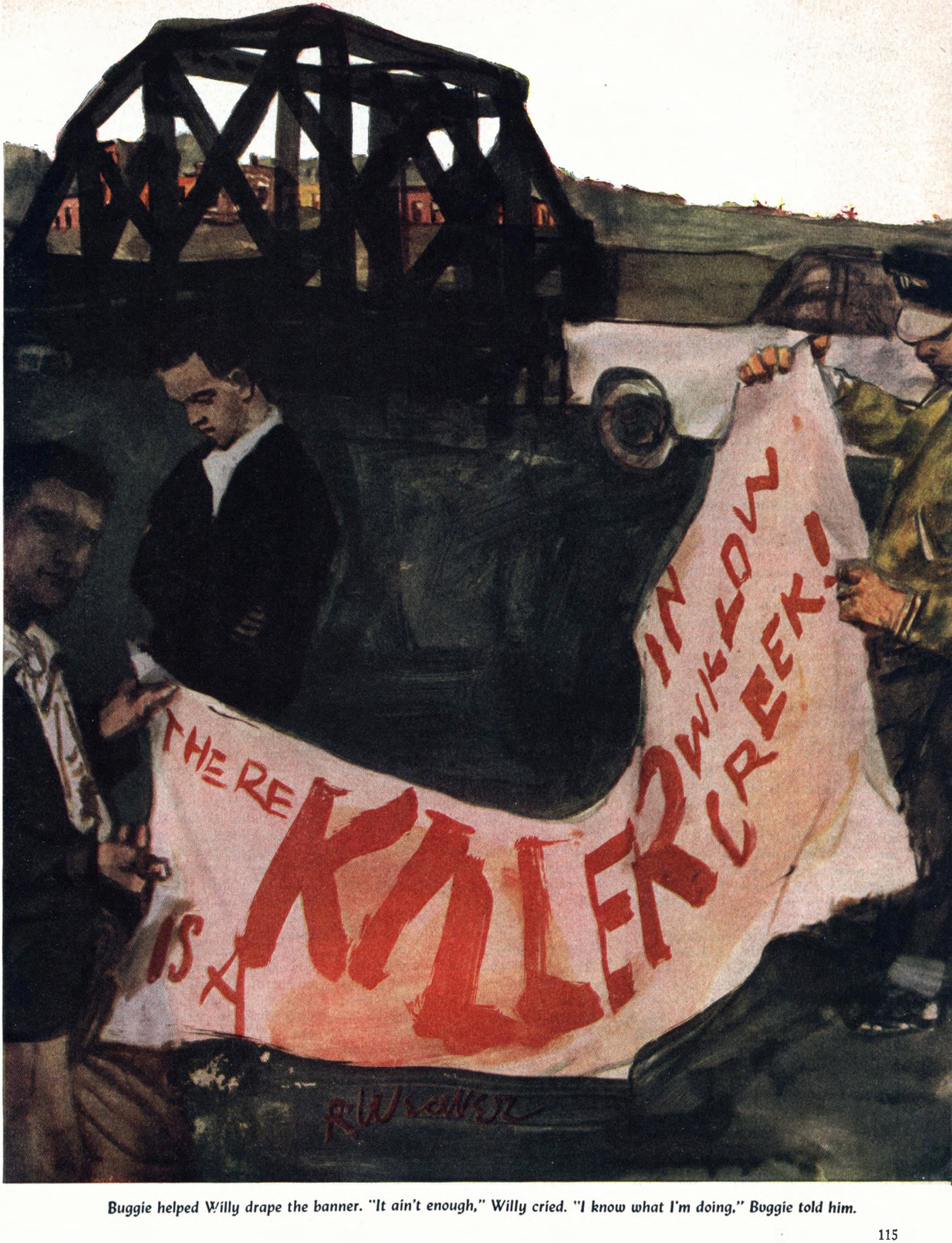
"So all right," Willy said finally to Curt Black, "tell it again."

And although this had obviously been done several times before, Curt Black began retelling the story of what had happened to Grace.

Roger, trying to close his ears to Curt Black's voice, was unable to keep his eyes away from Willy Turner. He'd thought, over the past years, that Willy had lost some of his heavy, surly malice; but today he was just as he'd used to be, and his mood seemed to infect not only Bud Hinkle and Curt Black, but everyone in the room.

Mike Denton drifted over, followed by his dog, and listened; when Curt Black had finished his recital, Willy swore a long collection of oaths.

And then, to Roger's surprise and apprehension, Buggie turned his chair and said, "I don't mean to break into your conversation, but I was wondering


THERE IS A KILLER IN WILLOW CREEK!
R. W. [illegible]

Buggie helped Willy drape the banner. "It ain't enough," Willy cried. "I know what I'm doing," Buggie told him.

about this fellow claiming he was drunk."

The three men at the other table looked at him, and Curt Black said, "What's your name anyway?"

"Buggie Alstair," Buggie said smiling. "I'm a friend of Roger's here. We go to school together—"

"Yeah, I know all that. I just didn't know your name. What do you mean, you were wondering about this fellow claiming he was drunk?"

"Well," Buggie said earnestly, "I just mean it's kind of funny when you think about it. You take a guy that's blind drunk and have him break into Grace's room and the rest of it, why, it's kind of funny nobody heard it, isn't it? I mean, Grace didn't scream. Nothing."

"I don't see what you're getting at," Curt Black said, voice hard, but interested.

"Well, let's just say that the salesman *says* he was drunk, but that maybe he wasn't. Let's say that he got Grace to let him in there somehow. You know. And then he did what he did, only not because he was drunk, do you see?"

"No," Willy said abruptly.

"Well," Buggie said, "I don't know much about these things, but we've had some courses on psychology. And I've read quite a little about—well, about how some people are different from the rest of us. Maybe that's the case with this salesman."

"How do you mean, different?" Curt Black asked.

"I mean some guys get a quirk in them. They get psychotic—"

"Which?" Willy asked.

"I mean," Buggie said, "say a guy starts out with this little quirk. Then he lets it grow, see? He doesn't have to, you know. A lot of people have little quirks. But I mean he lets it grow anyway. He's weak, see? And pretty soon that quirk gets to be the whole thing. And then you've got some guy beating up a girl and the rest of it, just for kicks, see?"

Bud Hinkle gulped a swallow of beer and shook his head. "Boy, I don't understand somebody like that!"

"They're sex fiends," Willy said darkly.

"Right," Buggie said, nodding. "And they're the bad ones. They're like—well, like animals."

Roger kept watching Willy's fists tighten over the table.

"See," Buggie said, "they're just like, say, that dog there."

"Now cut that out," Mike Denton said, speaking up suddenly. "I don't want no sex fiend compared with my dog!"

"Look," Bud Hinkle said happily, "I'll bet old Bingo's been around plenty in his day, Mike. I'll bet—"

"I don't want no sex fiend compared to Bingo, that's all!"

"I just mean," Buggie said, "that's what somebody is we've been talking about—an animal."

"Just like that damned yellow dog there!" Willy said angrily.

"Willy," Denton said, his voice rising, "I don't want my dog talked about that way, do you hear?"

"Damned animal! That's what that rotten salesman is! No different than that damned yellow dog! Killing Grace, dirtying her up—"

Suddenly Willy shoved himself up with his fists, knocking his chair backward, and kicked Denton's yellow and brown dog.

The dog yelped loudly, and a stifled cry caught in Denton's throat. Willy started after the dog again, but Denton threw himself at him, swinging his fists, the swinging futile because of his wild fury.

And at the same time Curt Black was on his feet, grabbing Willy, stopping him. "What the hell's the matter with you, Willy? That dog hasn't hurt anyone!"

Willy blinked, as though coming back to reality, and shook Curt's arm away.

"What business has he got to do a dirty thing like that?" Denton yelled, close to tears. He kneeled suddenly, cradling the whimpering dog in his arms. "Poor old Bingo."

Willy, eyes dark and preoccupied, walked toward the door, and Curt Black and Bud Hinkle followed, shaking their heads.

"Poor old Bingo," Denton mourned, rubbing the dog's head tenderly. "What business did he have to do a dirty thing like that!"

"Let's go," Buggie said softly.

They walked silently down the street to Buggie's convertible and got in. Roger, looking at Buggie leaning back behind the steering wheel, felt a chill shudder through him—it was Buggie's smile, the bright, sharp eyes . . .

"That Willy!" Buggie said, laughing softly. "Don't you see it, Rog, old man? Willy's the answer to everything!"

That night George Cary sat at his desk in his office. In a way, he wished that he had not insisted on having an interview with the salesman.

It had gone well, actually. Once George had explained he owned the local paper and that whatever story he wrote would not be distributed outside the community, Jackson had gotten over his defensive reluctance to say anything. He had, in fact, poured his heart out.

And the trouble was—George believed him. It didn't matter if the belief lacked factual proof; it was enough to replace George's underlying irritations, his faint unrest, with a strong surge of conscience.

He shook his head angrily, standing up, pacing. Where had the future become the past? Where had what was going to be become what had never been? A journalist, George thought. And what am I now?

He compressed his mouth. They expected to read what they wanted to read. Don't anger them. Don't annoy them. Don't even faintly irritate them.

And then, suddenly, he sat down at his typewriter and began to type, slowly at first, then more quickly, the machine clicking, clicking.

The next morning, Sheriff Beaman entered his office in the courthouse, feeling uneasy and half angry. He removed the jacket of his suit and placed his large body in the swivel chair beside his desk, unable to stop his mind from wondering ahead to the next election and imagining how it would be if he should lose; and that in turn sent his mind spinning back through the memories of how it had been before he'd been elected sheriff—trying unsuccessfully to run that farm, then having to be a gasoline station attendant . . .

Well, the irritation was Ted Vernie's fault. If Vernie—in that eager manner he'd assumed ever since he'd got out of law school at State and got himself elected county attorney—hadn't come barging in this morning, wanting to talk everything over before the sheriff had even had time to sit down to breakfast . . .

All right, Vernie could blab all morning. This thing wasn't in his hands yet. All those questions of Vernie's! What did Vernie know about it anyway?

And Vernie had to talk about elections! He didn't have the pride of his responsibility to this community not to be talking of elections at a time like this!

("You take my word for it, Grove. If I'm going to prosecute this man, I mean to convict him. If you indicate to a community like this that a man is guilty, they want to see him hang, and that's what's going to happen to him if I prosecute him! You found the cigar. All right. But how about that bottle somebody said was up there? Why was that thrown away? Why did you let Lola clean that room up? Where are the fingerprints? Where are . . .")

The sheriff yanked his great bulk out of the swivel chair and walked angrily to one of the south windows.

All right. He'd found out what it meant to do a job, earn people's respect, amount to something. If the job involved trouble, he would accept it. He wouldn't get scared just because some fancy-pants kid came around and spouted off his thimbleful of knowledge, telling him he'd better produce some evidence. He had enough evidence lodged in his mind to *know* there wasn't any doubt who was guilty!

He'd just made one mistake so far, and that was the whole trouble. He'd been too soft, bending over backward in order to look impartial. Well, that was over!

Are you going to bring in the state police? Vernie had wanted to know. Sheriff Beaman got out a cigar and bit the tip off it, half tearing it away. State police!

It was nine-thirty-seven when Sheriff Beaman bit the tip off his cigar, approximately five hours before the first copy of that day's freshly printed *Willow Creek Standard* would be read. And it was just a little after ten o'clock when Buggie, Roger beside him, parked his convertible beside the north side of the jail.

He gazed across the green lawn at the gray stone exterior and barred windows.

That salesman! he thought. That poor clown, right behind one of those barred windows, maybe even staring out at us this very minute.

"What are we doing here?" Roger asked angrily.

"Roger," Buggie said, "when I want you to say something I'll let you know."

That poor stupid salesman . . .

Then Buggie saw her, a little girl skipping down the walk toward them, and the idea came to him all at once.

"Who is she?" he asked Roger. "That little girl."

Roger frowned. "Clyde Brown's little girl, I guess. Why?"

Buggie watched the little girl bounce up with a quick kick, then stroll aimlessly in childish abandon. Then he looked across the street; at the far end of the block a woman was sweeping her walk. Buggie's mouth was tight, his eyes brilliant and alive.

"Roger," he said sharply, "I want you to go over to that jail. If you can see Jackson, wave at me. Do you understand?"

"Do what?"

"From now on," Buggie said, anger in his voice, "you do what I tell you without asking questions. Do you understand?"

A muscle in Roger's cheek flickered out of control.

"Now take off!" Buggie snapped.

His face flushed, Roger got out and trotted across the grass toward the jail, stopped, turned, and waved. Buggie leaped out of the car and ran toward the approaching little girl.

"Come on, Roger!" he yelled. "Let him alone! Just let him alone!"

At the same time, he looked down the street and saw the woman at the end of the block stop sweeping and stare in his direction. Then he was beside the little girl, who stepped back in surprise.

"Look, little girl," he said loudly, "you don't pay any attention to that man in there!"

He looked up at Roger, who was approaching, blinking in confusion. "Roger, do you know this little girl? Take her across the street, so if he tries that again, she won't hear it!"

"Hear it?" Roger said, and the blood drained from his face.

Buggie looked down the block again, and now the woman who had been sweeping was hurrying toward them.

"*Take her across the street!*" he whispered to Roger tensely.

The three of them crossed the street, just as the woman from down the block arrived. "What's the matter? I heard you yelling—"

"I'm sorry," Buggie said, "I guess it just made us mad, that's all."

"What made you mad?"

Buggie's face was grim. "That guy in the jail over there—he was talking to her. It just got us, that's all." He looked at Roger. "Take it easy, Roger."

"That salesman?" the woman asked. "What was he talking to her for?"

Buggie looked her straight in the eye. "He was trying to talk her into coming over to the cell window."

"He was *what?*"

"Yes, ma'am. And it was his voice and all, you know? Like—" Buggie looked once more at a white-faced Roger. "Now just calm down, Roger. You can't do a thing about it. Anyway, it's over now."

It was when Al Jackson was expecting his noon meal that Sheriff Grove Beaman unlocked the cell door and stepped in.

"What have you got to say, Jackson?"

"Me? Say?" Jackson grinned sadly. "I'd like to get out of here, Sheriff. I'll say that, all right."

"What did you say to that little girl?"

Jackson licked his lips, the same old apprehension moving through him like a cold chill. What did he say to the little girl? Was everyone going crazy?

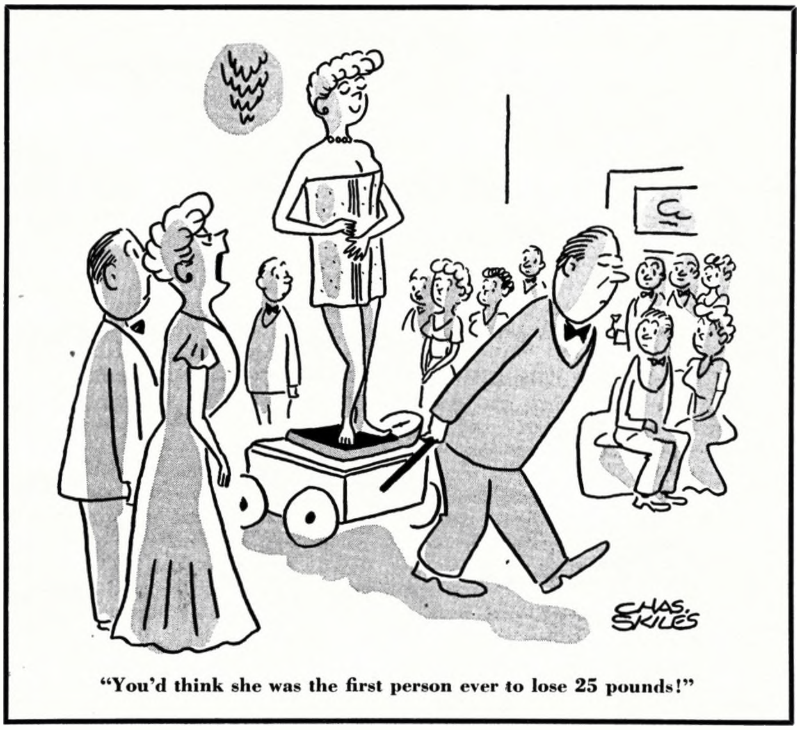
"Look, Sheriff, I didn't say anything to any little girl. I saw a little girl walk by this morning, and I saw those kids get out of their car. They were yelling about something. But I didn't—"

"Jackson," Sheriff Beaman said, "have you ever had any mental trouble?"

"Me?" Jackson said, voice shrilling. "Mental trouble? Me?"

"No," the sheriff said brusquely. "I don't think you have! I think you're just dumb and stupid as they come. I think you're a degenerate too, Jackson. Do you hear that? Now I'm done playing with you. This last thing does it. I promise you—"

His words were choked off by hate—it was here, in this one man, the whole of everything that had stifled, slowed and punished him. And hate was the answer, the sheriff's instincts told him. Investigations, facts, logic, law—nothing mattered but hate, and if you hated enough,



"You'd think she was the first person ever to lose 25 pounds!"

the sheer force of it would be enough to destroy this man . . .

It happened suddenly, startlingly. The rock crashed through the glass of a barred window, banging against a bar, ricocheting and striking Jackson's forehead just above the left eyebrow.

Without looking out to see the rapidly moving Oldsmobile speed down the street, the sheriff stared down at the shocked Jackson, watching the blood start on Jackson's forehead and spill down the side of his face; it was a moment of suspension when the entire incident was clear and true in the sheriff's mind; he realized exactly what had happened, and realized that the destruction of Jackson was a thing that could be achieved.

The coffee shop of the hotel was the last place Roger wished to go that afternoon, but Buggie insisted, and Roger did not even argue against it. He merely sat in the booth silently, looking down at his Coke, while Buggie stared out at the passers-by, Cybil Broncher (who had replaced Grace) wiped the counter, and Chuck Beaman hoisted in a case of orange pop.

And just then Willy Turner came into the shop and walked toward their booth.

"Why, hello, there!" Buggie said engagingly.

Willy sat down beside Roger, who moved instinctively farther toward the wall. "What do you say, Cook?" Willy said, without looking at Roger. Then he asked Buggie, "What's your name again?"

"Buggie. Buggie Alstair. You're Willy Turner, right?"

"Right." Willy looked up at Cybil Broncher, who had come up to the booth.

"What kind, Willy?"

"I don't give a damn. I'd rather have a beer. Give me a plain Coke."

When Willy's Coke had been brought, he sat there silently, and Buggie, Roger saw, simply sat there and watched him in amusement. There was something about the way Willy was looking and acting that kept making Roger go cold inside.

"So what happened?" Willy said finally. "I saw you guys in here and that's what I come in here for—to find out what happened with that salesman and that little girl."

Buggie shrugged, then related the story, embellishing it even more, finishing. ". . . and that was when Roger got mad and jumped out of the car and ran up there."

"Roger did, huh? Yelling, I heard. Swearing at that guy. Is that right, Roger?"

Roger moved a hand dully.

Willy was silent. Roger sat without moving. Cybil Broncher was back wiping the counter. Verne Haybrider had just seated himself and was opening a just-released copy of the *Willow Creek Standard*. Chuck Beaman reappeared with another case of pop.

Willy looked up. "Do you know what I did? After I heard about that salesman and the little girl?"

"No," Buggie said, examining Willy carefully, "what did you do, Willy?"

"I went up to Curt, this guy I work for, you know? The guy who was with me in the pool hall, him and Hinkle? And I said, 'You let me drive that Olds, huh, Curt?' And I took that Olds and drove it up to the jail, and I took this rock, see? A big old rock. And I threw it in the window where that salesman is, and it busted him in the head, and he bled all over hell! What do you think of that?"

Willy was laughing a little, a kind of choking laughter.

"Willy," Buggie said admiringly, "you're really something, all right. You've got a lot of guts."

"Yeah," Willy said, sobering. "Well, you ask anybody around here, and they'll tell you I can be tough, all right."

"I'm not arguing about that, Willy."

"And it ain't just me that's mad," Willy said darkly. "This whole town is mad, see?"

Buggie leaned back, shrugging carelessly. "Maybe this town is mad, maybe it isn't."

"What are you talking about?" Willy exploded. "They're so mad they're about ready to go over to that jail and rip those doors down and drag that guy out of there and hang him up by the neck on some tree!"

Buggie smiled, shaking his head. "You don't really believe that, Willy."

Willy stared at Buggie in disbelief, then leaned forward menacingly. "Why? You don't think they've got enough reason?"

"Willy, did I say that? I'm just talking about the way things really are."

"You look!" Willy said. "You take a guy and have him come into a town like this and do what he done, and we don't like it. We don't!"

"Sure. Only you aren't the whole town, Willy."

Willy frowned. "What do you mean?"

Buggie straightened. "Well, I'm not saying that salesman shouldn't be dragged out and hung up. I'm just saying that everybody isn't like you, Willy. I mean they just don't have your guts. They'll probably let it blow over, see? I'm not saying that's the way it ought to be, but that's probably the way it will be. First thing you know, some smart lawyer'll come in here and get this guy off scot free—"

"After what he's done?" Willy said incredulously.

Buggie spread his hands. "That's the way it goes, Willy, unless—" He shrugged once more.

"Unless what?" Willy demanded.

"Unless somebody kind of takes things in hand. I mean, somebody with guts. Somebody who can do some leading."

"Leading?" Willy asked, frowning.

And then Verne Haybrider at the counter readjusted his copy of the *Standard* with a loud rustle and said, "Queer way for George Cary to be talking."

"How's that?" Cybil asked.

"Well, here, I'll read it: '. . . and so, although there is only one fragment of solid evidence against him, evidence that could hardly be considered sufficient to condemn a man to a cell, Albert Jackson finds himself behind bars for the crime of raping and murdering Grace Amons . . ." Verne Haybrider's voice hummed on.

And Willy, blinking, suddenly turned back to Buggie. "What's he trying to say, that George Cary?"

Buggie grinned tightly. "I said some smart lawyer. I should have said some smart newspaperman!"

"What are you talking about?" Willy said, his voice rising. "What's that George Cary trying to say?"

"He's saying the salesman isn't guilty."

Willy blinked again, then swore viciously.

"Look, Buggie," Roger cut in desperately, "maybe we ought to get going—"

"Willy," Buggie said, "do you see what I mean now?"

"What does that Cary want to side in with that salesman for, I want to know?" Willy said, his voice quivering. "He oughtn't to be allowed to get away with that!"

"Well," Buggie said, lowering his voice, "why let him, Willy?"

"Why let him?"

"Look, Willy," Buggie said, leaning forward, "you know what I said about this town maybe needing some leading? Well, maybe you're the one, Willy."

"Me?"

"Why not? And maybe this is a good time to start."

"Start what?" Willy asked, voice rising. "Start pulling that animal out of there, and—"

"Now take it easy, Willy," Buggie said softly. "Just listen for a minute . . ."

George Cary slept deeply and dreamlessly that night, knowing that his editorial had shaken them up a little, no longer feeling quite so useless and wasted. When he returned to his shop early the next morning, there was a jaunty spring in his step. And that was when he saw what had happened.

The back door was ajar, the wood

around the lock splintered and gouged. From the melting pot to the large press and linotype machine were shiny, silver, coinlike drops of lead dotting the floor. George, his apprehension mounting, looked at both machines, at the hardened globs of lead which had been poured into the heart of each, making it useless.

Then he finally looked up and saw the banner made of press paper, hung across the ceiling with its large slashing letters of red ink. He blinked, dazed, unbelieving. RAPIST LOVER!

A few moments later, George heard Sheriff Beaman's sleep-logged voice over the telephone.

"Yes, George?"

"Grove, they broke into my shop. Heated up the metal pot and poured lead into the machinery. It'll be a hell of a job to repair."

"Who did, George?"

"I don't know, Grove. Are you coming down here?"

"I'll get there when I can, George."

"Grove," George said, his voice tensing, "you don't sound very upset about this."

"I just woke up, George."

"Are you awake now?"

"Now, listen, George. You sound a little sarcastic. You've been a little sarcastic all around lately, it seems to me. You wrote an editorial yesterday. Do you remember that?"

"Of course I remember that!"

"All right! That's why this happened! Didn't you think something like this might happen?"

George tried to control himself. "Look, Grove," he said quietly, "are you going to get down here pretty soon?"

"Pretty soon, George."

"All right. Thank you, Grove."

He replaced the telephone. They won't stop me, he thought. But how do I get to them now? Talk, he thought. Get somebody with you. If you're a lone wolf in Willow Creek, you're lost. Get as many as you can!

He took out his handkerchief, wiped his brow, then walked toward the door.

At eleven-seventeen that morning Grace was buried in the cemetery south of town. It was a brief ceremony, but as nice, everyone agreed, as had ever been held in Willow Creek. Reverend Pritchard, in fact, went straight through to the last word without once stammering as he usually did.

But it was a hard morning for Sheriff Beaman. Well, he supposed he should have gone over and looked at the damage in George's shop, but what had George expected, anyhow?

And then his son, Chuck, came into the office.

"Chuck! How are you, Son?"

"Hello, Pop. It was a little slow at the hotel, and so . . . well, I've got to talk to you, Pop."

"Certainly, Son. Sit down!"

The large youth sat down and looked at his hands worriedly, then said, "Pop, Hugh Seltz thought Grace was raped. Well—maybe he was wrong. I mean, I'd been seeing Grace, Pop. I saw her that afternoon before she died. I mean, it was more than just seeing her. Do you understand what I mean, Pop?"

Sheriff Beaman looked at the boy for a moment; then he stood up and walked to a window. "I think so."

"I should have told you sooner, Pop—"

The sheriff turned around. "No, it's all right, Chuck. I can understand why you wouldn't like to tell me a personal thing like that."

"Well, you see what it means, Pop? Maybe it wasn't what Hugh Seltz thought, what the whole town thinks. People will have to know, won't they?"

"Now, Chuck. You've told me. That's enough."

"But, Pop, everybody's pretty mad. And part of it is because they're thinking—"

"Damn it, Son!" the sheriff exploded, "why don't you forget what people are thinking—" And then he controlled himself, looking at Chuck carefully. He walked back to his desk and sat down. "Now, Chuck, I understand how this has been for you. You liked Grace a lot, didn't you?"

"Well, you know, Pop—sure I did, in a way."

"Well, look, Son. This has been a strain. I can understand that, you see? Why don't we worry about this business you've told me about a little later? *I* know it now, and that's all that really counts. You can trust me to do this job, can't you, Chuck?"

"Sure, Pop. It isn't that. It's just—"

"Chuck, look. I've got a little surprise for you."

"Surprise, Pop?"

"Son, all summer you've been wanting to go over to the university and look around the campus and have a talk with Coach Braintree, isn't that right?"

"Well, sure, Pop. But I don't have enough money saved yet—"

"Son, don't you worry about that. You know that little graduation present I gave you, that watch? Well, that wasn't very much, but your old Pop had some other plans. Now you go home and tell your mother you're going to take that trip over to the university and she'll give you a check and you can cash it on your way out. I'll tell Lola you're going. And, Son, you take the car."

"Take the car!" Chuck said incredulously.

"That's right, Son. And don't worry about anything—we'll take care of everything later, all right? And, Chuck, stay a few days, do you understand? I want you to relax and enjoy yourself."

"Pop," Chuck said happily, "I don't know what to say!"

"Don't say a thing, Son. Just take off and have yourself a high old time!"

When Chuck had gone, the sheriff stared at his hands for a long while, then stood up and walked to the window very slowly. He looked out over the town, feeling very, very tired.

At midafternoon Buggie and Roger walked downtown. Buggie had never felt better in his life.

"You think you've got everything under control, don't you?" Roger asked.

"Do you think I haven't?" Buggie said, smiling.

"I could stop everything," Roger said.

"Why don't you?" Buggie asked.

Then Buggie noticed that the north doors of the sales pavilion were open.

"What are they doing over there?"

"Tomorrow's sale day," Roger answered.

"What's in there?"

"A sale ring. A bunch of seats around it."

"Let's go over," Buggie said, a flicker of excited new interest in his eyes.

In John Cook's bank office, George Cary said, "John, I'll get to it quickly. I've talked to twenty other people today, and I haven't gotten anywhere. You're about my last hope."

Mr. Cook rubbed his chin. "I think I know what you're getting at, George. I read your editorial."

"John, this is serious! It isn't just a matter of simple justice any more. This town is ready to mob!"

Mr. Cook shook his head. "I think you're just getting excited, George—"

"John, listen," George pleaded. "They are going to mob. They're going to kill! And the only thing that'll stop them is a swing of opinion. John, you could help accomplish that! People respect you in

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this town!" George bent forward. "Look, John. I don't ask you to decide whether or not that salesman is guilty. I just want you to ask yourself, and then maybe some other people, whether or not any proper effort has been made to find out whether he's guilty or not!"

"George," Mr. Cook said slowly, uncomfortably, "I do wish I had the time—"

"Look!" George pleaded. "All it means is admitting you're not *sure* Jackson is guilty. I know this is a community bank. I know this bank depends on the community for its business. But it's a man's life, John!"

"George," Mr. Cook said, shifting a paper on his desk, "I really am busy—"

"All right," George said, standing up suddenly. "Go to hell!"

He whirled and strode to the door, then stopped. Finally he turned around. "I'm sorry. I know how it is."

A muscle in John Cook's jaw flickered, and he stared down at his desk.

George walked out to the street slowly, feeling heavy and tired, and then he looked up and saw the old Cadillac moving down the street past him, with Doc Granger leaning aggressively over the steering wheel, and he felt a lurch of new hope.

On a small winding road on the other side of the river, Buggie parked his convertible behind the Oldsmobile, told Roger to get in the back seat, and waited until Willy had climbed in beside him.

"I don't see why we're sneaking around like this," Willy grumbled angrily. "I ain't scared of nobody."

"Willy," Buggie smiled, "take it easy. How'd you get the Olds?"

"I told Curt I was taking it, is how I got it."

Buggie laughed softly.

"Listen," Willy said, "this guy Cary. He's been around talking to everybody. I figure he ain't had enough. So do you know what's going to happen to that rapist lover?"

Willy had kept using that phrase over and over, ever since Buggie had told him to put it on that banner.

"No, Willy," Buggie said, "what's going to happen to him?"

"Me and Hinkle, we're going to work him over. Tonight."

"You are, huh?"

"Right. Me and Hinkle."

"Willy, how stupid can you get?"

Willy blinked, his face reddening. "You know I'm getting tired of that smart mouth of yours, Alstair? I really am! You want to remember something—you ain't got any more right in this town than that salesman!"

Roger watched Buggie eyeing Willy coolly, and his own stomach kept tightening inside him, like a cold hand clutching.

"Okay, are you finished?" Buggie asked.

"Why?" Willy glowered. "You want to hear more?"

Buggie smiled once more, very faintly. "Let's talk about you and Hinkle working over George Cary, okay?"

"Okay! Let's talk about that!"

"Look, Willy, you've gotten away with quite a bit so far, haven't you? You threw that rock into the jail. You ruined Cary's equipment. And what has the sheriff done about that?"

Willy laughed his choking laughter. "He ain't done nothing!"

"Why, Willy?"

"Because he's scared of me!"

Buggie put his hands up to his forehead and groaned. "You crazy ape! Do you really think that?"

Once more Willy's face flushed, and Roger felt his palms going damp.

"You know, Alstair, maybe it isn't George Cary I'm going to work over—"

"Willy, let's get one thing straight. I'm not afraid of you. Understand?"

Willy was speechless for a moment; then he stammered, "Alstair—"

"Shut up, Willy, for just one minute, and listen to some sense. What would happen if you and Hinkle started to work on Cary? You'd damn near kill him."

"Good enough for him!"

"Maybe so. Only then what? Think about it, Willy. What's the sheriff going to do about that?"

"What's he done about anything?"

"Willy, this is different. That other stuff—he could let that go. But this would be too much. People might start getting scared, figuring they could get hurt too. He'd have to take you in, Willy."

"He couldn't take me in!" Willy said, drawing himself up bravely.

"All right, Willy. Aside from that, what's the point in doing something that'll louse everything up?"

"There ain't going to be nothing loused up!"

"All right, then. Forget Cary for a minute and listen to me."

"I don't have to listen to you," Willy said warningly.

"I know that. But why don't you do it just the same? I've got a couple of ideas I think you'll like."

"I'm sick of ideas! I just want to see that salesman get it, that's all!"

"All right," Buggie said, smiling. "How about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow?" Willy's mouth quivered.

Buggie nodded. "If you want to listen to me."

"Well, go ahead and spit it out, Alstair!"

Doc Granger stared at George unbelievingly, then paced angrily. "I leave this town for five minutes, and everything goes haywire! I simply can't believe it!"

"Well, it's true, Doc."

Doc shook his head. "I've always said that I was indispensable to this town. Well, maybe I am. At least I would have been in this, anyway. George, Grace had a bad heart."

"Bad heart?"

"Hell, yes. And from what you've told me about the way she looked—well, damn, it's possible that's what killed her!"

George blinked. "Doc, if that's true—"

Doc picked up his hat. "We'd better go have a talk with Grove."

Twenty minutes later, in Sheriff Grove Beaman's office, the sheriff repeated, "I don't care if she had a bad heart or not! She still got raped, didn't she?"

Doc said softly, looking squarely in Sheriff Beaman's eyes, "Do you really think Grace was raped?"

The sheriff's eyes blazed back at Doc's. "Yes, sir. I do!"

"All right," Doc breathed. "Let's go, George."

They drove to Hugh Seltz's mortuary, and a few moments later, in the gloomy interior, Hugh Seltz said, "I think the autopsy was handled to everyone's satisfaction."

"Hugh, I don't say it wasn't," Doc said. "I'm just saying that I know something you don't. Grace had a bad heart! Now if that was the cause of her death—"

"Let me tell you one thing, Doc," Hugh Seltz said, his voice sharpening. "I'm the coroner in this county, not you. And—"

"For God's sake, Hugh! What does that mean? When have you ever had to perform a duty like this? Do you mean to stand there and tell me you're a good judge of cause of death?"

"I think it's my privilege to ask you to leave, both of you!"

Doc's mouth dropped open. "You must be kidding, Hugh!"

"Do you want to get out, or shall I call the sheriff?"

"All right!" Doc said. "All right!"

Parked outside his office, Doc shook his head. "I just can't believe it, George! This is Willow Creek!"

"This is Willow Creek, all right," George said grimly.

"George," Doc said finally, "let me talk to you later. Come up to my office this evening, will you? I've got to understand this better than I do now."

When George stopped at his newspaper shop a few moments later to lock up for the afternoon, he was surprised to find Buggie Alstair seated in the swivel chair behind the desk.

The boy stood up instantly, a smile on his mouth. "The door was unlocked, sir, so I just walked in and sat down. I hope I wasn't intruding."

"No," George said. "Of course not. Can I help you?"

Buggie came around the desk and extended his hand. "My name's Buggie Alstair, sir. Roger and I are fraternity brothers at the university. I just stopped in, sir. I was looking at your machinery back there. That's a shame, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes," George said, "it is. Sit down, won't you, Buggie?"

"If you're busy, why I'll just go on. I heard you went to the university and that you were a Phi Beta Kappa. I was interested because I have hopes of being selected myself."

"Well, that's fine, Buggie." And quite suddenly George wanted to talk to this young man, to relieve the tensions of the past hours. "How are your grades?"

"I have a 95 per cent average."

George whistled. "That's fine, son."

Buggie smiled, silent for a moment; then he said, "You know, sir, I wasn't entirely sure about what kind of vacation I might enjoy, coming home with Roger—I was afraid things might be just a little dull. But I can't say that Willow Creek has been so very dull."

George shook his head. "A damn shame, all of this."

"Well, but is it, sir?" Buggie asked eagerly.

"I don't follow you, Buggie."

"Well, I mean, is it a shame that because this happened you've finally got a chance to see what the people are really like in this town?"

George sighed. "I suppose if you don't have a stake in this community, Buggie, it's easy to be clinical. But you don't get the true picture that way."

"Well, sir," Buggie asked, "what is the true picture here anyway?"

George shook his head in exasperation. "I don't know. I—" Then he looked up, interestedly. "What's your impression, Buggie? You've got the advantage of objectivity. What do you think?"

Buggie settled back a little and lit a cigarette. "Well, sir, I think you've got a problem of stupidity here."

George frowned. "I don't know that it's entirely that—"

"It is, sir! I can see that. I'll admit I've got no stake here. But because of that I can see more clearly. And it's better that way—it's, well, like standing off on a hill and watching two trains meeting each other on the same track. You're not in either train, but you know there's going to be a collision."

"Well, that's a nice little example, Buggie, but—"

"Sir," Buggie went on eagerly, "that was the way a friend of mine once explained God to me. He said God sees life the same way. God usually doesn't do anything about those trains smashing up, and yet He knows because of His position on the hill that they're going to. If the view is good enough for God—"

It was, suddenly and strangely, as though a faint draft had come across the room and blown against George's neck. He looked at the boy carefully. "You're not trying to compare yourself with God, are you, Buggie?"

Buggie shook his head, smiling, "Not at all, sir. The example I used is purely theoretical and not precisely correct, as a matter of fact—not as things stand."

"Again I'm afraid I don't follow you, Buggie," George said slowly.

"Well, let's say I've got the view, but I'm far enough down the hill to reach the switches too."

Now that draft had got inside George, chilling him. It was the boy's eyes, the entire look of his face . . .

"Do you want to explain that more clearly, Buggie?"

Buggie looked at the tip of his shortening cigarette. "I wonder sir, how it would impress you if I were to say that I've been pulling certain switches in Willow Creek?"

"It would depend," George said, everything tightening inside him, "what exactly you meant by that."

"What I mean, sir, is that a short time ago I told a friendly elderly lady that I thought a town like this should make certain that the man who killed Grace gets the punishment he deserves."

George shook his head, uncomprehending, but sensing danger.

"I told the same thing to a gentleman here in town whose name, I think, is Willy Turner. Mr. Turner also, along with a couple of his friends, seemed interested in my analysis of a sex maniac. I was glad to expound my views on that, also."

"Yes," George said softly, "and what else?"

"I also expressed certain views on your editorial about Grace's murder. I explained what, if I were someone like, say, Mr. Willy Turner, I would do about it."

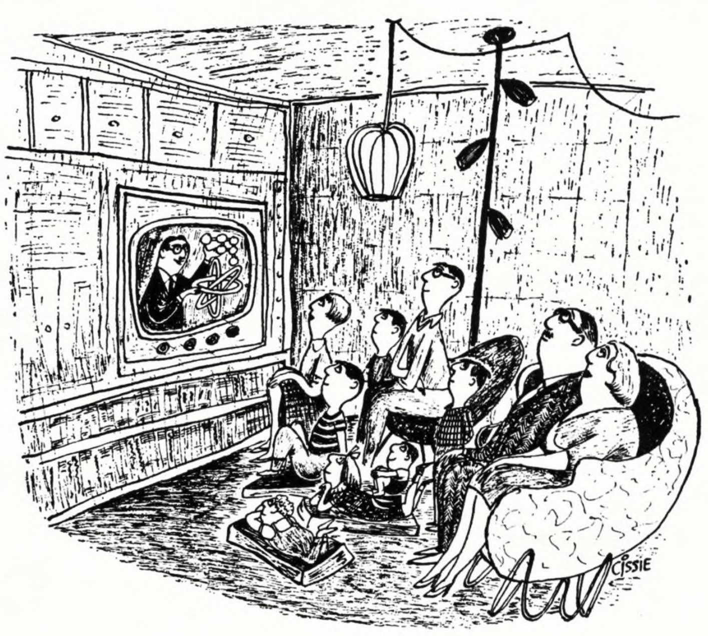
"Like pouring melted lead into a press?" George asked, ice in his voice, a mounting apprehension running through him.

Buggie spread his hands, that everlasting sardonic, insulting, supercilious, insidious smile on his lips. "You can make up your own mind about that, sir. You can also use your own judgment about whether or not I was telling the truth when I said that salesman tried to entice that little girl over to his cell window—"

George stood up, jolting his desk with his knees, feeling the pain of the impact. "*You sadistic—*"

Buggie laughed softly.

"You come in here," George raged hoarsely, "and tell me that you've personally done these things? That you're, in effect, responsible even for the wrecking of my equipment? By God, I'll—"



The one-room schoolhouse

His hand was moving for the telephone.

"You'll what, sir?" Buggie asked politely. "Call the sheriff? What good would that do, I wonder? You don't expect me to admit to anyone else what I've told you, do you?"

George wagged his head in utter disbelief. "What are you made of?"

"Why don't you sit down, sir," Buggie said gently. "Relax, sir."

George stared at him in white anger for a moment; then he sat down, slowly, his whole body quivering.

"What does Roger have to do with this?" he asked, controlling his voice.

Buggie shrugged. "He helps out."

"But under your direction, I take it."

"We've all got a free will, haven't we?"

George drew a heavy breath. "Now, listen. I don't know why you're telling me this—what maniacal pleasure you get out of it. But you're not going to get away with it, I promise you that! I'll go to Roger's father—"

Buggie was shaking his head pleasantly. "You've been to quite a few people today already. You're not going to get anywhere. As I told you, sir, this is just between you and me. To anyone else, sir, I am like a clam. I just thought you'd be interested in just how stupid this community can be. I could tell you more, as a matter of fact. I could—"

And then Buggie spoke no more. He remained sprawled easily in his chair.

"Go ahead," George said intently, staring at him. "Go on with what you were going to say."

"Was I going to say anything more?" Buggie asked, straightening. "I don't think so, sir."

"Unbelievable," George whispered. "But you'll go no further with it."

"I think you're wrong, sir. I'll go just as far as these people want to go. And they're a bloody-minded little group, aren't they?"

George wiped the back of his hand across his face. "Get out of here!"

"Yes, sir. Anything you say, sir."

Buggie stood up slowly, carelessly.

"It was a nice chat, sir. It's always a pleasure to talk to someone with intelligence. Goodbye, sir."

The boy sauntered to the door.

"You won't get away with this!" George said tightly, but Buggie had already gone, closing the door politely behind him, and George knew that he couldn't do a thing about what Buggie had told him or about whatever else it was that Buggie planned to do. He felt sick, deep in the pit of his stomach, but he couldn't do anything about that either.

At six-thirty George walked into Doc Granger's office and sat down wearily. "You've found out for yourself what has happened to this town, haven't you?"

Doc nodded sadly. "It's impossible to believe, and yet I know it's true. They've turned into savages!"

"Doc, I've just heard something that sent chills right into my bones. A boy came to me. A young kid of twenty or twenty-one, a school friend of Roger Cook's. Do you know what he's been doing? He's been purposely inciting this town."

"He's *what?*"

"It's true." Then he recounted his interview with Buggie.

Doc stood up suddenly, angrily. "Just for a thrill, he's doing this! And this town is letting him lead them into it—!"

George sighed. "Maybe what the town is doing is natural, Doc. Maybe—"

"Natural?" Doc snorted. "No! Not natural! We don't live naturally here, so how could it be natural?" He paced. "All right, half of this reaction is honest-to-God resentment. But the rest of it is a damned terrible innocence."

"Innocence?"

"Yes, of course. Innocence! What could be more naïve than a community like this? We live in a virtual vacuum. And what are we ruled by? A bunch of foolish codes and rules, established in the first place out of naïveté and built upon and enhanced by even more naïveté!

"George, do you know what it's like when a pregnant wife comes in here? I get sick at heart at the unreasonableness of a society that recognizes the existence of a life beneath a belly, but fails to recognize the method by which life was begun there! It's something that's relegated to a position behind the nearest barn, to be snickered at and hinted at, but never recognized openly. George, that's the trouble. To Grace's death they've attached all their back-of-the-barn viewpoints. They are identifying themselves with the man they think raped Grace, and hating him for that animal instinct in themselves. By God, George, it's a crying shame. And all the time, they're playing into the hands of some sadistic kid who just wants to—"

Doc stopped, unable to go on, then slammed open a cabinet, and got out a bottle of whiskey.

"In all the time I've practiced, George, I've kept a bottle in here to offer whenever it seemed right, but I've never once taken a drink in here myself. I'm going to right now. Do you want to join me?"

"Yes," George said, "I do."

Drink in hand, George said, "Doc, they're going to try to kill that salesman, and pretty quickly."

"I think you're right," Doc said.

"Doc, you said Grace had a bad heart. Couldn't she have died from that? Maybe she hurt her head falling—"

"Drink your drink, George. We've got to waste some time anyway, before we do it."

"Before we do what, Doc?"

"Dig her up."

The morning dawned. South of the river, an Oldsmobile pulled to a stop. A moment later, a convertible drew up beside it. And back within the walls of the gray stone jail, Al Jackson wondered why he was shivering when the heat had already returned almost full strength.

In the sheriff's office Doc Granger rubbed large hands angrily over mud-crusted clothes. "I tell you, Grove, she died of a heart attack!"

Sheriff Beaman pounded the top of his desk. "What the hell right did you two have to go out and dig up Grace's body?"

"I don't think that's the point. The point is that Hugh Seltz made a mistake!"

"I could arrest you for grave robbing!"

"Why don't you stop evading the facts, Grove? Admit this has been pretty badly handled right from the start! And why don't you answer your damned telephone?"

Beside the river, Buggie helped Willy drape the white banner across the hood of the Oldsmobile. It read, THERE IS A KILLER IN WILLOW CREEK.

"It ain't enough!" Willy exclaimed.

"I know what I'm doing," Buggie said.

"Well, let's go then!"

The two cars moved slowly down the road leading back to town. Roger, now, at Buggie's command, was driving the convertible, and Buggie sat alert-eyed beside him.

Four blocks within the town limits, a black coupe containing Curt Black and Bud Hinkle edged out from a side street. The two nodded faintly at Willy, who drove in the lead, and then to Buggie and Roger, and finally lined up behind Buggie's convertible. The procession moved on slowly toward the business district.

George, in his house, put down the telephone. Doc was getting nowhere with Grove Beaman, and while George had somehow expected that, he was still surprised.

He lifted a cup of black coffee to his lips. He kept remembering everything. The look of Grace's dead body stretched out in Doc's office, Doc's swift, unemotional efficiency, and earlier, that boy, Buggie, sitting in front of him, actually telling him . . .

George shook his head, trying to make his brain function. The boy had told him a lot. And he'd said, "I could tell you more, as a matter of fact. I could—" Then he'd stopped. What else *could* he have told, George wondered.

Once again he lifted the telephone. A few moments later he was speaking with Mrs. John Cook.

“. . . no, George, I don't know where Roger is. And I don't see why it's so very important that you talk to him. I told him yesterday, George, that I didn't approve of that editorial you wrote and that I wouldn't, if I were he, do anything at all that would make people think any of us in this family approved of what you wrote, George. Now I've got to go.”

George wearily replaced the telephone, stood meditatively, then went outside and got into his car and drove toward the business district.

George sighted Roger just as the procession turned slowly at the flagpole. The procession was now ten cars long.

George parked his own car suddenly and stared in amazement.

People had come out of shops, staring inquiringly, and now two more cars joined the caravan, and three boys stepped out into the street and started walking behind the last car.

George climbed out, a half block from his shop, as Willy, leading, passed him. Then came Roger and Buggie.

Buggie, eyes crinkling, smiled just a little, then looked back to the car behind and Bud Hinkle, nodding. The procession was passing George's newspaper shop, and from Bud Hinkle's hand flew a rock, crashing through one of George's front windows.

George stared, eyes widening, as a second rock smashed another window; then came a veritable volley, mostly from the growing group of smaller boys following on foot. Buggie turned back and waved politely at George.

Fred Mailer, from the drugstore, stepped to George's side. “You'd better get out of sight, George.” But George, oblivious of danger, moved forward, compelled by morbid awe at the growing procession.

Then, rounding the next corner, George saw Willy bring his car to a stop beside the sales pavilion, get out, and stride inside.

Within moments a swarm of people was crowding into the pavilion.

Roger, George thought, I've got to get to Roger—

The pavilion was packed, rabble voices mixing with the bawling of calves and heifers and the squealing of pigs. It took all the strength George had to fight his way inside, and then he could not see Roger.

But Roger was there, standing on one of the board tiers beside Buggie, high enough to command a good view of the auctioneer's platform, where Willy was settling himself, gavel in hand, as a group of hogs snuffled and grunted in the show ring before him.

When the building was completely packed, Willy looked up at Buggie, and Buggie smiled and nodded. Willy brought the gavel down and bellowed, “I guess you know there's a killer in town!”

There was a sweep of muttering voices.

“And I guess you know what ought to happen to him!”

“You tell us, Willy!” someone screamed, and amid the babble, the sweating, the shifting, Buggie stomped a foot and nodded quickly to Bud Hinkle and Curt Black to his right.

“I'll tell you what we ought to do to him!” Willy shouted, cracking the gavel, and getting in return the stomping of feet, as Buggie and Bud Hinkle and Curt Black led the way. “We ought to hang him up!”

“Hang him up!” someone yelled.

“Hang him up!” Willy repeated, as the pounding of feet spread, thumping in rhythm, shaking the building. “Hang him up . . .!”

And Buggie could feel it now, drink it in, the savageness of it. Blood, he thought, they're thirsting for blood, and it's going to happen . . .

Suddenly then, Buggie glanced to his right.

Roger was gone.

Buggie searched the crowd for a moment, then shrugged. He returned his attention to the mob around him, the stomping, yelling, blood-thirsty mob around him.

George saw Roger leave, but he could not move quickly enough. By the time George had worked his way to the sidewalk, Roger was down the block and disappearing around the corner of the hotel.

And Roger, moments later, burst into his father's office.

“Well, Roger!”

“Don't you know what's going on?” Roger's face was streaked badly with sweat. There was, Mr. Cook saw, a strange, wild look in his eyes.

“Yes, I do. It's a horrible thing—” He examined Roger's face more closely. “Son, I think I know what's the matter—someone told me you and Buggie were in that caravan. That's what's bothering you, isn't it?”

“Dad, you've got to stop them!”

“Son, I . . . well, there just isn't anything I can do!”

“Dad, listen! The salesman didn't do it. Buggie and I—we were in Grace's room. Not the salesman. And, Dad, Grace and I made love—down the hall in Lola's room. It wasn't what people think. And then Buggie got mad and pushed her and she hit her head falling. That's what happened, Dad! It wasn't the salesman at all!”

Mr. Cook stared at Roger, eyes suddenly filmed with shock. He didn't move. He didn't say anything.

“That isn't all, Dad. Everything that's happened since—that's been our fault. It was Buggie's idea. Everything. It was all planned, that caravan, everything. Will you go stop it now?”

Mr. Cook's head swung back and forth, eyes dazed. “It isn't true.”

“It is true! And now you've got to go straighten it out, before they kill that man!”

“I can't,” Mr. Cook said in a breaking voice.

“Can't?” Roger said, astonished.

“I can't, I can't!” Mr. Cook put his hands up to his face, and quite suddenly his shoulders began to shake with sobs. “I couldn't face them and tell them a thing like this, Roger! I couldn't—”

Roger stared down at him, silent now, and then he turned and walked out. He walked out slowly, stunned, unbelieving. Oh, God, he thought, it's lost now, everything.

George, almost ready to give up, saw Roger walk from the bank. He ran forward.

“Roger! I've got to talk to you, Roger!”

The boy looked at him, as though in a daze. “I think they're going to hang that salesman today.”

“Roger, come and sit down in my car, will you?”

Roger did not reply, but allowed George to lead him to the car.

“Roger,” George said, “Buggie came to me and told me you and he had purposely incited this town.”

Roger turned and looked at George with cold eyes. “Did he tell you it was his idea to ruin your equipment?”

“Yes, Roger, he did.”

“Why didn't you kick his brains out, then?”

“You hate him, don't you, Roger? I know this hasn't been your idea. Why have you gone along with him? Are you afraid of him?”

“No,” Roger said.

“Then why, Roger? There's a reason, isn't there?”

Roger did not answer.

“Look, Roger,” George said, “I know something you don't. Doc and I dug Grace's body up, and Doc is very certain

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that she died of a heart attack, Roger."

Once again Roger's head swung around. He stared at George, his face going paper white. "Heart attack! It wasn't—" He shook his head, looking away.

George grasped the boy's arm. "You can tell me something, can't you? You can tell me exactly what happened, can't you, Roger? I can tell by your eyes." Once more excited hope was crawling up in him. "Go ahead, Roger. Please! Tell me exactly what happened!"

And Roger, voice dull, hands limp in his lap, told him.

In the sheriff's office, Doc stared down at the courthouse lawn with bright, angry eyes. "Will you tell me what good sending Doug Havery over there is going to do, Grove? Why don't you call the state police—" Then Doc, mouth going dry, said, "Never mind now. Here they come."

At the same instant, Doug Havery burst into the room. "Grove, I couldn't do a thing to stop them!"

The sheriff was on his feet instantly. "Get the thirty-thirty and the shotgun out of the closet, Doug." Doug did as he was ordered, and the sheriff took the shotgun.

"For God's sake, stop them, Grove!" Doc said, watching the mob, led by a strutting Willy Turner, move onto the courthouse lawn.

Moments later Sheriff Beaman, accompanied by Doug Havery, stepped outside and moved slowly toward the right flank of the crowd. From above, Doc stared down as though paralyzed.

And then, through the raucous babble of voices, Doc heard, "Git him!"

Four men leaped upon Doug Havery, knocking him to his knees, yanking the rifle from his hands before he'd half raised it.

The mob continued to move forward, and Sheriff Beaman lifted his gun to his shoulder. "Stop there! Every damned one of you!"

But someone had sneaked around him and struck him a jolting blow, grabbing the gun from his hands.

"Now get out of here, Sheriff!" a voice snarled. "We mean business!"

Doug Havery moved to Sheriff Beaman's side. "What now, Grove?"

Sheriff Beaman shook his head, eyes black. "We can't do anything. I waited too long—"

And just then Sheriff Beaman saw Doc sprinting across the lawn, showing his age in the wobbly way he was running. Doc grabbed for the first man he could reach, and in the next instant, was struck a jolting blow. He sat down in swift clumsiness, then started to pull himself up, but Sheriff Beaman got to him quickly, holding him down.

"Got to stop them!" Doc yelled wildly, blood spilling from his nose.

"You're not going to, Doc! It's too late!"

"My God," Doc groaned.

Sheriff Beaman, face gray now, said, "Doc, I—"

"Get away from me, Grove." Doc swore softly. "Just get away from me—"

By the time George had parked his car beside the lawn of the courthouse, they had gotten Jackson out of his cell and were dragging him across the lawn toward a tall oak a dozen yards in front of the courthouse steps.

A rope was looped over a limb. On the steps, standing helplessly, George saw Doc, Grove Beaman, and Doug Havery. George turned, searching the rim of the crowd. Standing casually beside his convertible, smiling, was Buggie Alstair.

George turned back to Roger. "Roger, you've told me. I can't stop it. You've told your father. He couldn't stop it. You're the only one who can, Roger!"

Roger did not respond; he only sat there, his face deathly white.

And beside the tree, Willy, eyes blazing with power and triumph, ordered, "Tie his damned hands." He yanked a shivering Jackson upright. "Now loop that rope around his stinking neck!"

"Roger," George said tensely, his own face paling now, "you can't let it happen!"

"Kick him one time, Willy!" someone shouted. And Willy, in a sudden movement, kicked Jackson in the groin. Jackson doubled instantly, dropping to his knees. The crowd cheered.

Suddenly Roger was out of the car and running across the lawn. He shoved and fought his way, but they were like cattle, unaware of anything but the man whose neck was being circled by the rope now.

Hurry, son, George prayed, locked himself at the edge of the crowd.

Roger suddenly switched direction and made his way toward the courthouse steps. *You can do it, son,* George whispered.

And then Roger was fighting his way up those steps, turning, facing the entire mob, as the white-faced Al Jackson, hoisted onto a chair now, rope tightened, waited for someone to kick that chair out from under him.

"Stop it!" Roger yelled. "He didn't do it!"

It seemed to George that Roger was

"The Gay Paree night club? Brother, have *you* got the wrong number!"

simply yelling into a wild rainstorm, hopelessly and unheard, but the boy stayed at it until, finally, there came a booming voice that sounded familiarly like Doc's.

"Listen to him!"

And now Willy, face darkening in anger, held up a hand and hushed the crowd slightly. "What the hell are you trying to do, Cook?"

"You've got to listen to me!" Roger yelled. "The salesman didn't kill Grace. Buggie and I, we were up in her room, and—you've got to listen to me!"

"Shut him up!" someone yelled.

"Listen to him," Doc Granger boomed once more, moving toward Roger.

"All right," someone yelled. "Go ahead then, Cook!"

And Roger, hands clenched in fists, voice breaking, told the story—and suddenly there was complete silence. Finally someone yelled, "Let that salesman down and put that other one up there!"

Two men grabbed Buggie and started to drag him toward the tree. "Get him over here!" Willy yelled, holding the rope, as Al Jackson sagged whimpering to his knees.

But already Sheriff Beaman had sent his deputy, Doug Havery, down into the crowd toward Buggie, and Doc Granger, beside Roger now, shouted, "Turn that boy over to Doug. There's already been enough nonsense here, hasn't there?"

"Doc," Willy screamed in frustration, "if you want to cause trouble, we'll give it to you. That kid's a killer!"

"What do you think you are, Willy?" Doc raged back. "And all the rest of you! Everyone of you would have killed today, and I feel sorry for you—because nobody killed Grace. She died of a heart attack. We dug up her body and gave her a proper autopsy and confirmed it!"

The crowd stared up at Doc in dumb confusion, and Doc went on:

"Now somebody get that salesman over here so I can see if he's hurt, and all the rest of you go home, do you hear me? This is a rotten thing that happened here today, and all of you had better thank your God that you were saved from committing a horrible stupid crime!"

For a moment nobody said a word and nobody moved; then there was a humming, a murmuring of voices, and finally the crowd was disbanding, while someone helped a weak Al Jackson toward Doc Granger.

George had mounted the courthouse steps, where Sheriff Beaman, Roger, and Buggie—in the grasp of Doug Havery—stood. Sheriff Beaman turned to Doc, who was examining Al Jackson. "How is he?"

"He'll be all right. I'm taking him over to my office."

Then Sheriff Beaman turned to Buggie. Buggie smiled his purely sardonic, insulting smile. "So what's this all about?"

"You're under arrest," the sheriff said flatly.

"You kill me, Sheriff. You really do."

The sheriff, without replying, turned to Roger. "The same goes for you, Cook. I want both of you in my office now. George, do you want to come along?"

Moments later, the five of them were in Sheriff Beaman's office. Roger and George were seated. Doug Havery waited beside the door. Sheriff Beaman sat at his desk. Buggie lounged beside a window.

Sheriff Beaman stared for a moment at his hands clasped on the desk; then he looked up. "You're both of you under arrest, just like I said. I don't know that you're much more guilty than the rest of us, Roger. But that's the way it's got to be."

Buggie slouched a little more. "On what charge, may I ask?"

"Manslaughter for you. Withholding information for Roger."

Buggie laughed. "Like I said, Sheriff. You kill me. Do you expect to make that stick?"

"I don't expect anything," Sheriff Beaman said quietly. "I'm just telling you how things stand right now."

Buggie shook his head, that smile on his lips. "How can you do it, Sheriff? Five minutes ago you wanted to see that poor jerk swing by his neck just like every other hick in this lousy so-called town."

"I think Doc was right," said Beaman. "I think most of us are pretty guilty. But there's going to be some justice done, just the same. You lit the fuse for this explosion, son, and we're going to make you pay as much for it as we can."

Buggie shoved forward, eyes blazing. "It figures! A hick town and a two-bit sheriff! Is this what you call justice? Admit that everybody in this dump is guilty of wanting to taste blood and then tell me Buggie Alstair is going to be the sucker for it? Is that it, Sheriff?"

The sheriff rose swiftly, his right hand coming out and clamping Buggie's T-shirt, yanking the boy against the edge of the desk. The smile went out of Buggie's face.

"You've got it right, son," the sheriff whispered. "You've got it exactly right. This is a hick town, and I'm a two-bit sheriff. So this is the way we do things here."

"Get your damned hands off of me!" Buggie snapped. "I'm under arrest. You can't touch me!"

"Oh, but I am touching you, son," the sheriff said, his voice remaining as quiet as a whisper. "I'm even going to rough you up a bit. Isn't that the way it goes? What else did you expect in a hick town from a two-bit sheriff?"

"Lousy farmer cop!" Buggie breathed.

"Right!" Sheriff Beaman struck Buggie across the face with a heavy, flat hand, struck him so hard that Buggie tumbled backward, hands flying, slamming finally into the opposite wall.

Roger half rose, then sat down again. George wiped a hand across his mouth.

"Yeah!" Buggie hissed, face white, blood spilling from a corner of his mouth. "It really figures! It really does!"

Sheriff Beaman stood there, body rigid as steel, black eyes hating the boy; then he said, "Get him into a cell, Doug. Roger, you go with Doug, all right?"

Roger stood up, and George waited for the furious Buggie to reply. But the youth said nothing. He got slowly to his feet, then moved out of the room ahead of Doug Havery. Roger followed, a tall, different-looking Roger; he walked with an odd confidence, doubly odd, it seemed to George, because the boy was walking to a jail cell.

Then George and Sheriff Beaman were alone in the room.

Sheriff Beaman had reseated himself slowly, and he was once more staring at his clasped hands.

"That kid, that Buggie—I don't know what we can get him for exactly, but whatever it is it won't bother him very long, do you know that, George?"

"I think you're right, Grove."

"And Roger—this won't hurt him very much either. But for another reason."

George nodded.

"The salesman," Sheriff Beaman said, still watching his hands. "That cigar of his was still in Grace's room. How do you think that happened, George?"

"We'll never know, I guess," George said quietly. "I do think this: he wasn't guilty, the way it turned out, but he could have been. I'd remember that, Grove."

Sheriff Beaman was silent for a long moment; then he looked up. "I'm sorry about it, George, the way I handled it."

George paused, then said, "You weren't alone, Grove. We'll all get over it. In time."

George stood there then, remembering everything that had happened, realizing that somehow all of this had cracked that shell of his a little, brought him outside himself, so that the old feelings of frustration, of inadequacy, had begun to diminish.

"Well, Grove," he said finally. "There's one thing we can be grateful for."

"What's that, George?"

"It was one of Willow Creek's own who stopped it." THE END

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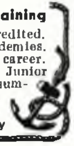

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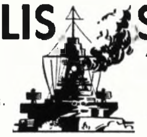

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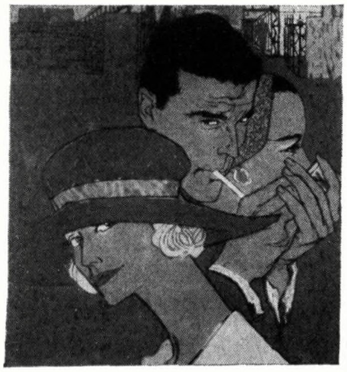
OUR READERS WRITE

THE LAST WORD

HAT HASSLE

Newton Centre, Massachusetts: Always glad to see a heel get his comeuppance as in the amusing story by Winifred Wolfe in your October issue. However, in defense of my native city, I must assert—Boston women simply do *not* wear hats like the one in that illustration.

—MRS. MELVIN COHEN



TEEN TANTRUMS

Indianapolis, Indiana: I used to think you had a good magazine. No more. Your November issue was a mass of insults to everyone above twelve and below twenty-five. I get good grades in school, am reasonably courteous, fairly good-looking, and have never been in trouble with the police. Yet, your whole issue gave the impression that condemned racketeers and "mad-dog" killers are better citizens than I am because they are over twenty-five. Who says the teenagers are taking over? I say we have been reduced to second-class citizens.

—A TEENAGER (and darn glad)

Kansas City, Missouri: You think teenagers are something to look at, control, yet not be identified with. You won't recognize us as equals; you feel we're not even human beings, just because we're not grown up. We are just trying to find our way in this world. The newer generation *does* know more than ever before. We've been working with things that our parents are just learning about. But, we can take it, if we're given the respect we deserve.

—NAME WITHHELD

SEPTEMBER SONG

North Hollywood, California: This is primarily to commend you on your wonderful education edition of COSMOPOLITAN in September. It was a source of inspiration to me. Made me feel it wasn't too late yet to accomplish a few things on this earth. The information gathered was to the average layman invaluable. My copy is now worn and frayed . . . like a well-loved book, read and re-read.

—GINA HAIBACH

TEEN REPLIES

New York, New York: I just finished your articles on teenagers in your November COSMOPOLITAN. I want to be one of the first to pat you on the back. I'm a teenager myself (eighteen) and I can see your point about parents putting their foot down.

—NLL

CORRECTION: In the September "Looking into People," Dr. Harry W. Johnson's affiliation was given as "University of Iowa." He is with the University of Omaha.

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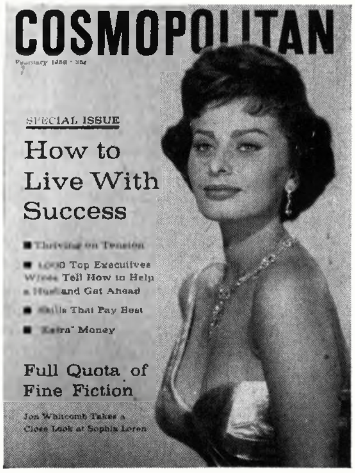
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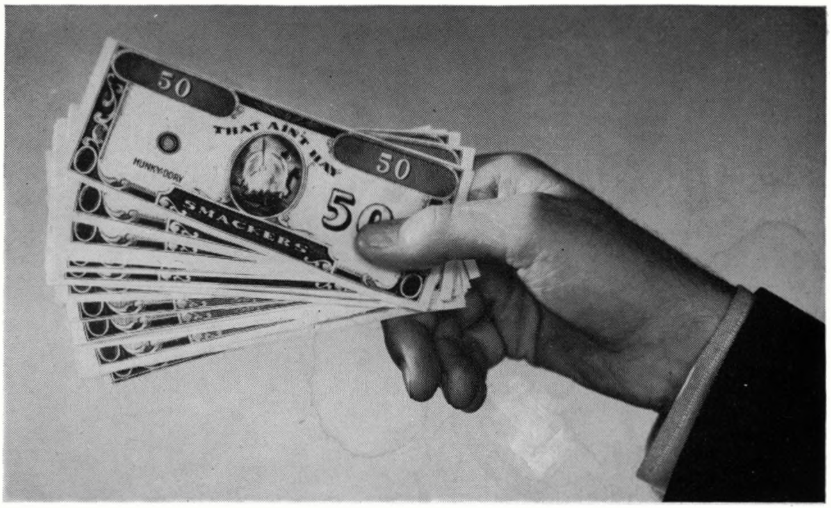

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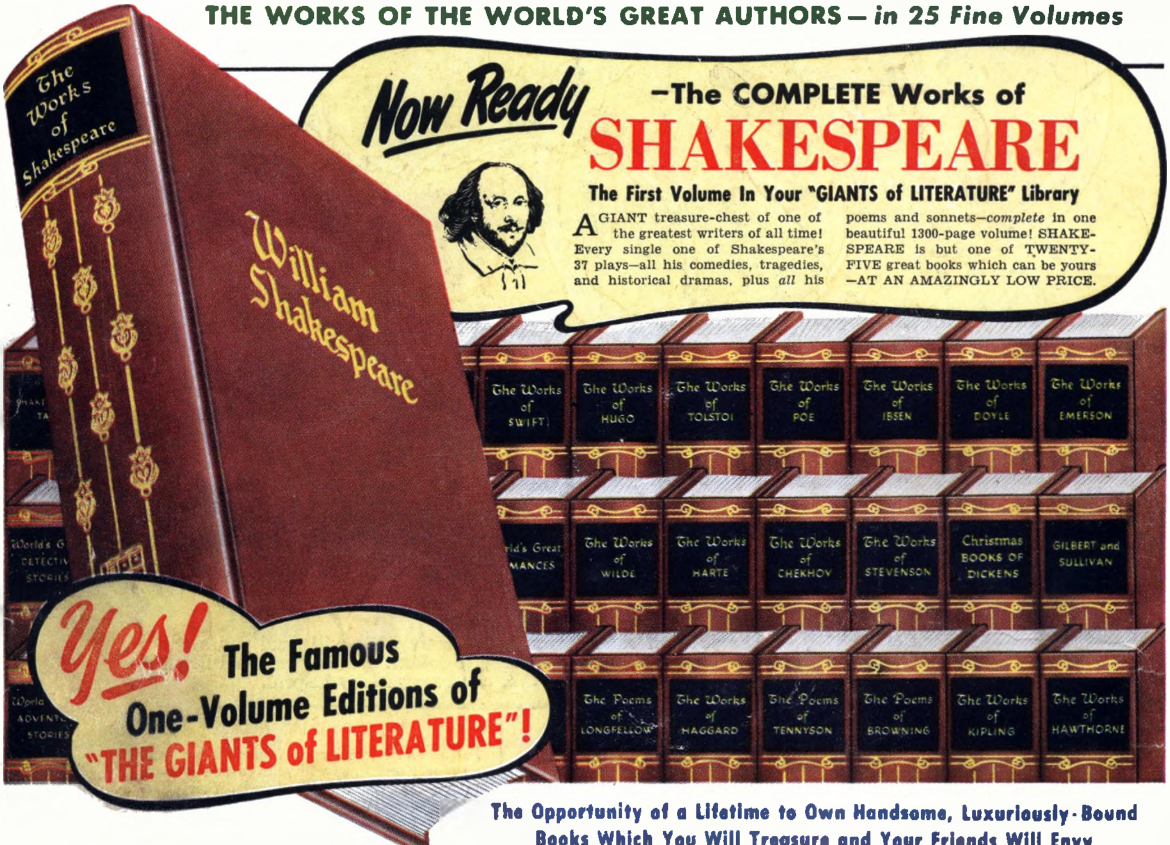

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